

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. XIII.—No. 317.

JUNE 15, 1854.
Published on the 1st and 15th of every Month.

DOUBLE NUMBER
Price 6d.—Stamped, 7d.

A TUTORSHIP and TITLE, with Board, are OFFERED to a GRADUATE who has taken a First or Second Class in Classics, and is willing to undertake the charge of Six or Eight Pupils.
Address, stating terms and qualifications, to "Rev. F. A. C.," Post-office, Bromsgrove.

TUTORSHIP.—A Young Lady, respectfully connected, is desirous of entering a School to COMPLETE her EDUCATION, and, as an equivalent, would undertake to INSTRUCT the YOUNGER CHILDREN in ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.
Address "E. J. T." (No. 317), CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

THE CONTINENT.—A Member of an English and of a foreign University, accustomed to travelling, and offering unexceptionable testimonials and references, is about to be accompanied by a Youth as Pupil and Companion, and would gladly ADD to his PARTY ANOTHER, provided he were active and intelligent, kindly disposed, and well-principled.
Address "K. Y. Z.," Messrs. Macmillan, Cambridge.

A GERMAN GENTLEMAN, thoroughly conversant with French, English, &c., wishes to make an ENGAGEMENT for his holidays, of seven weeks, in a situation where a part of his time only would be required. He would prefer to meet with a gentleman engaged in literary pursuits.
Further particulars may be obtained on application to Herr WILHELM, care of Dr. Altschul, 2, Chandos-street, Cavendish-square.

EDUCATION.—A RURAL DEAN, in the Diocese of Worcester, wishes to RECEIVE into his family THREE or FOUR BOYS to be EDUCATED with his own sons, aged 14, 15, and 18 years. Terms 100 guineas per annum; brothers, 90 guineas each.
Address "J. B.," Post-office, Worcester.

ARMY APPOINTMENTS and the UNIVER-sITIES.—In a private establishment near town, Young Gentlemen are efficiently prepared by able and experienced Masters in all the requisite branches, and the comforts of a home liberally provided.
Apply to "K. W. A. M." (No. 316), CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

BRIGHTON.—SELECT EDUCATION.—An M.A., residing in one of the most favourable localities, will have A FEW VACANCIES immediately. The number is select, and the plan of study broad and thorough. The domestic arrangements are those of a private family, with every appliance for health and comfort.
For terms and references, apply to "M. A.," 76, Lansdowne-place, Brighton.

MAYALL'S PORTRAIT GALLERIES, 224, Regent-street, and 433, West Strand.—DAGUERRETYPE MINIATURES, in the highest style of art, taken daily.
"Mr. Mayall's portraits represent the high art of the daguerrotype; they are as superior to the generality of such pictures as a delicate engraving is to a coarse woodcut."—*Art Journal*, Nov. 1853.

PORTRAITS and LESSONS on PASTELS, WATER COLOURS, and CHALKS, by a Lady Artist (an Exhibitor).—INSTRUCTION given in DRAWING, from models, casts, &c., and in Portrait Sketching, combined with French, if required. Visits at Hampstead, Avenue, and Regent-street, and Notting-hill. Private Lessons at the Artist's residence.
Address "Mrs. C.," 15, New Cavendish-street, Portland-place. At home on Wednesdays, until Three o'clock.

NAVIGATION.—Under the patronage of the Admiralty, East India Company, Trinity-house, and the principal Ocean Steam Navigation Companies.

MRS. JANET TAYLOR'S NAUTICAL ACADEMY, 104, Minories, London, for INSTRUCTING in NAVIGATION, the YOUNG GENTLEMEN destined for the Sea. Terms forwarded on application, post free.

HANWELL COLLEGE and PREPARATORY SCHOOL.
Hanwell College, conducted by Dr. Emerson, is fully sustaining the high character it has acquired. We find that former pupils of Hanwell College have been either high wranglers or first-class men of our Universities during the present year; and this is the twentieth instance of success at Sandhurst or Addiscombe we have had to record within a short period."—*United Service Gazette*, 1853.

Prospectuses may be had on application to the Rev. Dr. EMERSON, Hanwell College, Middlesex.

EDUCATION.—The situation of GROVE-HOUSE, ST. PETER'S, near MARGATE, eminently deserves the attention of parents. The purity and dryness of the air has proved of inestimable benefit to delicate constitutions, and the invigorating properties of the surrounding air render it singularly conducive to the development of physical strength. In all its arrangements the principal has been influenced by the sincere desire to secure the health, happiness, and general improvement of the pupils, and with pleasure and confidence, refers to the parents of his pupils.
Terms 25 and 30 Guineas. Boarders only are received, and number limited.

EDUCATION.—A Lady who has conducted a Finishing Establishment in the country for many years, and whose School is one of real respectability in every way, desires to FILL THREE VACANCIES occurring after Midsummer, with the daughters of gentlemen or clergymen, to whom she will make a considerable reduction in her Terms, charging for Board and English Education, with French, the Piano-forte and Singing, Drawing and Dancing, but 30 Guineas per annum, or for Two Pupils, 55 Guineas. Italian if required, 7 Guineas per annum extra. The French Language is taught by a Parisienne, and the house and all the arrangements are superior. High references can be given to clergymen and gentlemen whose daughters are pupils.
Address "G. A. Y.," care of Messrs. D'Almeida, 20, Soho-square, London.

HOVE, BRIGHTON.—An M.B., who has had considerable experience in tuition, five years as college tutor, PREPARES PUPILS for the PROFESSIONS, UNIVERSITIES, &c. The course of studies is solid and comprehensive, and adapted to the requirements of each pupil. The senior students are read with in the higher branches of Mathematics, Philosophy, Chemistry, Physiology, &c.; and those proceeding to the foreign Universities familiarised with French and German Literature. The house is pleasantly situated in its own grounds, within a hundred yards of the sea.
Address G. A. Y., care of Messrs. D'Almeida, 20, Soho-square, London.

SOUND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.—SHERBOROUGH HOUSE, Stamford-hill, 31 miles from London: established 1835. Conducted by J. WILLIAMS, M.A. This establishment is designed to Educate young Gentlemen for Commercial pursuits, so efficiently that their services may be immediately available on leaving school. The course of studies embraces a sound knowledge of the English, French, and German languages (taught by natives), English and French correspondence, merchants' accounts, bookkeeping, a superior style of penmanship adapted to business, and the whole routine of the counting-house. The health and cheerfulness of the pupils are promoted by active out-door exercise, the daily use of the bath, careful ventilation, unlimited diet of the best quality, and by combining the comforts and kindness of home with school discipline and regularity of habits. The play-ground, pleasure-grounds, and pupils' garden occupy three acres of ground. Lectures on chemistry, the arts and sciences. No corporal punishment. Terms 25 guineas. N.B.—The half-year is reckoned from the time of entrance.

SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS. The Fifteenth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—Their TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN. Gallery, 53, Pall-mall. From Nine till Dark. Admission 1s.
JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS.—NOW ON VIEW, at 13, Place de la Madeleine, Paris (prior to their SALE on 20th JUNE), a collection of choice and valuable PAINTINGS, many real gems of art, late the property of a gentleman of noble family in France, recently deceased; amongst which are genuine and undoubted works (*Portrait of Desprez*) by Rubens, Titian, Murillo, Velasquez, Messan, and Primaticcio, with other beautiful works and specimens of the Flemish, Italian, and French Schools, &c. &c.

THE LONDON SCHOOL of PHOTO-GRAPHY, 78, NEWGATE-STREET.—At this Institution, Ladies and Gentlemen may learn in one hour to take Portraits and Landscapes, and purchase the necessary APPARATUS for FIVE POUNDS. No charge is made for the instruction.

MR. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW, FLOWER PAINTER in ordinary to her Majesty (in conjunction with his wife), begs to announce that he continues to receive RESIDENT PUPILS for the study of Flower Painting, Rustic Figures from Nature, Miniatures, Landscapes, Perspective and General Drawing.—For terms, including board, by the month, address to 23, CHARLOTTE-STREET, PORTLAND-PLACE.—Colleges and Schools attended.

MR. CRIVELLI begs to acquaint his friends and the public, that a THIRD EDITION of the ART of SINGING, enlarged and newly-arranged in the form of a Grammatical System of Rules for the Cultivation of the Voice, may be had at his residence, 71, Upper Norton-street, and at all the principal Music-sellers.

DELIZY'S FOREIGN NEWSPAPER and ADVERTISING OFFICE, 1, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.—Orders received for Books, Prints, Music, &c. Foreign Agency. Translations in all Languages.

NEWSPAPERS.—THE TIMES, GLOBE, or SUN, posted on the evening of publication, for 2s. a quarter; HERALD or POST, 2s.; TIMES, Second Edition, 3s.; CHRONICLE, ADVERTISER, or DAILY NEWS, 3s.; TIMES or GLOBE (Second Day), 16s. 6d. All orders paid in advance. Answers required must be prepaid.

JAMES BARKER, 19, Throgmorton-street, Bank. Money-orders at the chief office, London.

NEW and CHOICE BOOKS.—All the BEST NEW WORKS may be had in succession from MUDIE'S SELECTED LIBRARY, a complete and ever new stock of History, and by all first-class Country Subscribers of Two Guineas and upwards. Book Societies, Town Librarians, and Literary Institutions supplied on Moderate Terms.

Prospectuses may be obtained on application.
CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, 510, New Oxford-street.

E. CHURTON'S BRITISH and FOREIGN LIBRARY, 76, HOLLES-STREET, Cavendish-square.—To this extensive library an unlimited supply of every new work of History, Travels, and Biography, both clerical, lay, and professional, is added the day it issues from the press.
Terms for a family, from Two Guineas upwards.

Gratis on application; by post for four stamps.
COUNTRY BOOK CLUBS, READING SOCIETIES, and LITERARY INSTITUTIONS: their Formation and Management.
E. CHURTON, Library, 26, Holles-street.

BOOKS.
TWENTY per CENT. DISCOUNT off all BOOKS is made for READY MONEY at CHARLES HASEL-DEN'S, Bookseller, Shaftesbury-square, 21, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square.
Orders from the country must be sent with a remittance.

THE CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN'S FRENCH DRAMATIC and LITERARY READINGS (Fourth Season) will take place, by the kind permission of a Lady, at her residence, 13, UPPER WIMPOLE-STREET, Cavendish-square, at EIGHT o'clock in the evening, on the WEDNESDAYS of the 28th JUNE, the 5th JULY, and the 12th JULY. First Evening.—Introduction and Second Canto of "Les Moines de Kileria," translated by the Chevalier de Chatelain; and three original Fables by the Chevalier de Chatelain. Second Evening.—Ponsard's Comedy of "L'Homme et l'Argent." Third Evening: "Le Verrou," Proverbe en Un Acte, by the Chevalier de Chatelain, followed by a selection from the Chevalier's translations from the English; including—Fragments from "The Mind," by Charles Swain; "The Eve and the Day," a Fable by Lord John Russell; and International Ballads, by Martin Tupper, Esq. Terms: One Guinea for the Series.

Applications to be addressed to W. JERVIS, Publisher, 15, Burlington-street; or to the CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN, Professor of French Literature, 27, Grafton-place, Easton-square.

RAY SOCIETY.
Established for the Publication of Works on Natural History. The following Work is now ready for distribution to Subscribers, for 1853.

On the PHENOMENON of REJUVENESCENCE in NATURE. By A. BRAIN, Professor of Botany in the University of Berlin. Also, MEMOIRS on the ANIMAL NATURE of DIATOMS; and KOHN on the STRUCTURE of PROTOCOC-CUS, edited by A. HENFREY, Esq. with Coloured Plates.

The following works will be ready for delivery in September:—For 1852.—Part VI. of the BRITISH NIDIBRANCHIATE MOLLUSCA, By Messrs. ADAMS and HASCOCK, With Plates. Imp. 4to.

For 1853.—Vol. II. of a MONOGRAPH on the FAMILY CIRRIPEdia, with 20 Plates. By C. DARWIN, Esq.
For 1854.—Vol. IV. (being the last) of Professor AGASSIZ'S BIBLIOGRAPHIA ZOOLOGICA et GEOLOGICA, edited by the late H. E. STRICKLAND, Esq.; continued by Sir WILLIAM JARVIS, Bart. The Council have agreed on no more publishing the following Works, which are in a state of great forwardness:—

A MONOGRAPH, with 13 coloured Plates, of the BRITISH FRESH-WATER ZOOHYTES, by Professor ALIEMAN.
A Work on the PORAMINIFERA, By Dr. CARPENTER and Professor WILLIAMSON. With Descriptions, and Plate of all the recent British Species. By Professor WILLIAMSON.

A MONOGRAPH on the BRITISH SPONGIADA. By J. S. BOWER-BANK, Esq.
Annual Subscription, One Guinea. Further particulars to be obtained by application to the Secretary.
22, Old Burlington-street, London. EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D. Secretary.

TO ALL BAD WRITERS.—Patronised by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent. Mr. T. H. CARSTAIRS continues to give LESSONS to Ladies and Gentlemen in his highly improved method of WRITING, enabling all those who require it to obtain a command and freedom seldom met with in any other. Prospectuses of terms, &c. may be had at the establishment, 31, Lombard-street, City.

TO LITERARY MEN.—A PUBLIC MEET-ING of Gentlemen connected with GENERAL LITERATURE and JOURNALISM will be held on WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 21st of JUNE, at the FREEMASONS' TAVERN.—WILLIAM SCHOLEFIELD, Esq., M.P., will take the Chair at SEVEN o'clock precisely.

This Meeting has been called with the sanction of several esteemed Authors, to take into consideration the best method of bringing Literary Men into a Corporate Association; and the attendance of Gentlemen interested is earnestly solicited.

THE ADIEU: Ballad. Composed and dedicated to Thomas Barrett Lennard, Esq. by Mrs. T. BARRETT LENNARD. Price 2s. London: JULIEN and Co.

BE MERCIFUL UNTO ME, O LORD, new Anthem, composed by W. C. BELL, Organist of Her Majesty's Chapel, Hampton Court. Price 2s. 6d.; free for stamps. "This beautiful anthem is adapted for the use of small choirs or for private performance, and will be found exceedingly useful."
JEWELL and LETCHFORD, 17, Soho-square.

MEYERBEER.—"L'ETOILE DU NORD," the new opera by Meyerbeer, now being performed at Paris with unprecedented success, and various arrangements of the same for the Piano-forte are ready.—CRAMER, BEALE and Co., 201, Regent-street.
Also, just published—
Valse Expressive, F. Hiller 2 6
Three Ghazals, F. Hiller 3 0
Gondola, A. Lindahl 2 6
Impromptu Styrienne, W. Kuba 3 0
Chant D'Adieu 2 6
Thalberg's Six Morceaux Originaux pour le Piano, from 1 to 6, each 2 0
CRAMER, BEALE, and Co., 201, Regent-street; and 167, North-street, Brighton.

THE EUROPEAN PSALMIST.—A great Collection of the finest Foreign and British Psalm and Hymn Tunes, including those commonly used in the Churches of Great Britain and Ireland; also a complete collection of the best Double and Single Chants, the Sanctus, and Responses, by various Composers, short Anthems, Introits, a Chant-Service, &c. Te Deum, Jubilate, Magnificat, and Nunc dimittis, by S. S. WESLEY; and a careful selection from the Chorales harmonised by HACH (several having the name of LUTHER as Author), which may be viewed as the most charming practices for all Choirs. Amongst the foreign Tunes, there are many which have never before been published in England, and which are of the most interesting character; and also those which have been introduced by the great Masters in their Oratorios and other works. The work will consist of at least five hundred pages. The whole collected, revised, reharmonised (where necessary), and arranged for Four Voices—Treble, Alto, Tenor, and Bass—with ORGANS or PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT, for public or private use. By SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.
Subscription Copies, 23s.; or, in 2 vols. 12s. 6d. each.
The work is nearly all engraved. Persons paying their subscriptions at the time of giving their names will receive an immediate acknowledgment of the same.

Price, to a Choir, for Five Copies, Five Pounds.
* * * Subscribers' Names received by the Author, Dr. S. S. WESLEY; Kingsgate-street, Winchester; or at NOVELLO'S Music Warehouse, 59, Dean-street, Soho, London.

SELECTOR of HARPS and PIANOFORTES.
—To Merchants, Shippers, and Purchasers.—Mr. GROGAN offers his opinion and mechanical experience in the SELECTION. His years' practical engagement in the eminent firms of Messrs. Broadwood's and Erard's—London, 10, Stockbridge-terrace, Piccadilly—Fee, 10s. 6d. Harp and Pianoforte-tuning taught.

ALISON and ALISON beg to solicit an inspection of their STOCK of PIANOFORTES, manufactured after the most approved designs of modern and antique furniture, in Spanish mahogany, rosewood, French walnut-tree, &c., from 25 Guineas upwards, at their ware-rooms, 75, Dean-street, Soho, and CHATELAIN'S, 59, New Bond-street. No connexion with any other House of the same name.

HARMONIUMS in Oak, at 7l. 10s. each, with four Octaves, F F to F.—Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, and Co. have just received a consignment of HARMONIUMS in Oak and Mahogany Cases, which they are enabled to offer at 7l. 10s. and 8l. 8s.; and, with five Octaves, at 10l. 10s., 11l. 11s., and 12l. 12s.; with twelve Stops, 35 to 45 guineas; sixteen Stops, 60 guineas.
City Royal Musical Repository, 48, Cheapside.

CONCERTINAS.—Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, and Co., 48, Cheapside, have always on SALE an extensive variety of these fashionable INSTRUMENTS, the same as used by Regondi, Case, and Blagrove. 48 Keys, double action, 6s. 6d. and 8s. 8s.; the very best, with all the most recent improvements, 10l. 10s., second-hand, 4s. 4s., from 5s. 5s. Concertinas repaired and exchanged.

WORTH NOTICE.—What has always been wanted is just published, price 4s., the DICTIONARY APPENDIX, with upwards of 7000 words not found in the Dictionary, comprising the participles of the verbs, which perplex all writers. No person who writes a letter should be without this book; all senior pupils should have it.
"This book is very painstaking, and is invaluable."—*Weekly Times*, 4th September last.

Published by JACKSON, 21, Paternoster-row. Sold at 23, Cornhill; 6, Charing-cross; 124, Oxford-street; and FORD, Exnington.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE and HISTORICAL REVIEW for JUNE contains the following articles:—1. Leaves from a Russian Parterre. 2. History of Latin Christianity. 3. Our Lady of Montserrat. 4. Memorials of Amelia Opie. 5. Mansion of the Dennis Family at Pucklechurch, with an illustration. 6. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Correspondence of Sylvanus Urban: A Plan for the threatened City Churches.—The British Museum Library.—The late Master of Sherburn Hospital.—Original Letter and Anecdotes of Admiral Vernon, &c. With Notes of the Month. Historical and Miscellaneous Reviews, Reports of Antiquaries and Literary Societies, Historical Chronology, and OBITUARY, including Memoirs of the Duke of Parma, the Marquess of Anglesey, the Earl of Lichfield, Lord Colborne, Lord Cockburn, John Davies Gilbert, Esq., T. F. Halsey, Esq., Alderman Thompson, Alderman Mr. Wardlaw, Dr. Collyer, Professors Jamieson and Wilson, Montgomery the Poet, &c. &c. Price 2s. 6d.
J. B. NICHOLS and Sons, 25, Parliament-street.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES.—THEY are the CHEAPEST in the END.—DEANE, DRAY, and Co.'s FURNISHING LIST of ARTICLES, especially adapted to the requirements of household economy, may be had gratuitously upon application, or forwarded by post free. This List contains a full and complete catalogue of the various departments of their establishment, and is calculated greatly to facilitate purchasers in the selection of their purchases. It enumerates the different descriptions of Furniture, from the most solid Cutlery, Spoons, Deacons and Electroplated Goods, to the most elegant Brass and Copper Goods, Articles in Brackets, and in the most elegant style, Baths, Brushes, Turnery, &c. &c.—DEANE, DRAY, and Co. (situated at the Monument) London-bridge. Established A.D. 1760.

THE beautiful CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL, originally published at 70 guineas, engraved by Messrs. Holloway and Co., may now be had for 6 guineas the set of seven, or on fine India paper, including the smaller plates, for 10 guineas. To be had of Mr. WENN (who saloon the property now belongs) at his Pianoforte and Harmonium Saloon, 33, Wigmore-street, four doors from Cavendish-square.

ASTROLOGY.—Persons residing in London or elsewhere can send any Address, Christian and Surname, and Age, in a letter containing thirteen postage-stamps, to Professor MELVILLE, Prince-road, Lambeth, London (the only Astrological Astrologer in the universe), and they will receive by mail a most special Poem on their names, in which their destinies will be revealed.

THE SOMERSET COUNTY GAZETTE is issued weekly, SUPPLEMENTARY SHEETS, containing from 8 to 12 splendid Engravings, Maps, &c.—subjects, from SEAT OF WAR, &c. Twelve pages, size of London Times, price 6d. Orders received at the Office in Taunton. The large sale offers great advantages to Advertisers.—Taunton, May 6, 1854.

YOUR ARMS FOUND AND SKETCHED, 2s. 6d.; or embossed 3s. 6d. (send name and county). Great engraved on seal, ring, pencil case, &c. 7s. 6d.; motto in garter or ribbon 7s. 6d.; initials per letter, 1s. 6d.—Henry Whiteman's improved Engraving Press, (for stamping note paper, envelopes, &c.) with die, containing a crest or initials, 21s.; wedding and visiting cards executed in the most elegant and fashionable style at equally low charges. Orders by post must be accompanied with stamps or post-office order.—HENRY WHITEMAN and Co., 21, GREAT QUEEN-STREET, opposite the Freemasons' Tavern.

THE PEN SUPERSEDED.—The most easy, elegant, economical, and best method of MARKING LINEN, SILK, BOOKS, &c., without the ink spreading or fading, is with the INCORRUPTIBLE ARGENTINE PLATES. No preparation required. Any person can use them with the greatest facility. Uniform, 2s. Initials, 1s. 6d.; Numbers, per set, 2s. 6d.; Crest, 5s.; Alphabet, 7s. 6d. Sent post free, with directions, on receipt of Stamps or Post Order. FREDERICK WHITEMAN, Inventor and Sole Maker, 19, LITTLE QUEEN-STREET, High Holborn. Arms found and Sketched, 3s. 6d.; Painted, 5s. 6d. Improved Lever Presses, for stamping Crests, &c. on Paper, 12s. 6d. A Card-Plate and 100 Cards, 4s. Wedding Orders executed in the most fashionable style.

CAUTION.—To Tradesmen, Merchants, Shippers, Outfitters, &c.—Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge, that some unprincipled person or persons have, for some time past, been imposing upon the Public by selling to the Trade and others a spurious article under the name of BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK, this I give Notice that I am the Original and sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the said Article, and do not employ any Traveller, or authorise any persons to represent themselves as coming from my Establishment for the purpose of selling the said Ink. This Caution is published by me to prevent further imposition upon the Public, and serious injury to myself.—E. R. BOND, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the late John Bond, 38, Long-lane, West Smithfield, London.

TO CLERGYMEN, AUTHORS, &c.—PARKINS and GOTT'S NEW WRITING PAPER, made from straw, is invaluable to rapid writers. It has a hard and smooth surface, can be written upon on both sides, with either metal or quill pen, is much pleasanter to write upon than any other paper, and nearly half the price, being only 3s. per ream.

NO CHARGE FOR STAMPING.—A single packet of Note Paper, or 100 Envelopes, stamped with Arms, Crest, or Initials free of charge, and every description of Stationery full 30 per cent. cheaper than any other house. At PARKINS and GOTT'S, Paper and Envelope Makers, 25, Oxford-street. Useful Cream-lined Note Paper, full size, five quires for 6d.; superior thick ditto, five quires for 1s.; India Note, five quires for 1s.; Letter Paper, 4s. per ream; Sermon Paper, 4s. 6d.; Foolscap, 6s. 6d.; and Draft, 7s. 6d. per ream; Cream-lined Cemented Envelopes, 4d. per 100; the Queen's-Head Envelopes, 1s. per dozen; Office Envelopes, 5s. per 1000; BLACK-BORDERED CREAM-LINED NOTE PAPER (full size) five quires for 1s.; Bordered Envelopes, 5d. per 100; best White, 5d. per 100; super Visiting Cards printed for 1s. 6d.; useful sample packets of Paper and Envelopes, by post, 1s. each. List of prices sent post free. On orders over 20s. carriage paid to any part of the country.—Copy the address, PARKINS and GOTT, Paper and Envelope Manufacturers, 25, Oxford-street.

A VERITABLE REDUCTION in the TEA-DUTY.—H. SPARROW and Co. beg to announce, that their BLACK TEAS now range in price from 3s. 6d. to the finest imported at 4s. 4d., and GREEN TEAS proportionately cheap. Their new List of Prices may be had on application, post free, and parcels of 2l. value and upwards, delivered rail paid, to any station in the kingdom.—H. SPARROW and Co., 372, Oxford-street, London.

POPE'S TEA WAREHOUSE, 26, PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, London.—Further Reduction in the Duty on Tea.—On the 6th of April there was a further reduction in the Duty on Tea. Pope and Co. have accordingly reduced all their Teas Fourpence per pound. The following descriptions are strongly recommended as the best and most economical that can be purchased:—

	s. d.	s. d.
Best Congou Tea, reduced to 3 4 from 3 6	3	4
Best Souchong " " " " " "	4	0
Best Gunpowder " " " " " "	5	0
Best Young Hyson " " " " " "	4	4
Best Plantation Coffee " " " " " "	1	4
Best Mocha " " " " " "	1	4

Delivered free in London and the suburbs. Two Pounds' worth of Tea and Coffee forwarded free to all parts of England.

DUTY OFF TEA!—All our prices reduced fourpence per pound.—PHILIPS and COMPANY, Tea Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London, and after the 8th of April, give the public the full advantage of the reduction of duty, as the following prices will show:—

BLACK TEAS.—Strong Black Tea, 2s. 8d., 2s. 10d., 3s.; former prices, 3s., 3s. 2d., and 3s. 4d. Rich Souchong Tea, 3s. 2d., 3s. 4d., 3s. 6d.; former prices, 3s. 6d., 3s. 8d., and 3s. 10d. Best Assam Pekoe Souchong Tea, of extraordinary quality and strength, 4s.; former price, 4s. 4d. **GREEN TEAS.**—Strong Green Tea, 2s. 8d., 3s., and 3s. 4d.; former prices, 3s., 3s. 2d., and 3s. 4d. Prime Gunpowder Tea, 3s. 8d., 4s., and 4s. 4d. Delicious Gunpowder Tea, 4s. 4d., 4s. 6d., and 4s. 8d.; former prices, 4s. 6d., 4s. 8d., and 5s. 4d. **COFFEES.**—Good Coffee, 11d., 11d., 1s. Prime Coffee, 1s. 1d., 1s. 2d., and 1s. 3d. Rich Mocha Coffee, 1s. 6d. Rare choice old Mocha (twenty years old), 1s. 6d.

Teas, Coffees, and Spices sent carriage free to any railway station or market town in England. If to the value of 40s. or upwards. By this liberal arrangement, those residing at a distance can enjoy all the advantages of the London markets for Tea, Coffee, and Colonial produce, just as though they were residing in London. PHILIPS and COMPANY, Tea and Colonial Merchants, No. 8, King William-street, City, London.—A general Price Current, containing great advantages in the purchase of Tea, Coffee, and Colonial Produce, sent post free on application. Sugars are supplied at Market Prices.

MARION'S RESILIENT BODICE and CORSALETTI DI MEDICI.

"So highly recommended by the faculty, and now so extensively patronised by the elite of our aristocracy, we need hardly say that all whom we have any influence over shall in future wear them."—Editor of the Courier.

They combine firmness with elasticity, fit closely, fasten easily in front, retain the original symmetry of their adjustment, and are judiciously adapted to every varying condition of the female form. Ladies in health, Convalescence, and Invalids wear them, with equal satisfaction; and, having experienced the Comfort and Advantages they ensure, will not return to the ordinary Stays and their attendant evils.

PATENTED IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND AUSTRIA. Enlarged Prospectus, with Illustrations of the Principles, (from 14s.; children's, 2s.) explicit Directions for Self-measurement, &c., on receipt of Two Stamps for Postage.

All Country Orders sent (without extra charge) carriage paid or post free.

Messrs. MARION and MALLAND, Patentees and sole Manufacturers, 54, Connaught-terrace, Hyde Park London.

Money received at 5 per cent. Interest, payable half-yearly, in April and October.

HOUSEHOLDERS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY INVESTMENTS.

Money intended for Investment only is received on deposit at interest after the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, at the Offices of the Company, between the hours of ten and four.

R. HODSON, Secretary.

15 and 16, Adam-street, Adelphi.

BANK OF DEPOSIT, 3, Pall Mall East, and 7, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, London.

Parties desirous of INVESTING MONEY are requested to examine the Plan of this Institution, by which a high rate of Interest may be obtained with perfect Security.

The Interest is payable in January and July, and for the convenience of parties residing at a distance, may be received at the Branch Offices, or paid through Country Bankers, without expense.

PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

* * * Prospectuses sent free on application.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY, 1, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, London.

Instituted in 1826.—Extended to Life Insurance, 1836. Immediate, Deferred, and Survivorship Annuities granted.

DIRECTORS.

The Hon. William Ashley, Esq. John Gurney Hoare, Esq.
The Hon. Sir Edward Cust, Esq. E. Fuller Maitland, Esq.
Arthur Eden, Esq. William Scott, Esq.
John Lettison Elliot, Esq. John Sperling, Esq.
James Esdaile, Esq. Henry Wilson, Esq.
Harvie M. Farquhar, Esq. W. Esdaile Winter, Esq.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.—Insurances effected from the 24th June next will participate in profits one year earlier than if effected after that date.

In the years 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, and 1854, the Premiums on all Policies entered to participate WERE ADDED 25 per cent.—that is to say, a PREMIUM of 100L was REDUCED to 47L 10s. No charge for Stamp.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Insurances are effected on every description of Property, at the usual rates.

By order, RICHARD RAY, Secretary.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, 49, St. James's-street, London: Established 1845.

Chairman—Lieutenant-Col. Lord ARTHUR LENOX.
Deputy-Chairman—Sir JAMES CARMICHAEL, Bart.
John Ashburner, Esq., M.D. Charles Farbrother, Esq., Alderman.
T. M. B. Batard, Esq. J. W. Huddleston, Esq.
John Gardner, Esq. Charles Osborne, Esq.

This Office presents the following advantages:—
The security of a large paid-up capital.
Very moderate rates for all ages, especially young lives.
No charges whatever, except the premium.
All policies indispensible.

By the recent bonus, four-fifths of the premium paid was in many instances returned to the policy-holders. Thus—On a policy for 1,000L effected in 1846, premiums amounting to 183L 8s. 4d. had been paid while 122L 7s. was the bonus added to 183L.

A weekly saving of 14d. (3d. 6d. yearly) will secure to a person 25 years of age the sum of 100L on his attaining the age of 50, or at death, should it occur previously.

Rates are calculated for all ages, climates, and circumstances connected with life assurance.

Prospectuses, forms, and every information can be obtained at the office, 49, St. James's-street, London.

HENRY D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, OLD BROAD-STREET, LONDON. Instituted 1820.

SAMUEL HIBBERT, Esq., Chairman.

WILLIAM K. ROBINSON, Esq., Deputy-Chairman.

The SCALE OF PREMIUMS adopted by this Office will be found of a very moderate character, but at the same time quite adequate to the risk incurred.

FOUR-FIFTHS, or 80 per cent. of the Profits, are assigned to Policies every 10th year, and may be applied to increase the sum insured, or to the redemption and ultimate extinction of future Premiums.

ONE-THIRD of the Premium on Insurances of 500L and upwards for the whole term of life, may remain at the option of the policy, to be paid off at convenience; or the Directors will lend sums of 50L and upwards, on the security of Policies effected with this Company for the whole term of life, when they have acquired an adequate value.

SECURITY.—Those who effect Insurances with this Company are protected by its Subscribed Capital of 250,000L, of which nearly 140,000L is invested from the risk incurred by members of Mutual Societies.

The satisfactory financial condition of the Company, exclusive of the Subscribed and Invested Capital, will be seen by the following Statement:—

On the 31st October, 1853, the sums Assured, including Bonus added, amounted to ... £2,500,000
The Premium Fund to more than ... 800,000
And the Annual Income from the same source, to ... 100,000

Insurances without participation in Profits may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

GLOBE INSURANCE ESTABLISHED 1803.

CORNHILL AND PALL MALL, LONDON.

JAMES W. FRESHFIELD, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.—Chairman

FOWLER NEWSAM, Esq.—Deputy Chairman.

GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P.—Treasurer.

Henry Alexander, Esq. Robert Locke, Esq.

William Chapman, Esq. Boyd Miller, Esq.

Boyce Combe, Esq. Sheffield Nevill, Esq.

Thomas M. Coombs, Esq. William Philimore, Esq.

William Dent, Esq. W. H. C. Plowden, Esq.

Robert Wm. Gausson, Esq. Robert Saunders, Esq.

Sir L. L. Goldsmith, Bt. F.R.S. Sir Walter Stirling, Bart.

Robert Hawthorn, Esq. W. Tite, Esq., F.R.S.

John Hodgson, Esq. R. Westmacott, Esq., F.R.S.

John Edward Johnson, Esq. Josiah Wilson, Esq.

Richard Lambert Jones, Esq. Benjamin G. Windus, Esq.

FULL Security to Parties Assured by

means of a Capital of ONE MILLION STERLING, for the last Fifty Years all Paid-up and Invested.

Premiums particularly favourable to the younger and middle periods of life.

Two-Thirds of Profits as Bonus.

Life Tables, according to various plans, to suit the special circumstances of Insurers.

NO CHARGE FOR STAMPS ON LIFE POLICIES.

Fire Insurance Proposals entertained to any amount.

Liberality and Promptitude in the Settlement of Claims.

PROSPECTUSES—with full Tables and Details—and Forms—may be had at the COMPANY'S OFFICES, or of the Agents.

WILLIAM NEWMARCH, Secretary.

N.B.—Life Insurance Premiums are allowed as deductions in Income Tax returns.

LONDON COTTAGE RESIDENCES for SALE. The Purchase-money received by yearly instalments. D. HUGHES, 13, Gresham-street, London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Railway Travellers may obtain TICKETS of INSURANCE against RAILWAY ACCIDENTS for the Journey, on payment of 1d., 2d., or 3d., by inquiring at the Booking Clerks at all the principal Railway Stations, where they take a railway ticket.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE OFFICE, 3, Old Broad-street, London.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

THE JACKSONIAN PRIZE TREATISE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF BURGHOES.

Just published, with Plates, 8vo. cloth, 10s.

MR. THOMPSON ON STRICTURE: its Pathology and Treatment. By HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S., M.B., Honorary Surgeon to the Marylebone Infirmary. A work replete with original investigations and sound clinical expositions on the treatment of this affection.—"The Lancet." London: JOHN CHURCHILL, Prince-street, Soho.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d. Illustrated with numerous cases, more especially when arising from Functional Derangement of the Liver, Stomach, Heart, Uterus, Kidneys, and other Organs; or from the effects of Tropical Climates, Intemperance, &c. &c. By ALFRED B. MADDOCK, M.D., formerly Resident Physician and Proprietor of the Maitland Lunatic Asylum.

SIMPSON, MARSHALL, and Co., Stationers' Court. H. BAILLIERE, 219, Regent-street.

Just published, price 2s.; by post, 2s. 6d.

DEBILITY AND IRRITABILITY induced by SPERMATORRHEA: the Symptoms, Effects, and Rational Treatment. By T. H. YEOMAN, M.D., Physician to the General Post-office Letter-Carrier's Provident Institution, &c. London: EFFINGHAM WILSON, 11, Royal Exchange; and, by post only, from the Author, 25, Lloyd-street.

Eleventh thousand, 8vo. bound, price 16s. pp. 900.

HOMOEOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By J. LAURIE, M.D. Deroid of all technicality, and much enlarged by the addition of many important articles, such as those on Indigestion, scrofula, dropsy, the various diseases of tropical climates, and on the characteristic effects of the medicines. No medicine is prescribed without the indications for its selection, and the exact dose to be administered. An excellent work for all families, and well adapted for the emigrant or missionary, to which complete case of medicine is provided, price 5s. carriage free on receipt of a post-office order.

Eight thousand, 18mo. bound, price 5s.

An Epitome of the above, intended to serve as a guide to those desirous of commencing the homoeopathic treatment in family practice: to which a complete case of medicine is provided, price 3s. carriage free on the receipt of a post-office order. JAMES LEATH, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, Oxford-st.

Malta Tax, addition of 50 per cent.

BASS'S EAST INDIA PALE ALE.—BERRY BROTHERS and Co. take the liberty of announcing that they have now on hand, in cask and bottle, an ample supply of BASS'S PALE ALE, with all its accustomed beauty of flavour and brilliancy of colour, and without any addition in price.—3, St. James's-street, London.

SCHWEPPE'S SODA, POTASS, and MAGNESIA WATERS, and AERATED LEMONADE, continue to be manufactured upon the largest scale at their several Establishments in London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Derby. The celebrity of these well-known Waters, and the preference they universally command, among those to which their original superior quality over all others is maintained. Every bottle is protected by a label, with the name of their firm, without which none is genuine; and it may be had of nearly all respectable Chemists throughout the Kingdom. Importers of German Seltzer Water, direct from the Springs, as for the last Twenty years.

51, Berners-street, London.

Encaustic Tile Pavements.

MAW and Co., of Benthall Works, Broseley, Shropshire, send post free, their NEW PATTERN-BOOK, and Encaustic Tiles (with directions to lay them in any Plan of Church, Entrance Hall, Passages, Conservatories, Verandahs, &c. Specimens at 11, Aldersgate-street, London.

FLOWER SEEDS, for present Sowing, selected

with care from the best varieties, sent post-free, at the annexed prices:—100 fine varieties Hardy Annuals, 6s.; 50 ditto, 3s.; 36 ditto, 2s. 6d.; 12 ditto, 1s. 12 fine varieties Hardy Perennials, from America, 3s.—From WILLIAM KNIGHT, Florist, 67, High-street, Bartle, Sussex.

AMERICAN PEACHES.—This excellent

Fruit, perfectly fresh, and of the finest flavour, we are now importing from the United States, hermetically sealed, in jars and cans. Those in jars preserved in brandy, at the reduced price of 3s.; Fresh Peaches, in cans, 4s.; 4s. 6d. They will be forwarded to all parts of the country on the receipt of a post-office order for the amount. Sold with every variety of American goods, at the American Warehouse, by LEFAVOUR and Co. (formerly Rogers and Co.) 516, New Oxford-street.

WATER your GARDENS and REFRESH

your FLOWERS with genial showers from GUTTA PERCHA TUBING, the prettiest, the most pleasing, and the most convenient mode of watering gardens, and which any lady, gentleman, child, or servant can do with great pleasure to themselves, thus making the garden an attractive, agreeable, healthful, and picturesque rendezvous. Half-inch Tube for gardening, 4d. per foot measure; 4d. stout. Brass Branch, with stopcock and hose, 7s. 6d. Apply for Illustrated Price List to JAMES SHEATH and Co., the Gutta Percha Factory, 35, Old-street-road, City-road, London.

THE only Medal awarded by the Jury of the

New York Exhibition to English or Foreign Sauce Manufacturers has been obtained among numerous Competitors by LEA and PERRINS for their WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, whereby further testimony is afforded of its being the best Sauce extant. The celebrity of this Sauce has extended to every quarter of the globe, and its efficacy in promoting the general health is becoming daily more observed and acknowledged. In the United States it is held to be the most agreeable condiment, and is esteemed for its tonic and invigorating properties. Its habitual use enables the stomach to digest the food perfectly. On the Continent of Europe these qualities have been testified to by a Gentleman who writes to Lea and Perrins thus:—"I have carried a bottle of your Worcestershire Sauce in a tour I have just finished through Spain and Portugal, and believe I owe my present state of health to its use. Your Sauce is stomachic, and I think medicinal; I can with truth say there is nothing in a traveller's baggage so essential to his comfort, at least in these countries, as your Sauce. In India, where it is found at the Mess of every Regiment, a Medical Gentleman writes from Madras to his brother in the same profession at Worcester in the following terms:—"Tell Lea and Perrins that their Sauce is highly esteemed in India, and it is in my opinion the most palatable as well as the most wholesome Sauce that is made." This Sauce is equally useful for every variety of Diet, and the universal demand which its excellence has created has led to many imitations being offered to the public under a variety of names; but the genuine may be known by the name of Lea and Perrins being impressed upon the Patent Metallic Capsule or the Glass Stopper in the same profession as upon the Label and Wrapper. Manufacture—68, BROAD-STREET, WORCESTER. Wholesale and Export Warehouse, 19, Fenchurch-street, London. To be obtained 6d. of Cross and Blackwell, Barclay and Clegg, and all the principal Druggists, Grocers, and Italian Warehousemen throughout the United Kingdom and abroad.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

SAMPSON LOW AND SON.

NEW WORK BY THE REV. ERSKINE NEALE.
THE OLD MINOR CANON; or, a Life of Struggle and a Life of Song. By the Rev. ERSKINE NEALE, Author of "The Closing Scene," &c. 3s. 6d.

BY THE REV. CHARLES B. TAYLER.
LEGENDS AND RECORDS; chiefly Historical. By the Rev. CHARLES B. TAYLER, Author of "Records of a Good Man's Life," "Truth," &c. Foolscep 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

RECORDS OF A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.
 Edited by HIS NEIGHBOUR. 3s. 6d.
 "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with God in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity."—MAL. xi.

THANKFULNESS: a Narrative. Comprising Passages from the Life of the Rev. Allen Temple. By the same Author. Fcap. 2s. 6d. cloth. The Fourth Thousand.

TRUTH; or, Persis Clareton. A Narrative of Church History in the Seventeenth Century. By the same Author. The Second Thousand, 2s. 6d.

THE SHADY SIDE; or, Life in a Country Parsonage. By A PASTOR'S WIFE. With Portrait. Second Edition. 3s. 6d.
 "It is written with great power, and possesses a deep and captivating interest—an interest which will enchain the attention of all contemplative readers. We remember nothing in fictitious narrative more pathetic—we might add, so pathetic. We wish such books, and especially this book, to be read by all."—*Standard*.

THE GOLDEN SUNSET; or, the Wedding Garment. A Tale, by the Author of "Ashton Cottage." 2s. 6d.

THE RECORDS OF ALDERBROOK; or, Selections from the "Village Sketches" of Fanny Forester. By EMILY C. JUDSON. 3s. 6d.
 "The above works form part of a series now in the course of publication, entitled 'Low's Family Reading Series,' in which it is the aim of the publishers to place such works as shall, by their peculiar interest of narrative and delightful spirit of enforced yet pervading piety, commend themselves to Christian families."

SAMPSON LOW and SON, Ludgate-hill.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND MAPS

PUBLISHED BY

MASON AND CO.,

11, BOLT-COURT, FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

NEW ILLUSTRATED WORK ON RUSSIA.

1s. 104 pages crown 8vo. in illuminated wrapper, with Thirty Illustrations, and Portrait of the Emperor Nicholas.
RUSSIA: the People, Country, and Government. By THOMAS GALLAND HORTON. Embracing the History, Manners, and Customs of the Country, Physical Features, Laws, Religion, Government, Naval and Military Resources, Exports, Imports, and other valuable Statistical Information, Anecdotes of the Emperor, &c.

NEW ILLUSTRATED WORK ON TURKEY.

Price 1s. 104 pages, with Thirty Illustrations, Portrait of the Sultan, and illuminated wrapper.
TURKEY: the Government, People, and Country. By THOMAS GALLAND HORTON. Affording in a moderate compass every necessary particular connected with the Laws, Government, Manners and Customs of the People, Military and Naval Resources, Commerce, &c.

The only Maps with descriptive letterpress and engravings, 1s. each; by post, 1s. 6d. each.

PICTORIAL WAR MAPS—The Baltic, the East, the Danube, beautifully coloured. With twenty-four pages of interesting letterpress descriptions, and fifty illustrations. 1s. each map, in handsome wrapper.

Price 1s. plain, in handsome wrapper; or 2s. coloured.
PANORAMIC VIEW OF CRONSTADT AND ST. PETERSBURG. Size 36 inches by 22 inches, beautifully drawn from a recent sketch, exhibiting in the minutest detail all the Fortifications, Islands, Harbours, and Public Buildings, as viewed from the Risbankia Battery.

Price 1s. in cover, very carefully drawn and printed in colours.
PARKER'S SECTIONAL PLAN OF A STEAM LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP. Showing the arrangement of every part, from the Quarter-deck to the Engine-room; forming the most attractive and interesting Print published.

Price 1s. in one sheet complete, drawn from Major Vogel's larger Military Map, and carefully coloured.
MAJOR VOGEL'S PLANS OF CRONSTADT, ST. PETERSBURG, AND SEVASTOPOL. Showing all the Fortifications, with number of Guns, the Harbours, Soundings, Arsenals, Magazines, and Tracks of Vessels.

London: MASON and CO., 11, Bolt-court, Fleet-street, and all Booksellers.

Third Edition, considerably enlarged, with numerous Illustrations, foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d.,

DR. ALBERT J. BERNAYS'

HOUSEHOLD CHEMISTRY;

Or, RUDIMENTS of the SCIENCE APPLIED to EVERY-DAY LIFE.
 SAMPSON LOW and SON, 47, Ludgate-hill.

Just published, 4to. cloth, price 21s.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, VOL. V.,

CONTAINING ARTICLES

"Botany," by Professor Balfour, to "Bunyan," by Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.
 Edinburgh: A. and C. BLACK. And all Booksellers.

SEAT OF WAR,

TURKEY, RUSSIA, the BALTIC, DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES,

And all the places, even those of minor importance, to which attention is now directed by the War in the East, are contained in

"BLACK'S GENERAL ATLAS OF THE WORLD,"

Price 50s.

Sold by all Booksellers.

PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

In crown 8vo., with Illustrations, Part I. price 1s. and Volume I. price 4s. cloth.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

From the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Accession of Queen Victoria.

BY HUME, SMOLLETT, AND HUGHES.

With Copious Notes, the Author's last Corrections, Improvements, and Enlargement.

* * This Edition will be published in Eighteen Monthly Volumes, also in Seventy-two Parts, in order to place within the reach of all classes a MORE COMPLETE HISTORY OF ENGLAND THAN ANY EXTANT.

London: GEORGE BELL, 186, Fleet-street.

DE QUINCEY—SELECTIONS, GRAVE AND GAY.

Just published, crown 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

Volume III.

MISCELLANIES: CHIEFLY NARRATIVE.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Contents:—

THE SPANISH MILITARY NUN.
 THE LAST DAYS OF KANT.
 SYSTEM OF THE HEAVENS, AS REVEALED BY
 LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPES.

JOAN OF ARC.
 THE CASUISTRY OF ROMAN MEALS.
 MODERN SUPERSTITION.

Edinburgh: JAMES HOGG. London: R. GROOMBRIDGE and SONS.

THE LITERARY JOURNALS.

THE STAMPED CIRCULATION OF THE LITERARY JOURNALS FOR

1853 was as follows:—

CRITIC. LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL	5,637
ATHENÆUM	2,826
SPECTATOR	2,817
LEADER	2,321
LITERARY GAZETTE	478

THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL, is now the most complete of the Literary Journals, and the first in point of circulation.

Every new publication of importance, both Home and Foreign, is carefully and promptly reviewed in its pages; and a department has recently been opened for elaborate notices of all the NEW WAR BOOKS.

Summaries of Literature and Literary Progress are regularly provided, as also the Sayings and Doings of the Literary World, records of Science, Art, Architecture, Drama, Music, and Popular Medicine.

Correspondents in America, Italy, and various parts of the Continent, furnish full and important accounts of the progress of Literature and Art abroad; thus rendering THE CRITIC the most perfect and entertaining Journal of Authors and Books.

Subscription 3s. 6d. per quarter, or a discount of 1s. on the quarter allowed, if paid in advance at the office.

A specimen copy sent for seven stamps.

London: JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

THE FOLLOWING WERE THE CIRCULATIONS OF

Journals of the Church of England

For 1853,

AS GIVEN IN THE OFFICIAL STAMP RETURNS.

	AVERAGE CIRCULATION OF EACH NUMBER.	TOTAL STAMPS FOR THE WHOLE PERIOD OF ISSUE.	MODE OF PUBLICATION.
CLERICAL JOURNAL	2,150 *	30,100 for 14 Nos. only—Established in May ..	Twice a Month
John Bull	1,826	95,000 for 52 Nos.	Weekly
English Churchman	1,336	69,500 Do.	Do.
Christian Times	1,337	69,575 Do.	Do.
Church and State Gazette	576	30,000 Do.	Do.
Record	3,337	378,500 for 104 Nos.	Twice a Week.
Guardian	3,846	200,000 for 52 Nos.	Weekly.

THE CLERICAL JOURNAL has also a LARGE UNSTAMPED CIRCULATION: therefore equalling in extent the oldest and most successful of its contemporaries—NONE OF WHOM CAN PUBLISH AN UNSTAMPED EDITION.

* NOTE.—In the Stamp Returns THE CLERICAL JOURNAL is twice entered—under its present title, and as THE CHURCH JOURNAL—the latter being the name under which it originally appeared. The two entries added together give the correct total circulation of the 14 Numbers issued in 1853.

JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London.

NEW WORK BY DR. WILSON, OF MALVERN.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF THE WATER CURE, AND HOUSEHOLD MEDICAL SCIENCE, IN CONVERSATIONS ON Physiology, or the Nature of Disease, and on Digestion, Nutrition, Regimen, and Diet. By JAMES WILSON, M.D.

London: JOHN CHURCHILL. Malvern: HENRY LAMB.

INDISPENSABLE TO CORRECT WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

A NEW DICTIONARY OF SYNONYMS, arranged in Alphabetical order. By D. L. MACKENZIE. This is an entirely new Dictionary of English Synonyms. Considerable pains have been taken to render it what in comparison with others it will be found to be—the most complete in the language.

Published by G. WILLIS, Great Piazza, Covent-garden.

HEATH AND FINDEN'S SCENERY OF FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, GERMANY, and the Danube, Italy, and Sicily. 250 large Engravings; either series separately, 5s.; Tomlinson's Rhine, 64 Views, 5s.; 200 Engravings from the Annals, 7s. 6d. Sent free on receipt of post-office order.

JAMES REYNOLDS, Publisher, 174, Strand.

JOHNSTON'S MAPS OF THE WAR, engraved from entirely New Drawings, and containing the latest and most accurate information.

I. **THE BLACK SEA, CAUCASUS, CRIMEA, &c.**, with Large Plans of Sevastopol, and the Positions of the Ships and Batteries, seen from H.M.S. "Retribution." The Bosphorus and Belos Bay.
II. **THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES,** and adjoining Countries from Vienna to Constantinople, and Map of CENTRAL EUROPE, from St. Petersburg to Cairo.
III. **THE BALTIC SEA AND GERMAN OCEAN,** with Enlarged Plans of Cronstadt, Swaborg, Revel, Port Baltic, and Gulf of Riga.

Price, coloured, 1s. each; by post 1s. 4d.; or the three by post, 3s. 6d. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. JOHNSTON, Engravers and Engravers to the Queen; and all Booksellers.

Just published, price 2s. cloth, the Second Edition, carefully revised, of

CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION founded on the CATECHISM OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, in three Successive Steps, by the Rev. W. DALTON, B.D., Vicar of St. Paul's, Wolverhampton, and Rural Dean.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
"We have seldom met with a more valuable book than this."—*Christian Examiner*.
"We have met with no single book containing so clear and satisfactory an exposition of the catechism and liturgical services of the Church of England; we therefore cordially commend it to the attention of teachers."—*Papers for the Schoolmaster*.
"This is one of the rarest books—a rational catechism. We have seldom seen a better book for the use of schools and families of the Established Church."—*Critic*.
HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co., London; T. SIMPSON, Wolverhampton.

Messrs. Trübner and Co. have lately published the following

GOLOVIN.—The Nations of Russia and Turkey, and their Destiny. By Ivan Golovin, Author of "The Caucasus." Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

GOLOVIN.—The Caucasus. By Ivan Golovin. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

MORELL.—Russia and England, their Strength and Weakness. By John Reynolds Morell. Post 8vo. 1s.

SCHIMMELFENNIG.—The War between Turkey and Russia, a Military Sketch. By A. Schimmelfennig. 8vo. 2s.

URQUHART.—Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South. By David Urquhart. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

URQUHART.—Recent Events in the East; being a Reprint of Mr. Urquhart's contributions to the *Morning Advertiser* during the Autumn of 1853. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

WHITTY.—The Governing Classes of England: Political Portraits. By Edward M. Whitty. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d.

TRUBNER and Co., 15, Paternoster-row.

WORKS BY MISS CORNER. Published by DEAN and SON, 35, Threadneedle-street.

THULY A BOOK WORTH BUYING.

Miss Corner's Fables for the Young. Illustrated by CROWQUILL and NORTHROP. Price 3s. 6d. gilt ed. The Press have universally praised and testified to Corner's accurate Histories, for School and Family Reading.

Miss Corner's Thirteen Histories are well adapted for Schools or Family Reading, being pleasantly written, and forming agreeable contrasts to those dry epitomes with which children are so often teased. The whole thirteen form a complete History of Europe, and are compiled from accepted modern English and Foreign authorities, and strongly bound, and embellished with Maps and Plates.

Corner's History of ENGLAND & WALES, 3s. 6d. bound. Twenty-seventh thousand. Plates, Map, and Chronological Table and Index. New Edition, continued to the present date. With Questions, 4s.

Corner's History of IRELAND, 2s. 6d. bound. Seventh thousand. Plates, Map, and Chronological Table, and Index. With Questions, 3s.

Corner's History of SCOTLAND, 2s. 6d. bound. Plates, Map, Chronological Table, and Index. Tenth thousand. With Questions, 3s.

Corner's History of FRANCE, 2s. 6d. bound. Plates, Map, Chronological Table, and Index. Thirteenth thousand. New Edition, corrected to the present time. With Questions, 3s.

Corner's History of GREECE, with Questions, 3s. Map, and Chronological Table and Index. Fifth thousand.

Corner's History of ROME, with Questions, 3s. 6d. Map of the Empire, and Chronological Table and Index. Seventh thousand.

Corner's History of GERMANY and the GERMAN EMPIRE, including Austria and Prussia, 3s. 6d. bound. Plates, Map, and Chronological Table and Index.

Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, 2s. 6d.—Poland and the Russian Empire, 3s. 6d.—Turkey and the Ottoman Empire, including Modern Greece, 3s. 6d.—Italy and Switzerland, 3s. 6d.—Holland and Belgium, 2s. 6d. bound.

A Prospectus of Miss Corner's Histories, post free, on application.

The First History of England that should be placed in the hands of a Child. Third Edition. Printed in large type, twenty-four pages of tinted plates, 6d. gilt edges, or in eight divisions, fancy stiff covers, 6d. each. Without the plates for the use of Schools, 2s. 6d.

Every Child's History of England, with Questions to each Chapter, adapted to the Junior Classes. By Miss CORNER. Price 1s. sewed; or 1s. 6d. bound in cloth, with the Map coloured.

The Play Grammar; or, the Elements of Grammar explained in Short and Easy Games. By Miss CORNER. Eighth Edition, improved, with illustrations. 1s. sewed; or 1s. 6d. bound in cloth.

Charles Butler's Easy Guide to Geography A New and Complete Description of the Five great Divisions of the Globe; their Natural, Mineral, and Vegetable Productions; and the Characteristics of their Inhabitants. New Edition. Seventh Thousand. 1s. 6d. in cloth; or, with the USE OF THE GLOBES, and SEVEN GLYPHOPHIC MAPS, 2s. bound in cloth.

Charles Butler's Guide to Useful Knowledge, containing, in the form of an easy familiar Catechism, a complete Series of the Newest and most useful Information connected with the Arts, Sciences, and the Phenomena of Nature. Sixth Edition, 1s. 6d. cloth.

Scriptural History Simplified. By Miss CORNER and Dr. J. KITTO, LL.D. Price 3s. 6d. in a clear type, royal 18mo

London: DEAN and SON, Printers and Publishers,

35, Threadneedle-street.

Now ready, cloth, elegant, 3s.

ORR'S CIRCLE of the SCIENCES.—Vol. I. containing

INTRODUCTORY TREATISE: On the Nature, Connection, and Uses of the Great Departments of Human Knowledge. By the Editor.

Physiology of Animal and Vegetable Life. By the Editor. Principal Forms of the Skeleton.—Principal Forms and Structures of the Teeth.—By Professor OWEN. Varieties of the Human Species.—By ROBERT GORDON LATHAM, M.D., F.R.S.

Copious Explanatory and Glossarial Index, &c., and upwards of 400 highly finished Engravings.

London: WM. S. ORR and Co. Amen-corner.

In small 8vo. price 2s. 6d. cloth elegant,

HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE & SURGERY, Sick-room Management and Diet for Invalids.

Being the First Volume of

ORR'S HOUSEHOLD HANDBOOKS:

A Series of Works intended to impart plain and practical Information on subjects connected with the comforts and refinements of home.

London: WM. S. ORR and Co., Amen-corner.

This day is published,

THE VOICE OF OUR EXILES: Or, Stray Leaves from a Convict Ship.

Edited by DANIEL RITCHIE, Esq., Surgeon, R.N.

Price 3s. 6d. bound in cloth.

Edinburgh: JOHN MENZIES. London: W. S. ORR and Co.

Now ready, crown 8vo. a New Edition, in large type, of

THE SACRED GARLAND; OR, THE CHRISTIAN'S DAILY DELIGHT. "PLUCK A FLOWER."

Price 5s. cloth lettered; 9s. full calf; 12s. morocco elegant. Upwards of 100,000 copies of this book in a smaller form have been sold.

MILNER and SOWERBY, Halifax.

Just published, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth,

TALES OF IRELAND AND THE IRISH. By J. G. MAC WALTER, Author of "The Scarlet Mystery," "History of the Irish Church."

THE MODERN MYSTERY; or Table-Tapping. Its History, Philosophy, and General Attributes. By J. G. MAC WALTER, Author of "The Scarlet Mystery." Fcp. 8vo. 1s. boards.

London: JOHN F. SHAW, Southampton-row, and Paternoster-row.

DR. CUMMING ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

SABBATH MORNING READINGS ON THE BOOK OF LEVITICUS. With Illustrations. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. Fcp. 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The BOOK OF GENESIS, 5s.

The BOOK OF EXODUS, 5s.

London: JOHN F. SHAW, Southampton-row, and Paternoster-row.

SHAW'S FAMILY LIBRARY,

price 1s. boards.

TURKEY.—THE SULTAN of TURKEY, ABDUL MEDJID KHAN. A brief Memoir of his Life and Times, with Notices of the Country, its Army, Navy, and present Prospects. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A.

By the same Author,

LIFE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, NICHOLAS I. Price 1s. boards.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. LIVES OF THE Emperor of Russia, NICHOLAS I., and the Sultan of Turkey, ABDUL MEDJID KHAN. By the Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M.A. Fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

London: JOHN F. SHAW, Southampton-row, and Paternoster-row.

BLOOMSBURY LENT LECTURES, 1854.

Just out, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cloth,

PRESENT TIMES AND FUTURE PROSPECTS: being Lectures delivered during Lent, 1854, at St. George's, Bloomsbury. By Twelve Clergymen of the Church of England. With a Preface by the Rev. W. R. FREMANTLE, M.A., Rector of Claydon, Bucks.

London: JOHN F. SHAW, Southampton-row, and Paternoster-row.

MORNING DRAMATIC READING.

MR. WIGHTWICK'S reading of "Henry IV." having obtained marked approval, he begs to announce that he will have the honour of reading

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY

OF

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,

On SATURDAY, the 17th JUNE, 1854,

at THREE o'clock precisely.

Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Family Tickets, admitting Four to reserved seats, 15s.; Family Tickets, admitting Four to unreserved seats, 9s.

Tickets and places to be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street, and at Willis's Rooms,

Now complete in one large volume, 584 pages.

THE COMING ERA OF REFORM. By JAMES SIEK BUCKINGHAM.

1. Purification of the Representative System.

2. Plans for the future Government of India.

3. Arguments for National Secular Education.

4. History and Progress of the Temperance Question.

Each of these may be had in separate numbers at 2s. 6d. each, or the whole in one volume, bound in embossed cloth, gilt, and lettered at 12s. 6d. Orders addressed to the author, St. John's-wood, will be executed post free.

The trade supplied by Messrs. PARTRIDGE and OAKLEY, 34, Paternoster-row.

Shortly will be published, demy 8vo. price 5s.

CHURCH FURNITURE & DECORATIONS. being a Descriptive Guide in the selection and arrangement of Church Fixings and Ornaments, extracted from the *Clerical Journal and Church and University Chronicle*. With additional Engravings and Plates. By the Rev. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A., Honorary Secretary of the Essex Archaeological Society; Author of "The Manual of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses," published under the sanction of the Central Committee of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

Copies may be obtained, postage free, direct from the Publisher, or by order of any Bookseller.

JOHN CROCKFORD, 29, Essex-street, Strand.

In 8vo. 2s.; post-free, 2s. 6d.

DYSPEPSY: its Causes, its Mental and other Consequences, its Prevention and Cure: treating of its results in morbid irritability, bilious and nervous disorders, hypochondria, general debility, &c. By F. PEPPECORNE, Esq., R.C.S., formerly a Medical Officer at Westminster Hospital, now of Regency-square, Brighton.

London: CHURCHILL, Princes-street, Soho. Brighton: KIXO, Castle-square; or of any Bookseller.

NEW WORKS PUBLISHED IN JUNE.

SATIRE and SATIRISTS. By JAMES HANNAY. Post 8vo.

CONSTANTINOPOLE OF TO-DAY. By THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Translated by R. H. GOULD, M.A. With Photographic Engravings. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STORY OF MONT BLANC. By ALBERT SMITH. Second Edition, enlarged. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

A HERO OF OUR OWN TIMES: a Series of short Novels from the Russian of MICHAEL LERMONTOFF. Post 8vo. cloth. DAVID BOGKE, Fleet-street.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS IS AS FOLLOWS:—

Three Lines and under	1s. 4d.
Each additional line, up to Twenty	2s. 6d.
Every Five Lines beyond	2s. 6d.

If ordered for Three Insertions, a reduction of 10 per cent; if for Six Insertions, 25 per cent. Sums under 10s. may be sent in postage stamps; larger sums by post-office order, payable to Mr. JOHN CROCKFORD, at the Strand Post-office.

CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—	
The Crystal Palace	317
Shakespeare—Hamlet's Suit of Sabres	317
The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings	317
ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	
Philosophy:—	
Sir David Brewster's More Worlds than One	318
Of the Plurality of Worlds	318
History:—	
Julian; or, the Close of an Era. By L. E. DUNGER	319
Voltaire and his Times. By L. E. DUNGER	319
Notices of Small Books	321
Biography:—	
John de Wycliffe. By Dr. VAUGHAN	321
Green's Lives of the Princes of England	322
Education:—	
Dr. Wiese's German Letters on English Education	322
Notices of Small Books	323
The War Books:—	
Golovin's Nations of Russia and Turkey and their Destiny	323
Nicholas's Life of Nicholas I., Emperor of all the Russias	323
Present State of the Turkish Empire. By MARSHALL MARMON	323
MacLachlan's Cross and the Crescent as Standards in War	323
Lushington's Points of War	323
Lermontoff's Hero of our own Times	323
Capper's Pictures from the East	323
Morell's Russia and England	323
Chester's Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828 and 1829	323
Urquhart's Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South	323
Oliphant's Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852	323
Custine's La Russie en 1839	323
Stade's Records of Travels in Turkey	323
Michelsen's Ottoman Empire and its Resources	323
O'Brien's Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities	323
The Russians in Bulgaria and Russia. By MARSHALL DIEBICH	323
Voyages and Travels:—	
Smyth's Mediterranean	327
Noel's Evenings at Antioch	327
Malone's Three Years' Cruise in the Australian Colonies	327
Heap's Central Route to the Pacific	327
Choise's Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star	327
Fiction:—	
Dona Blanca of Navarre. By DON F. N. VILLOSLADA	329
Edward Willoughby. By Author of "The Discipline of Life"	330
Poetry and the Drama:—	
Stanyan Bigg's Night and the Soul	330
Parke's Summer sketches	331
Caroline Dent's Thoughts and Sketches in Verse	331
Notices of Small Books	331
Religion:—	
Kingsley's Sermons on National Subjects	331
Miscellaneous:—	
The Poetical Works of Goldsmith, Collins, and T. Warton	332
Sims's Handbook to the Library of the British Museum	334
Periodicals and Serials	334
FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c.:—	
The Critic Abroad	335
Italy:—	
From our Italian Correspondent	336
SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—	
Science and Invention:—	
Summary	337
Decimal Coinage	338
Popular Medicine:—	
The News and Gossip of the Medical World	338
Art and Artists:—	
The Royal Pictures	339
Shakespeare's Portrait	340
The British Institution	340
Talk of the Studios	340
Music and Musicians:—	
New Music	340
The European Psalmist	340
Musical and Dramatic Crit-Chat	340
Gossip of the Literary Circle	341
Drama and Public Amusements	341
Obituary	341
List of New Books	342
Dictionary of Living Authors	342
Advertisements	313, 314, 315, 316, 342, 343, 344

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

This most magnificent enterprise, not of our own time alone, but of any age, has been at length opened to the public, and it more than realises even the great anticipations that had been formed of it. The Queen and her Court honoured the ceremony with their presence, and it was solemnly dedicated to the instruction and amusement of the people of all classes. To Englishmen it will be a perennial source of enjoyment, and to foreigners the wonder of the world. In external aspect it is like a fairy palace—a realisation of the Arabian Nights. Within, it abounds in every attraction that can improve the mind or gratify the eye. This is not the time, even if we could find leisure and space, to enter on detailed criticism of its contents. These must be the subjects of careful examination and commentary hereafter. Happily, there is no need for hurry. This Crystal Palace is not for a year, but for centuries, we hope. Ample leisure will be afforded for a critical survey of its beauties. At present the mind and eye of the visitor are engrossed by the aspect of the whole building—its site and its general effects. These occupy too much attention and excite too much wonder to permit of the eye peering into parts. By and by this startling result of the whole will give place to calmer feelings, and the visitor will learn to look into the details, which are no less marvellous though less striking at first view. We can only assure our distant readers that there is a treat in store for them, such as will far surpass their most sanguine anticipations. No description can equal the reality, and that reality is now open to be enjoyed and wondered at by the whole world, with every possible facility of access, without crowding, and with all the accommodation for substantial comfort in the journey thither, and in provisions when there, which the most luxurious could desire. The arrangements, indeed, are perfect.

SHAKSPERE.

HAMLET'S "SUIT OF SABLES."

It has been a singular fatality that the richest dramatic treasure ever bequeathed to our country in particular, if not to the world at large, should be alloyed by a greater proportional amount of typographical error, misconception, omission, and interpolation, than is to be found in the impressions of any other writer, ancient or modern. The carelessness of Shakspeare, in respect to his reputation with posterity, may perhaps be regarded as the most extraordinary fact connected with that power which has left him after all (to use Milton's words) the "great heir of fame." Even those plays which were published during his lifetime do not bear the mark of any decided editorial care. It would almost seem as if his purpose was the mere provision of matter for the temporary use of the theatre, to be preserved or not, "as time should try it," or as the interests of the holders of his manuscripts might determine. While the countless perfections in his writings are arguments against this supposition, exhibiting as they do, not less refinement in composition than power of thought,—there is very much of a contrasting character to support the idea that *all* we have under his name is not as he first produced it; and therefore that *none* of it came finally forth under the seal of his entire sanction.

The volume recently published by Mr. P. Collier, professing to give the corrections of an old and competent authority, is at least valuable as showing some unequivocal errors, verbal or typographical, and as supplying not only words but entire lines, necessary to the author's meaning. At the same time we regard it as only partially authentic, believing that in many instances the marginal annotator trusted much too securely to his own commonplace discretion. We receive with perfect faith his supply of entire lines; but we negative (and sometimes with indignation) many of his verbal "amendments." Thus, when he would correct the hitherto received words of Iago,—"others there are, that, trimmed in forms and visages of duty, keep yet their hearts attendant on themselves,"—by substituting the word *usages* for "visages," we feel that the strong expression of duplicity implied by the

latter, and its antithetical force, as contrasting the falsehood of the *face* with the real purpose of the *heart*, are sacrificed to an alteration which is little better than tautological; for "forms" and "usages" are much the same thing. Again, in changing the expression of Lady Macbeth, "What *beast* was it then, that made you break this enterprise to me?" to "What *boast*," &c., he destroys the contemptuous satire applying to Macbeth's emphatic, but half-affected, reference to what is "becoming a man."

Many, however, are the instances in which the verbal corrections in the publication alluded to, are most valuable, from their obvious truth; and grateful should we be for the correction or supply of any single word which bears the undoubted stamp of authenticity.

We trust in being now enabled to afford the most important correction of a word (as it has heretofore been printed), in one of Hamlet's sentences in the play scene.

Ophelia having remarked on Hamlet's merri-ment, the dialogue proceeds as follows:—

Hamlet. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Ophelia. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Hamlet. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of *sables*.

The meaning of the word "sables" has long been a speculation with the commentators. Warburton says:—"the senseless editors had written *sables*, the fur so called, for *sable*, black. The true reading is 'let the devil wear black *fore* I'll have a suit of *sable*.' 'fore, i. e. before. As much as to say—'Let the devil wear black for me; I'll have none.'"

The Oxford editor would read, "for I'll have a suit of *ermine*."

Dr. Johnson "cannot find why Hamlet, when he laid aside his dress of mourning, in a country where it was *bitter cold*, and the air *nipping and eager*, should not have a suit of *sables*."

Stevens says, "a suit of *sables* was the richest dress that could be worn in Denmark."

Malone conceives Hamlet to mean, "Let the devil wear black. As for me, so far from wearing a mourning dress, I'll wear the most costly and magnificent suit that can be procured; a suit *trimmed with sables*."

Knight finds a "latent irony in Hamlet's reply," and gives a very far-fetched reason for his meaning to say, "let the devil wear the real colours of grief, but I'll be magnificent in a garb that only has a facing of something like grief."

Warburton is right in thinking the editors have signified a *material*, when a *colour* only was intended; but there we must leave him, as not less amenable to the charge of "senselessness" than those whom he abused.

Malone is correct in supposing that a costume of splendid gaiety was intended in opposition to the robe of mourning; but he errs with others in imagining that the fur *sables* has anything to do with the matter.

It has ever been obvious to all simple-minded and common-sense readers that Shakspeare intended "Hamlet" to mean thus:—"Nay, then, let the *devil* preserve to himself his own black, which custom has adopted as the sign of mourning; I'll wear the colour, of all others, most oppugnant to sorrow." There was no making the word "sables" confirm this meaning, so far as *colour* was concerned; and therefore it has been ingeniously supposed that the *material*—the fur—had reference to living pomp, as opposed to sepulchral gloom.

But a reference to the third number of the new *Retrospective Review* for May 1853 will at once set this long-disputed matter perfectly, and most satisfactorily, at rest.

In an account of the writings of Henry Peacham (who was contemporary with Shakspeare), an extract is made from the author's "directions for painting or colouring of cuts and printed pictures;" and, in the list of colours ("some of which," says the reviewer, "it would puzzle a modern R.A. to make out"), are the following:—

Blanket-colour, i. e., a light watchet. Scarlet, i. e., crimson or stammel. Shammy, a smoakie or rain-colour. Turkie colour, i. e., Venice blue, or, as others will have it, red. *Sabell* colour, i. e., flame-colour, &c.

Hamlet, then, means to say, "Let the devil wear black; I'll have a suit of *sabell*!" (i. e., of flame-colour.)

A mis-spelling has doubtless produced all the forgone confusion of the editors in respect to this passage; and we may reasonably conclude

that a differing pronunciation distinguished the "sable" meaning dark or black, from the "sabell" meaning flame-colour.

When, in another part of the play of "Hamlet," we find the words, "He, whose sable arms, black as his purpose," &c.—the word is obviously used as signifying *dark*. In the description of the beard of Hamlet's father—"a sable-silvered"—it is likened to the *fur* sable, rendered grey by mixture with the white hairs of advancing age. In the same play we read that "youth no less becomes the light and careless livery that it wears, than settled age his *sables*." In the latter case the word has no reference to splendour or gaiety; but simply to comfort and gravity. In the first part of "Henry the Fourth" is the expression "a hot wench in *flame-coloured* taffeta;" i. e. *sabell* taffeta. Hamlet unquestionably meant to contrast with the sober black which sorrow should wear, the flaunting garb of wantonness, a suit of *flame-colour*.

In the older editions of Shakspeare, Sir Andrew Aguecheek (see "Twelfth Night") is made to say his leg "does indifferent well in a dam'd-coloured stock," or *stocking*. Pope supposed *flame-coloured* might have been the original expression. Knight suggests, with perhaps equal plausibility, *damask-coloured*; but, while the latter emendation is something nearer the old print "dam'd," the former has the advantage of being an expression positively used by Shakspeare in another play, as especially referring to the gaudy attire in which vanity seems to have delighted in suiting itself. Thus there is fair reason for supposing that Sir Andrew Aguecheek, as well as Falstaff's "hot wench," had pride and pleasure in the showy exhibition of "the *flaming* costume, to which we now know Hamlet refers in his expression, "a suit of *sabell*." GEORGE WIGHTWICK.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE opening of the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, was a perfectly successful ceremony; the arrangements complete; the day fine; the QUEEN punctual as usual; the crowd of nobles and notables very numerous, including a large proportion of the two Houses of Parliament (though not the Premier); the music grand; and the building itself outwondering wonder. The sun glowed brightly; the orchestra flung up its huge fountain of sound and sent it rolling through the pellucid arcades; the great ones of the land grouped themselves in rich array round the throne of their Sovereign; the aristocracy of labour stood forth and were recognised; the cannon roared; the multitudes in aisle and gallery, tier over tier, gazed and shouted; while on every side crystal walls soared up into crystal arches, and rows of white silent statues, and vast Egyptian forms shone among the banners, and flowers, and green leaves, with glimpses of the architecture of many bygone races of men who once lived and laboured on this planet of ours.

Some of the handbooks of the great show at Sydenham are out, and appear very creditable, and good value for their cost; but it is said there are to be no less than *seventeen* of them in all, so that your determined sight-seer must engage an able-bodied porter to accompany him for the purpose of carrying his handbooks—or perhaps wheelbarrows will be admitted. Dr. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, who has the general supervision of the literary department at Sydenham, is a gentleman whose name has, hitherto, been less familiar in the world of letters than it deserves to be. His novel of "Caleb Stukely"—which first appeared in *Blackwood*, and was by many (notwithstanding its superiority) mistaken to be the work of Mr. WARREN's pen—is one of the most intense stories in the language; but though the subject is of the gloomiest kind, and the whole effect of the book poignant and distressing, its purpose and teaching are, I think, sound and right. It was not long ago republished in a cheap form; and a volume of shorter stories by the same writer, collected from *Blackwood*, is just announced. This picking out of the plums of the old magazines is still proceeding; and, under this description, for the most part, would come the "Selections from De Quincey," the third volume of which is just out. De Quincey is a writer who, with wonderful and various powers and acquirements, and during a long life given to literature, has not produced a single complete composition. He has not that faculty for *construction* which enables men, otherwise weaker than he, to make and leave behind them literary works whose organisation insures their permanence. The press of Edinburgh also promises the third volume of Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON's continuation of his "History of Europe." Among the announcements of the London publishers may be noted "Claude the Colporteur," by the author of "Mary Powell," "The Iron Cousin," a story by Mrs. MARY COWDEN CLARKE, of Shakspearian celebrity, and a volume with the taking name of "Satire and Satirists," by Mr. JAMES HANNAY, author of "Singleton Fontenoy," &c., the substance of which has

already been delivered with success in the form of lectures in the metropolis.

The Rev. Mr. MACHICE gave his first lecture on "Learning and Working" in Willis's Rooms last Thursday to an audience composed of a good many persons of the richer classes, and a few workmen. The lecturer's manner was monotonous; but the substance and subject of his discourse deserved earnest attention. While the working-men of England are thus greeted with the first glimmering hope of a college, the ultramontane (as it is called) party of Roman Catholics in Ireland have got so far with their projected University, that Dr. Newman has installed the other day as its rector, with much form and ceremony, including a fresh and solemn asseveration of his entire belief in the doctrines of the Church of Rome. The subscriptions are said to amount to about 50,000*l*. The topic of education recalls to my mind a sight I saw within the last fortnight—the very prettiest perhaps that all London has to show in all the year—that is, the annual meeting of the Charity Children under the dome of St. Paul's. The countless rows of boys and girls were ranged there like slopes of flowers, amphitheatre-wise, all in their new clothes, with a distinct dress for each school, and sung in that unison which affected Haydn, he said, more than any music he had ever heard (though this year there was a screaming brass trumpet that led them, in a very obtrusive and offensive style); and when they rose and sat down there was a glimmer of innocent faces and collars and mob-caps, and a fluttering of white aprons; nor did the great slant of heads (chiefly bonneted) of the crowded congregation, stretching up to near the top of the west door, form an unimpressive portion of the scene. Then came the procession out of the cathedral by two doors, each school with its banners, and its own colour for jacket and cap, and for frock and ribbon; and its beadle, prodigious in cocked-hat and gown and gold lace. The admiration produced by the appearance of these functionaries was not wholly unironical; but the children as they passed, two by two, in innocent regiments, seemed to draw out the best feelings of all the bystanders. It was pleasant also to remember that WILLIAM BLAKE, the singular painter and poet, who loved all that was good and pure, had enjoyed the same sight, and written a pretty poem about it. It is a better subject for an ode than the storming of St. Petersburg would afford, which latter event may, some of these days, produce a demand on the Laureate for his official services. Apropos of whom, let me mention a little volume of *Gedichte von Alfred Tennyson*, published at Dessau, which lately came into my hands. The translator into German is Herr W. HERTSBERG, who seems to have performed his task with remarkable success, preserving not only the metres, but the

pauses and cadences of his original. "Locksley Hall," had already been translated by FREILIGRATH; but the present work appears to include all that is in the one-volume edition of "Tennyson's Poems." The Germans are probably the best translators in the world, especially from the cognate languages. SHAKS-PERE is almost as much theirs as ours. And yet they are not driven to foreign resources by any want of poets of their own, or any deficiency in appreciation of them. To take those who are living, the popularity of UHLAND and HEINE in Germany far surpasses that of any living English poets in England. Then there is GEIBEL, whose name is scarcely known here, but who has reached his thirty-second edition; and RUCKERT and FREILIGRATH. UHLAND is now a member of the Legislative Assembly at Stuttgart. HEINE lives in Paris, in a state, alas! of almost utter paralysis, pausing on the very threshold of death. Yet there he has waited now for several years; and his mind, from which such lovely little poems have sprung, continues unimpaired. He is only in his fifty-fifth year. FREILIGRATH is at present residing in London. Here, I suppose, it may be noted that Dr. ALTSCHUL's reading of "Faust," with a commentary, at the Edward-street Institution the other night, is said to have been successful; and its repetition may therefore be looked for.

Passing from the German to the French, it is rumoured that Mr. LEVES, of the *Leader*, has applied his experienced hand to adapt Madame GIRAUDIN's little drama "La Joie fait Peur," recently acted with such success at the St. James's Theatre, to the capabilities of the Lyceum, which is again open, under the command of MATTHEWS the indefatigable. He opened it on Whit-Monday with the revival of a piece his father used to play in, called "Before Breakfast," and in which he made his appearance with the highly appropriate words—"Here I am without a shilling in my pocket, and ready to begin the world again!"

Mr. MURRAY, as was to be expected, has occupied Turkey with a hand-book, and a Turkish grammar has likewise been published by Mr. BARKER of Eton College. Perhaps the study of Turkish, with true Constantinopolitan accent, is about to become fashionable; perhaps people will go a step farther by and by, and, as Puseyism is growing somewhat stale, we shall see a proprietary Mosque established somewhere in Brompton or Bayswater. We are getting into beards; turbans may easily follow; but the ladies, I fancy, would never consent to have their faces bandaged up before an excursion into Hyde-park, or Regent-street, and here is a fatal obstacle to the spread of Mohammedanism in this country.

Russia, too, though not likely to become popular in the complimentary sense, being an object of such intense interest at the present moment, may be expected to furnish its quota of subjects to the assiduous book-

makers who supply the press and the public. The home literature of that country is all but unknown to British readers; and, therefore, the volume of short novels translated from the Russian of LERMOXTOFF, which has been published by Mr. BOGUE, stands good chance of a hearing. By the way, it is rather curious to find in a Russian biographical dictionary, published several years ago, a biography of our novelist, THACKERAY. One might have doubted his comprehensibility beside Lake Ladoga; though, after all, what is St. Petersburg or Moscow, or any other city, but a street or lane in the great Vanity Fair? Here I must enshrine, for the benefit of country cousins, a recent repartee of Madlle. Rachel. When about to leave St. Petersburg, not long ago, at the conclusion of her engagement, she was invited to a banquet, at which several officers of the Imperial Guard were present. After drinking the actress's health, one of these gentlemen remarked that they hoped to drink their next champagne in her honour in *Paris* itself; to which Madlle. RACHEL replied—and one can imagine the quiet, telling tone with which she said it—"Ah, but, Messieurs, champagne is rather an expensive luxury—for prisoners!" This equals the best of those traditional *mots* which have delighted generations of Frenchmen, and of itself entitles Madlle. RACHEL to a fresh banquet in Paris.

The Portuguese boy-King, who is making the acquaintance of his august Sister of England, and driving hither and thither to view the wonders of the metropolis, has by no means (as people note with surprise) a look of the sunny south—being delicate, fair, and blue-eyed. It is one more evidence of the popularity of Mrs. BEECHER STOWE's book, that the saloon of his young Majesty's steam-yacht is adorned with tapestry on which are depicted scenes from "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Among recent publications, one of the oddest is a translation of HOMER's "Iliad" into Spenserian verse, by a most industrious Mr. BARTER, who has attempted to present, in that difficult metre, all the Homeric phrases and compound epithets, with an effect which would be wholly ludicrous, if there were not also something melancholy in the total waste of so much energy and perseverance. It is one of those books which appear now and again, goodly bulks of fair-printed paper with handsome binding, but utterly preposterous in contents, and which baffle all endeavour to account for their production.

To wind up this "tangled skein" of gossip let me report a whisper that Mr. CARLYLE has abandoned his intention of "doing" FREDERICK THE GREAT, though without adopting the whisper as my own; and mention that the friends of Mr. and Mrs. BROWNING expect the distinguished poet and poetess to revisit England in the course of the present summer.

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

More Worlds than One the Creed of the Philosopher and the Hope of the Christian. By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H., D.C.L., &c. London: Murray. Of the *Plurality of Worlds: an Essay.* London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1853.

It has always appeared to us, whenever we have turned our attention to studies connected with the science of the heavenly bodies, that the creed of the inhabitability of those bodies must necessarily conduce very largely to the belief in, and to the maintenance of, the doctrine of a future state. And the more widely those celestial spheres, while so inhabited, vary from our own planet, the firmer is our ground for assurance of a future and a higher state of existence for our own being. For, if the worlds of space differ so essentially in their nature and constitution from our own, and are yet the abode of living and intelligent creatures, there is doubtless a great natural probability that we ourselves may exist in that state. And, indeed, we have not only reason and revelation to assure us that this will be the case; but, if we believe these worlds to be inhabited, there is exhibited actually before our eyes the very condition of existence to which we are approaching. That the beings who inhabit these regions must necessarily differ widely from what we are in our present condition, is another assurance to us of our own capability of existing in another state, in a condition very different to that which we now fill. Thus, while revelation teaches us that we are capable of existing as intelligent beings in a state widely varying from any that we can experience on earth, and so far confirms our belief in the inhabitability of the planets; astronomy, on the other hand, confirms the teaching of revelation by assuring us that there are now actually exist-

ing beings nearly akin to, if not of, the very nature which revelation describes.

The occasion of the production of the singularly interesting and very able and philosophical disquisition by Sir David Brewster which is now before us was as follows. The author was requested by the editor of the *North British Review* to give an account of a work entitled *Of a Plurality of Worlds, an Essay*. This task he undertook, but found to his surprise that it contained not only sentiments widely differing from his own, but that the author had made an elaborate attack upon opinions which Sir David Brewster deemed consecrated by Newton and Revelation. The main argument adopted by the author of the *Plurality of Worlds* is, that the earth is really the largest planet in the solar system, and that it is the only world peopled with intelligent beings in the whole universe.

We may here passingly remark that the work in question has been attributed to the pen of Dr. Whewell, the learned Master of Trinity. It appears to us, however, that this must be an error. In the first place, the style and spirit of the book differ widely from those which Dr. Whewell has produced, especially as regards the very novel and speculative character of much that is contained in it. In the next place, the greater part of the argument is directly at variance with, and goes to overthrow much that Dr. Whewell has propounded in his "Bridgewater Treatise," and in his other works connected with astronomy.

Sir David Brewster, in his first chapter, treats on the religious aspect of the question before us. He here remarks that, if there is not room on our globe for the millions of beings who have lived and died upon its surface, and who may yet live and die during the period fixed for its occu-

pation by man, we can scarcely doubt that their future abode must be on some of the primary or secondary planets of the solar system, whose inhabitants have ceased to exist like those on the earth, or upon planets which have long been in a state of preparation, as our earth was, for the advent of intellectual life. A description of the solar system, and of the geological condition of the earth, next follows. But the portion of the work which has struck us as the most interesting and the most able, and which contains the most valuable part of the argument, is the 4th chapter, on the "analogy between the earth and the other planets." Sir David Brewster here remarks that, if we compare our earth with the other planets in reference to their size, their form, their density, the length of their year, the length of their day, the eccentricity of their orbits, we shall find that in all these cases the earth is not in any respect distinguished above the rest. Hence we are entitled to conclude that the earth, as a planet, has no pre-eminence in the solar system, to induce us to believe that it is the only inhabited world, or has any claim to be peculiarly favoured by the Creator. He then goes on to compare the different planets with the earth. As regards Jupiter, he observes there are so many striking points of resemblance between it and the earth, that the unprejudiced mind cannot resist the conclusion that Jupiter has been created like the earth for the express purpose of being the seat of animal and intellectual life.

The objections that have been urged against the possibility of the planets being inhabited, on account of the supposed variableness or extreme degrees of their temperature, he meets by contending, in the first place, that we have no proof that such a condition does exist, inasmuch as the temperature of a planet depends upon various

causes besides those referred to, such as the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. In Jupiter, he tells us, the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the sun, arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second case, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe. And, as regards the supposed want of light which would be experienced by the inhabitants of Jupiter, Sir David Brewster contends that, in so far as the purposes of vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected from the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis, that a brilliant phosphorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays. The objection presented by the great force of gravity upon so gigantic a planet as Jupiter, he also disposes of in an equally satisfactory manner.

As regards the nature of the beings with whom the planets may be supposed to be peopled, our author observes that to assume that the inhabitants of the planets must necessarily be either men or anything resembling them, is to have a low opinion of that infinite skill which has produced such a variety in the form, and structure, and functions, of vegetable and animal life. And he eloquently observes, that when we look into the world of instinct, and survey the infinitely varied forms which people the earth, the ocean, and the air; when we range with the naturalist's eye from the elephant to the worm; from the leviathan to the infusoria; and from the eagle to the ephemeron, what beauty of form, what diversity of function, what variety of purpose is exhibited to our view; and that if we carry our scrutiny deeper into nature, and survey the infinity of regions of life which the microscope discloses, and if we consider what other breathing worlds lie far beyond even its reach, we may then comprehend the variety of intellectual life with which our own planets and those of other systems may be peopled. Is it necessary, he asks, that an immortal soul should be hung upon a skeleton of bone, or imprisoned in a cage of cartilage and of skin? Must it see with two eyes, and hear with two ears, and touch with ten fingers, and rest on a duality of limbs? And in another part, he also inquires, what inconceivable and countless functions may we not assign to the plurality of intellectual communities, which have been settled, or are about to settle, in the celestial spheres? On a planet more magnificent than ours, may there not be a type of reason of which the intellect of Newton is the lowest degree? May there not be a telescope more penetrating, and a microscope more powerful, than ours? May not the problem of three bodies be solved there—the enigma of the luminiferous ether unriddled—and the transcendentalisms of mind embalm'd in the definitions and axioms and theorems of geometry? The being of another world, he also adds, may have his home in subterranean cities, warmed by central fires, or in crystal caves, cooled by ocean tides, or he may float with the nereids upon the deep, or mount upon wings as eagles, or rise upon the pinions of the dove, that he may flee away and be at rest. Amid our bald and meagre conceptions of the conditions of planetary life, we may gather some ideas from the existences around us. In the cities and dwellings and occupations of the world of *instinct* in our own planet, rude though they be, we may trace the lineaments of the cities and dwellings, and occupations of *reason* in another.

An examination of the planet Saturn, encompassed with its wonderful ring, next engages our author's attention. The firmament of this planet, he observes, must exhibit a brilliant picture to its inhabitants, bespangled with large discs of light, with a variety of phases, and spanned with the brilliant arches of the planet's ring. In Saturn the force of gravity, we are told, is only a little greater than in the Earth; and in Uranus and Neptune it is a little less; so that human beings like ourselves would experience no inconvenience from the greater or less force of gravity on these planets; and plants and trees, and architectural structures of the same character as our own, would have the same strength and permanence.

Continents and oceans and green savannahs have been observed, we are told, upon Mars; and the snow of his polar regions has been seen to disappear with the heat of summer. In Venus and Mercury their surface is variegated with mountain-chains of great elevation; and, but for the brilliancy of their discs and the clouds which envelop them, the telescope would have discovered to us more minute details upon their surface. The facts here stated constitute together a strong argument in favour of these planets being the abodes of living intelligent beings like ourselves.

"The Sun, the Moon, and other Satellites, and the Asteroids," form the subject of Chapter V. With regard to them our author contends, that, while the sun and the satellites are primarily intended for the great purposes which they so obviously subserve, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may also be the seats of life and intelligence. After combating the arguments which have been urged against the notion of the Moon being inhabited like our Earth, Sir D. Brewster refers to a supposition, put by Sir W. Herschel, that the inhabitants of the Moon and the other satellites, if they do exist, are of opinion that the Earth and the other primary planets are of no other use but as lamps and attractive centres, to direct their revolution round the Sun. And he then asks if we ought not to condemn their ignorance as proceeding from want of attention and proper reflection?

Sir William Herschel, indeed, considers not only the Moon, but the Sun also, to be peopled with inhabitants. But he supposes the children of the sun not to be human beings, but "creatures fitted to their condition as well as we are on this globe to ours." Sir D. Brewster states that it has been urged as an objection to the probability of the Sun's being inhabited that the whole firmament would be hid by the double atmosphere with which he is surrounded; and that the solar inhabitants would be excluded from all knowledge of the planets which he guides, and of the sidereal universe of which he is a part. This, however, our author denies to be strictly true. The planets and stars, he says, would be seen distinctly through the numerous openings in the solar atmosphere, and, as the Sun's surface is comparatively near to these openings, large portions of the heavens would be thus exposed to view. Added to this, he says, the probability of the Sun being inhabited is greatly increased by its enormous size.

Nor is the supposed intense heat of the Sun admitted to be an objection against its being the abode of living beings; for, observes Sir David Brewster, if the heat of the Sun's rays is proportional to its light—which it must be if it is a flame—the darkness of the Sun's nucleus becomes a measure of its coolness. Even a human being might live and breathe upon the solid nucleus under the heat which is indicated by seven rays out of a thousand.

In a subsequent part of this volume we are told that when Venus was discovered and found to be a planet of the same size as the Earth, with mountains and valleys, days and nights and years analogous to our own, astronomers could not fail to think it probable that she was inhabited like the Earth; and the absurdity of believing that she had no inhabitants, when no other rational purpose could be assigned for her creation, became an argument of a certain amount that she was like the Earth, the seat of animal and vegetable life. When Jupiter was discovered, and was found to be so gigantic a planet that it required four moons to give him light, the argument from analogy that he was inhabited became stronger, from the fact of his having moons; and the argument for a plurality of worlds became stronger also, because the analogy was extended to two planets. In like manner, every discovery of a new planet, either with new points of analogy, or with those previously existing in other planets, became an additional argument from analogy; and when the system was completed with Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and their numerous satellites, and when astronomers had discovered the existence of atmospheres, and clouds, and arctic snows, and trade winds in Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus, the argument from analogy attained a degree of force which it had not in the time of Fontenelle, whose treatise on the plurality of worlds is adverted to at the commencement of the book; and the absurdity of the opposite opinion, that planets should have moons and no inhabitants, atmospheres with no

creatures to breathe in them, and currents of air without life to be fanned, became a formidable argument, which few minds, if any, could resist.

Such is an outline of our author's argument from analogy to prove that there are more worlds than one: in other words, that the planets which we see about us in the heavens are the abodes of living intelligent beings, however differing from ourselves in their constitution, nature, and mode of life. The agreement of this theory with the doctrines of Revelation is shown, and satisfactorily as appears to us, in a subsequent chapter; after which the author proceeds to meet the objections drawn from geology, from the nature of nebulae, and from the nature of fixed stars and binary systems; and the work concludes with an eloquent and sublime essay on "the future of the universe." Some repetitions of arguments and statements, it appears to us, might be advantageously curtailed. On the whole, however, we have risen from the perusal of this very masterly and profound philosophical treatise—which makes the noblest and sublimest truths comprehensible to the commonest understanding, and which is of the most intense interest throughout—with feelings of high gratification, and full of admiration of the genius and research of its highly-gifted writer, to whom we tender our best thanks for the production of a work of which any author and any age might be justly proud. G. H.

HISTORY.

Julian; or, the Close of an Era. By L. F. BUNGENER. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.
Voltaire and his Times. By L. F. BUNGENER. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

M. BUNGENER is known favourably to the literary world. He has written already one work on the age of Louis XV.; he gives us now two more; and he proposes to add a fourth on the same era. He writes in a popular style on a popular, but rather exhausted subject. We cannot say that he brings any new light to bear on it; or that he regards it from any novel point of view. But his point of view is the orthodox and customary one. There are as few, now a days, who will venture to say a good, or even an extenuating, word for the French philosophers of the last century, as there are who will say one for the Stuarts. Perhaps there never was a finer opening for a lover of paradox than both these subjects afford just at present. Who will spoil the spoiler—who will break a lance with such lords of the ringing lists as Hallam, Mackintosh, and Macaulay? Who, on the other side, will face the indignant clamours of that utter respectability, which lifts the hands and elevates the eyebrows, when it is suggested that Voltaire was not quite a devil incarnate, and Rousseau's philanthropy was not all affectation, vanity, and mawkishness? Assuredly we have no intention, within the narrow limits of our columns, of advocating more than a very mild form of the latter thesis; still we must say something which, whether paradox or not, we hope to see some day improved and developed elsewhere. But let us first of all do our duty by M. Bungenier. Julian almost tells his own tale in his name. Julian is a young Frenchman who is introduced to us in the spring of 1778. This was a memorable year, and a memorable season; for Voltaire was even then breathing out his last life fitly among fêtes and addresses, tumults of frantic adulation, and garlands of roses; and Jean Jacques, as fitly, was on the eve of his last sighs in the hermitage of Ermenonville. There M. Bungenier gives us a descriptive, but unfriendly view of him. Julian—enthusiastic and sensitive—maddened, as every Frenchman under thirty was then maddened, by Julie and Emile—thirsting for truth, and tortured by doubt—comes for instruction and consolation. He gets neither; for Rousseau at that moment has just been particularly disgusted by a Gazette which details his rival's ovation at Paris. The man has triumphed over the philosopher—the author over the enthusiast. Pale envy sits on the gaunt cheeks of the worn-out old man—looks lean and hungry in his eyes, and speaks in querulous accents from his lips. We think it highly probable that Rousseau on such an occasion may have felt and acted thus; but, had the case been ours, we trust we should have shown more patient charity, if not more common-sense, than Julian. For that young gentleman, finding his oracle turn out, as he thinks, mere vulgar clay, believes no more in the genius that steeped the peaks of Meillerie in rose tints—that

brought St. Preux to Julie, and Emile to Sophia—that had no thought that was not an emotion, and no emotion that was not a passion; but walks away in complacent contempt to think and utter stale commonplaces on the littleness of great men. M. Bungener speaks here through the mouthpiece of his hero, and talks a good deal of conventional nonsense, which is tolerable, and not to be endured. Great men have always had littleness; but only little men cavil at them, and regard them, with sympathetic folly, as clues to character.

If bad logic and incoherent conduct be the common faults of sceptics, Julian's subsequent acts become then—and only then—intelligible and proper. Finding himself unable to believe anything, he resolves to believe everything. Having opportunities of being comfortable, and even happy, he rejects them, more from forgetfulness it would seem, than deliberation. He loves; and, of course, is loved again; and, at the time, there appears no earthly reason why he should not do his duty and marry like a man. But he takes the vows of Roman Catholic celibacy, and then has ample reason to think that he has made a fool of himself. Then come imprisonments in the Bastille, and royal pic-nics at Rousseau's grave; lectures from Madame Roland, and smart sayings by Mademoiselle Necker; mesmerism and balloons; conversations with Mirabeau; frivolities from Marie Antoinette; fatuities from Louis XVI.; revolutionary sermons by Marat and Robespierre; the massacres of the 2nd of September; and a chaotic *coup de guillotine*, in which, somehow or other, the principal characters and the villain of the piece disappear. All very good matter, it will be said, and susceptible of the highest scenic effect; but then, to go no further, Carlyle has given us a "French Revolution," and Dumas a "Chevalier de Maison Rouge;" and neither M. Bungener's historical essay nor his historical novel can expect to rank with such works. Nor even for the ante-revolutionary period—the period of ominous sounds and shadows cast before coming events—has he done all that ought to be done. The age of Louis XV. has yet to be written—the age of sneers stiffening into scowls; of groans deepening into curses; and the wild shriek of natural agony just preparing to change the conventional smile into a deadly convulsion. M. Bungener does not do this well. He lectures, but does not paint. He lectures well,—that is, fluently, rhetorically, epigrammatically; but he wants depth, and he wants breadth—above all, he wants individuality and simplicity. For his apparent individuality has a borrowed air, and tastes of egotism; and his apparent simplicity is not the right sort of thing, but only that spurious kind which has form without substance. Yet he is a clever writer and a readable; nor, unless the *non Di, non homines, non columnæ* be extended to prose writers, dare we refuse a very fair amount of approbation and praise to M. Bungener.

Let us now be permitted, as we proposed, to turn from the author to the subject. We would not do so in levity, but in all solemn and inquiring seriousness. The two great apostles of the first French Revolution have passed out of sight just seventy-six years. We live in the third generations from their decease, and now, if ever, may claim to have the materials for a just estimation of them. Shall we proclaim their second apotheosis; or shall we follow M. Bungener and Sir Archibald Alison in what we may call that thoroughly Anglican view of unmitigated condemnation which has prevailed for the last sixty years?

We do neither: we take the commonplace middle view, and state broadly that in the moral, as in the physical world, great victories must draw great disasters in their train; great evils will ever be the necessary counterbalance of great gains. It has ever been, and will ever be, a litigated point in social casuistry, whether the right to destroy precedes, or is merely coexistent with the power to reconstruct. Where the malady is neither desperate nor deeply seated, few will hesitate to adopt the latter clause of the interrogation; and as few, we trust, will hesitate to adopt the first clause, where the mischief is inveterate and universal. But, if ever, since the degenerate days of Rome, a community required volcanic purification, surely ante-revolutionary France held that community. Even Burke, whose marvellous conversion was brought about by the Jacobins, saw as little to blame and regret in all that preceded the 10th of August, as Hyde and Falkland saw to regret in all that preceded the final issue between Charles and his Parlia-

ment. And are we, because in both cases popular emancipation became licentious anarchy, to think so meanly of the cause of right and truth, as to hold fast to the acknowledged bad, because we despair of embodying the acknowledged better? If there be anything more than declamation in the *fiat justitia et ruat cælum*, we cannot, we dare not, question that they who, more than others, contributed to overthrow the shams of that most hollow and heartless era, the eighteenth century, have deserved well of their nation and of all time. It was not their blessed lot, even if it was in their wish and power, to divide and regulate the work of destruction. That work is reserved for us; if we have learned wisdom and gained experience for an operation requiring so much patient tact.

But we will not linger longer on ground that has been often trod. Voltaire, the patriot, and Rousseau, the citizen, have long ceased to exercise any direct or indirect influence on the conduct of their species. It would be ludicrous, if it were not sad, to reflect that the name and fame of the once great earth-shaker, who thundered and fulminated through alarmed Christendom, is now remembered chiefly as the author of two or three slight and rather dull histories, which we never look at when our school days are over. Rousseau's fate has been oblivion no less complete. Byron's magnificent stanzas were the last tribute of his last pupil. Sir Walter Scott felt bored, and fairly broke down, when he tried to read "La Nouvelle Héloïse;" and M. Bungener, in his very safe and sure way, only expresses the popular feeling of the last thirty years, when he resuscitates the unfortunate prophet of the Philosophy of Sentiment, only to give a last ungenerous kick to the stridulous shade.

And is it indeed so? Are we—wise children—so much wiser than our great grandfathers and great grandmothers? Or are we simply shortsighted—ungrateful and forgetful, as we are only too apt to be, when reflecting on past services and benefits? Let us see.

A hard fate is the reformer's. It has always been so; it will always be so. All our habits, all our prejudices, all our fixed laws of daily conduct—those laws which, casual in their origin, become, in Aristotle's language, fused and ingrained into our inmost life (*ἐνταυτοῖς τοῖς αἵματι*), are on the side of prescription. While the blood gallops through the veins of youth, and existence is nothing but a blind onward impulse—while every hour expands a muscle, develops a fibre, and enlarges a system—it is no wonder that the current of thought and enterprise move onward at the same railway speed. But there comes a time when the circulation of the blood and thoughts becomes, not less strong indeed, but far more sedate. Velocity sinks into equilibrium, and the set compactness of the frame is the true type of the mind, which has lost in plasticity and confidence what it has gained in active strength and patient consistency. Imagination acts no longer; speculation has worn itself out. In their place we have assumed certain traditional formulae of action, the convenience of which we feel every hour of the day. We hold, with the Lotus-eaters, that

Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken, so remain;
The Gods are hard to reconcile;
'Tis hard to settle order once again.
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain.

We have tried and failed in so many things; we have seen others try and fail in so many more; that we think it well to leave acknowledged mischiefs well alone. Let us consolidate our present fortunes, and believe that, even in so much apparent evil, there is still its equivalent soul of good. This speaks common-sense; for common-sense has ever been conservative; and no amount of erratic philosophy has ever succeeded in materially weakening the force of its maxims.

But common-sense, with all its excellence, is a very poor judge of uncommon sense; and the sense of such men as Voltaire and Rousseau is something far more uncommon than a mere ordinary rarity. The most brilliant and popular essayist of the day has, in a similar case and a remarkable instance, exemplified the shortcomings of even the most acute and accomplished common-sense. If ever man typified that of his own generation, that man is assuredly Mr. Macaulay; and he has shown its inefficiency and worthlessness in estimating the merits of such a man as Byron. The failure is the more remarkable, as both reviewer and poet possess in a very eminent degree the same striking element of practical good sense. But on that faculty in

the poet were superadded others in which the reviewer is wholly wanting—imagination of the highest, and sensibility of the keenest, order. These are two additional senses indispensable to the just appreciation of a man like Byron; and Mr. Macaulay has neither; or has both only in a dormant and unexcitable condition. He sees vividly, and describes vividly all that he sees. But his sentiment is a dramatic picture, not a human idyl. But when the characters are unlike, the judgment should be proportionably diffident. It was long before Göthe understood Schiller, and before Schiller understood Göthe. But they did understand each other at last. Some such one-sided representation has been the fate of Voltaire and Rousseau. M. Bungener, as we have hinted, has fallen into it; and we can hardly blame him when we consider that hardly one in a thousand will hesitate to exclaim—"How true" and "how just" to his every aphoristic anathema! We object to such interjections; and, with every respect for his ability, we should have thought more of his judgment, if he had risked a little popular abuse by taking a more independent and less popular tone.

But we turn from the schoolboy theme which discusses whether these two great men did most good or most evil in their generation; we turn from the institutions which they wrecked, and from the institutions to which their doctrines gave birth; to a contemplation, necessarily slight, of the men themselves. We protest against that Pharisaical propriety of the lecture-room which assures an equally proper audience that Voltaire was clever and witty, but immoral and vain; that Rousseau was an eloquent writer of exaggerated sentiment, but also a vain and immoral man. It is all very well to talk in this manner before parents of families, and young ladies and little boys; but if this be criticism, the sooner it becomes one of the extinct sciences the better for the cause of truth; for the sooner will a most transparent imposture be detected and exploded. Criticism of this kind is only worthy of those very popular and very useless books which profess to give students a short cut into a foreign language by means of current sentences, which are never heard from a native. —But Voltaire and Rousseau—what were they in all sober and impartial earnestness? Was the first a monster of wickedness—was the second a mawkish simpleton?

Turn to their well-known busts and portraits. There we find a very different tale. In the earlier portraits of Voltaire there is wit, keen observation, disdainful magnanimity, in every tint, touch, and in incipient line. But there is also a softness of expression which is almost womanish; a fineness of perceptive sentiment which indicates generosity, chivalry, enthusiasm. The softness and delicacy disappear in the later portraits (in whose later portraits do they not disappear?)—the generosity becomes diabolical distrust—the chivalry, ironical contempt—the enthusiasm a very fiend's arch mock; until at last the old man stands—as even now his effigy stands in a popular exhibition—a grinning, gibbering, artificial mask beneath which there is no human-hearted thought nor feeling. And yet those thousand wrinkles are not engraven there without the unspeakable agency of a mighty influence. By those very signs, and that attenuated figure, he still claims and holds our sympathies, in spite of ourselves, as a loftier brother, who may indeed have erred sadly, but not without the all-sufficient human atonement of those to whom it is given to over-fee good and evil.

Turn to the portraits of Rousseau. We feel at once that we are in the presence of another, but equally extraordinary nature. The glance is less keen, subtle, and comprehensive; it has no worldly merriment, no courtly scorn. Its intensity is deeper, but narrower. It is the eye of one more accustomed to look into the mind of its subject than out into the minds of others. The look is serene and mild, under apparent severity—languid, and almost apathetic, but yet stamped with a singular and unquestionable earnestness. The smile on the lips is placid, and like a child's; the lower part of the face, and especially the chin, are quite like a child's; but the upper part has a dreaming and mystical air, which, if not that of a devotee, is certainly that of a believer in holy things, and a reverencer of them.

And thus these two men, who are usually taken to be the literary and moral antitheses of each other, have, after all, their own mutual substratum of identity. Their ideas were often not

founded in fact, and have not been borne out by experience. The one declaimed against kings, and was never happy but when enjoying their favour. The other could talk of nothing but equal rights, but only delights to record the homage of titled admirers. But to make vanity on such grounds the ruling passion of either; or to deny either the merit of sincerity and supreme genius; is to start a philosophy, compared with which Rochefoucauld's is a genial credulity. The fact is that they spoke the language of nature in a somewhat exaggerated style. As they thought and as they felt, so they wrote, and so they spoke; and with all the inevitable mixture of error in their doctrines, they were yet doctrines compared with which nearly every reigning doctrine was a destructive imposture.

We cannot pursue this subject farther, nor enter into any of those details which are required to substantiate these views. But it will be enough for us if, while recommending M. Bunge's works to public attention—as we recommend them heartily—we have succeeded in throwing out a few hints as to the disputability of some of his views, which we trust others will be disposed to follow up. It is from no reverence for innovation, nor disrespect for established axioms, that we have ventured to say a hasty and imperfect word for two great names which we believe to have been unfairly vilified. It would require a treatise to prove Voltaire and Rousseau to have been, not merely (what few dispute) men of surpassing genius; but also, as we believe them to have been, men who, though far from faultless, were, in the main, genuine, honest, truth and right-loving men.

In the world they were like the rest of us—always weak, and often little. But when from the pollution of its contact they escaped into those highest regions of thought and primal sentiment, where none of their contemporaries, and few of their successors, have been able to follow them; sublimer announcements never came from any merely human pen.

The second volume of the new cabinet edition of *Hume's History of England* is before us. It is distinguished from former editions by its convenient size and abundant illustrations.

BIOGRAPHY.

John de Wycliffe, D.D.: A Monograph. With some Account of the Wycliffe MSS. in Oxford, Cambridge, the British Museum, Lambeth Palace, and Trinity College, Dublin. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. London: Seeleys.

Among the precursors of the great Reformation there was none so conspicuous as John De Wycliffe. His influence was not confined to his own age or country, but lived on after him, and spread immediately and enduringly through Bohemia and Germany, leavening men's minds with that antagonism to the Papacy, not only upon religious, but upon political and social grounds, which at length prepared the world for the advent of a new and better era. As an individual there is none whose name and fame have descended to us more free from blemish. His character, as described by Chaucer—for there is good reason to believe that the father of English poetry took Wycliffe as his model when he penned his lines on the *poore Persone of a Town*—will endure as long as the English language itself; and there is none which conveys to the mind a more exalted idea of a virtuous parish priest. Above all, however, it was Wycliffe who first translated into our maternal English the entire volume of the Sacred Scriptures. Such a circumstance alone must endear him to every English Protestant, and we therefore hail with satisfaction whatever tends to make us more intimately acquainted with his personal history and labours.

The literary reputation of Dr. Vaughan is largely associated with the name of Wycliffe. His "Life and Opinions of John De Wycliffe," first published in the year 1828, at once gave him a high standing as an author. Since that time he has frequently appeared before the public in a like capacity, and has also edited for some years, with considerable ability, one of our quarterly reviews, some of the best articles of which are known to have proceeded from his pen. Still, his earliest work remains his best; but, now that it has been for some time out of print, the author has thought that something more was needed than a merely new edition of the same. Looking back upon it after a lapse of a quarter of a cen-

tury, while he recognises the value of the materials from which it was composed, he adds:

But it will occasion no surprise if I say that what I did with those materials many years ago is not what I have since felt might be done with them. My wish, in giving my thought again to this theme, has been to bring to it the fruit of further research, and, by re-estimating and rewriting the whole, to make a more adequate use of the material at my disposal, and to present the general subject in a form likely to make the character of Wycliffe, as it appears in these pages, better known among my countrymen.

The publication before us is, therefore, substantially a new work. It contains much additional information with respect to Wycliffe and his contemporaries—his opinions and their opinions; traces the gradual enlightenment of the Reformer's mind; gives a truthful sketch of the various public events in which he was any way concerned; and abounds in picturesque descriptions of localities, natural scenery, &c., as well as of the manners and customs of the age in which he lived. In so far the new work is to be preferred to the old. In point of composition, however, we cannot help thinking it inferior to the earlier publication. It is neither so simple nor so dignified. It often shows tricks of style, and we sometimes fancy that the author condescends to be an imitator, now of Macaulay, and now of Carlyle. It is a pity that so good a work should be so disfigured. Its chief blemish is the habit so often indulged in of apostrophising some one—whether it be the reader, or Wycliffe himself, or some opponent of the Reformer, real or imaginary. Such passages as the following are of far too frequent occurrence. "Truly, John de Wycliffe, thou art a committed man, and had better not have gone so far, if thou art not prepared to go further!" "Wycliffe, no marvel that thy labours in Bruges were lost, or all but lost!" "Yes, gentle Sir, it has come to that! Wycliffe means all that!" He cannot even quote the famous passage from old Fuller, about the ashes of Wycliffe, without tacking on to it the words, "Well spoken, honest one!" But it is not in our nature to go on fault-finding when we have a book of really good pith and substance in its general execution before us; and so we proceed to give one or two extracts which will at once show that, notwithstanding some drawbacks, the present is by far the best work on Wycliffe and his times that has yet appeared.

The reader will bear in mind that Wycliffe was born in or about the year 1324, and died on the last day of December 1384. He was consequently a contemporary of Edward III. and Richard II., also of the poet Chaucer, and the famous John of Gaunt, who was his avowed friend and patron. There has been some controversy as to the exact spot in which the Reformer first drew breath; but Dr. Vaughan shows satisfactorily enough that it must have been in the small parish of Wycliffe, in Yorkshire, "in the house which stood in the early years of the fourteenth century on the brow of that meadow slope, overlooking the river Tees." The following is part of the author's description of this locality:—

The scene before you, good reader, forms the centre of the small parish of Wycliffe—the meaning of that word being simply the "Wye-cliffe," the "Water-cliffe," or the "Clift near the Water," and the description given in that word, as pointing to the towering clift on which you stand, and to the waters which force their way so swiftly at its base, is most truthful. That small church upon the greensward is Wycliffe Church. That house, which seems to spring out of the rock, at the summit of the meadow, ascending steeply from the church, is a continuance of the mansion of the Wycliffe family. To that family pertained the lordship of the manor of Wycliffe, and the patronage of the rectory, from the age of William the Norman down to very recent times. Baby Castle, only a short distance at one point of an angle, and Bernard Castle, about the same distance at another point, suggest to us something of the manner in which this district was castle-kept in the bygone days of turbulence and oppression. The modern mansion, in the outward face of it, is nearly all modern; and in the aspect which is intended to be its best it is commonplace enough. The Wycliffes ceased in 1606 to be inheritors of this property and lordship. The name of Tunstal then came by marriage into the place of Wycliffe; and in our own time the name of Tunstal has given place to that of Constable.

Of the manner in which Wycliffe passed his boyhood, the writer has not much to tell. It is presumed that his family did not care to cherish the memory of "a heretic so notorious as John de Wycliffe." The Wycliffes of Wycliffe took no part with their kinsman in his struggle against the Pope:—

Beside which (says Dr. Vaughan), strange as it may seem, that house upon the rock there, the birthplace of the greatest of our reformers, has been from that age to our own an asylum of Romanism. Wycliffes, Tunstals, Constables, all have gone one way. Hence, to this day, the parish of Wycliffe, with its population of something less than two hundred souls, is about equally divided between the two religions. The changes of the last three hundred years seem to have swept by this little inclosure almost without touching it.

In the year 1340 Wycliffe was entered a student of Queen's College, Oxford; from which, however, he soon removed to Merton, where he was first Probationer, and afterwards Fellow. Merton College was famed for its scholarship, whence it is presumed that, although the income of a Fellow was not more than fifty shillings per annum, Wycliffe must have distinguished himself highly in the learning of that period, to have attained to such a position. "In May 1361 we find John de Wycliffe, priest, presented by the Master and Scholars of Balliol Hall to the Church of Fyldingham, in the Archdeaconry of Stow;" and before the close of that year he had become Warden or Master of Balliol. We pass over the controversy as to whether it was our Wycliffe, or another of the same name, who subsequently became Master of Canterbury Hall, and come at once to his dispute with the Mendicant Friars, in which he first stepped before the world as a religious reformer.

Dr. Vaughan's account of the religious orders established in England in the fourteenth century is exceedingly interesting. The Franciscan or Mendicant Friars were the most numerous and powerful of all, and at the time when Wycliffe commenced his labours they had long been notorious for their corruptions. "They were vehemently accused of making a merchandise of their powers of absolution, their pardons being dispensed in the most sordid manner, and the people withdrawn from the oversight of the clergy, to the great detriment of religion and of public morals." Other charges were also brought against them from time to time, but none had such full effect as the denunciations of Wycliffe. From the Friars, who, like the Jesuits of later times, were regarded as the Pope's especial forces, it was but a step to the Pope himself. The pretensions of the Papacy to a universal temporal dominion was a subject at that time fiercely agitated all over the kingdom. Princes, nobles, and commoners, all repudiated the pontifical fetters sought to be imposed upon them. In the year 1365, Urban V. revived the papal claim of a thousand marks yearly, agreed to be paid by the infamous John to the Holy See, and in default of such payment, summoned our Edward III. to appear before him to answer for his disobedience, as to his feudal lord. The King at once submitted the claim to his Parliament, by whom it was indignantly repudiated. The Pontiff submitted in silence, but not so his sworn defenders among the religious orders:

An anonymous monk published a tract in defence of the claim so strongly repudiated by the Parliament, and challenged Wycliffe by name to answer the argument which he set forth in its favour. We have seen that, a little before this time, the Reformer had signified himself by his controversy with the Mendicants. This controversy, it would seem, he had conducted in such a manner that no man could be in doubt as to the view he would take of such a dispute as had now arisen between the English Parliament and the see of Rome. Wycliffe was now about forty years of age, and, though he had not hitherto fallen under censure, as broaching heresies or errors, of which cognisance could be legally taken by Church or State, he had become distinguished among the men of his time, who in any quarrel of this nature would be sure to contend for the independence of the civil power. Wycliffe speaks of himself, moreover, at this time, as being not only "a clerk under a king," and as one, who, on that account, should be prepared to vindicate the authority proper to the Sovereign, but as a clerk "standing on a particular footing" in relation to the Crown,—language which is understood as denoting that he had received the honorary distinction of royal chaplain. As such he professes himself willing to become a respondent on the question at issue, and to defend and maintain, that the sovereign may justly rule in this kingdom of England, though denying tribute to the Roman Pontiff.

Having thus gained some reputation as an opponent of the Papacy on political and social grounds, we find Wycliffe in Oxford, some seven years later, giving lectures in Divinity, after having himself taken his degree as *Sacrae Theologie Professor*. With what eagerness he must have been listened to may be inferred from the character given of him by Knighton, a contemporary and an adversary: "As a theologian,"

says this writer, "he was the most eminent in the day; as a philosopher, second to none; and as a schoolman, incomparable. He made it his great aim, with a learned subtlety and by the profundity of his own genius, to surpass the genius of other men." Dr. Vaughan conjectures that the substance of Wycliffe's famous treatise entitled "Trialogus," at least in its earlier portions, was addressed by the author to his divinity class in 1372, and some years later. The name *Trialogus* is given to this work, as being a series of colloquies between three speakers—Alithia, Pseudis, and Phronesis, or Truth, Falsehood, and Wisdom.

The argument (says Dr. Vaughan) is conducted, especially in the earlier part of the treatise, and as relating to its more obscure topics, in the prescribed scholastic form—the method of reasoning, and the technical expressions frequently recurring in it, being such as have no place even in the most scientific treatises on philosophy or theology in our own age. In one respect, indeed, the works of the ancient schoolmen bear a strong resemblance to our later literature, inasmuch as there is very little in the speculations of the modern sceptic which may not be found in the writings of those middle-age churchmen. In some instances the polemic may have secretly sympathised with the freedom of thought which he affected to condemn; but in general the atheist, the infidel, and the heretic, were imaginary foes, conjured up that the militant ecclesiastic might indulge, as in a species of tournament, in such displays of his skill as should secure to him the honours of a triumph.

Wycliffe's treatise, however, is not a mere exhibition of dialectic skill. In the course of it he inveighs against the wealth and corruption of the clergy, the pretensions of the Pope, the abuses arising from the sale of indulgences and absolution, the folly and wickedness of saint-worship, and the necessity incumbent upon all of studying the Holy Scriptures, and of attending to them, in spite of learned doctors and papal bulls. Such were some of the doctrines expounded by Wycliffe from the Professor's chair in Oxford at this period of his history.

We must hasten over the subsequent events in the Reformer's life—such as his embassy to Bruges, where he became more intimately acquainted with John of Gaunt; also the scene in St. Paul's, which is very graphically described, when Wycliffe was cited before his ordinary to answer to the grave charge of heresy. Courtney, then Bishop of London, was a bold man, who, relying upon his high position as well as his high connections, would have carried matters with a high hand against the comparatively obscure Rector of Lutterworth, were it not for the presence and support of the great Duke of Lancaster and Earl Percy. As it was, a singular altercation ensued, which was followed by a tumult, and the Reformer was borne away by the Duke's retainers to a place of safety. In the month of April 1378 he was summoned before a synod at Lambeth, when the Duke of Lancaster no longer ruled in the Cabinet. On this occasion, however, too, though he did not shrink from the charges brought against him, he was again saved from the malice of his enemies—the synod contenting itself with a prohibition, requiring "that the conclusions under review should not be again published, either from the pulpit or in the schools." It is, indeed, extraordinary that a man like Wycliffe, who was made exactly of such stuff as martyrs are usually composed of—enthusiasm, boldness, and consistency—should have been suffered to end his days in a peaceable deathbed. Such, however, was the lot reserved for him by the inscrutable decree of Providence, as it was afterwards for the great German Reformer, Martin Luther, whom he resembled in so many ways.

As Wycliffe grew older, his views on many points of doctrine diverged still more widely from those of the Church of Rome. Dr. Vaughan instances chiefly the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, as one in which he was altogether at variance with the ecclesiastics of his time. Wycliffe's opinions on the subject were not altogether those which are held by modern Protestants, but were at all events such as called forth the most bitter antagonism from the advocates of the Papacy. Had he confined his disquisitions, however, on this and other subjects to the Latin language, or to the audience of the learned, he might have perhaps escaped without having his bones disinterred more than forty years after his death, that the Church of Rome might consume them to ashes in sign of her hatred and malice.

The greatest praise of Wycliffe is, that towards the end of his life he retired to his rectory of

Lutterworth, where, free from the toil and tumult of the great world, he employed the remainder of his days in edifying his little flock, and in composing the greater part of those religious treatises in English, which soon spread among the mass of his countrymen, and taught them to look to the Bible itself, also translated by him into English, as the sole test of the doctrines taught by himself or any one else, as necessary to salvation.

In conclusion, we beg to thank Dr. Vaughan for the able and scholarlike list of the "Writings of John De Wycliffe," as well as for the other documents contained in the appendix to his valuable work.

Lives of the Princesses of England, from the Norman Conquest. By MARY ANNE EVERETT GREEN. Vol. V. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE four preceding volumes of this work have been already introduced to our readers. The fifth volume contains the biographies of Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., and of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I. The principal events in the life of Mary Tudor may be briefly told. While yet very young she was publicly betrothed to the Prince of Castile. The marriage day was appointed; but, before it arrived, her father died, her brother, our Eighth Henry, ascended the throne, and the Emperor Maximilian negotiated a secret peace with France, by which it was stipulated that the Prince of Castile should marry a princess of France. On learning the affront thus put upon her, Mary Tudor acted with womanly spirit and royal dignity. She summoned the neighbouring peers and bishops, and in their presence signed a declaration of her resolve never to marry the prince. She added, what was perhaps not quite so true, that she had never entertained any affection for him, and had long been waiting an opportunity to throw off the yoke. At this time she was only eighteen years old, and scandal attributed the singular scene to an attachment she had formed for Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. But, if so, fate was against her. On that very day another royal suitor appeared in the person of the King of France, Louis XII. After bargaining for a sufficient consideration, which was yielded without much demur, the ceremony was appointed to take place within ten days after the signing of the contract. But Mary did not contemplate this sudden union with any satisfaction, for her royal husband was many years her senior; but Louis's good qualities speedily won her heart, and the most unbounded affection was excited on both sides, only to be suddenly terminated by the death of the King within eighty-two days after his marriage. Mary subsequently married her first love, the Duke of Suffolk, and from that union sprang the mother of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey. She died in June 1533.

The biography of the Princess Elizabeth is thus opened:—

Of all the royal daughters of England who, by the weight of personal character, or the influence of adventitious circumstances, have exercised a permanent bearing on its destiny, none have occupied so prominent a place as Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the high-minded, but ill-fated daughter of James I. As the progenitress of the line of sovereigns who have secured or rather preserved to us the inestimable blessing of civil and religious liberty, she must ever be regarded with respect. But her influence was not merely that of position or of accident. The power of her individual character was felt throughout Europe. In the Thirty Years' War, with its long train of calamities, its terrors and its cruelties, its terrible sieges, its stirring battle-fields, and its displays of romantic valour and enduring fortitude—with its Tilly as the impersonation of military tactics—its Mansfeldt, the thunderbolt of lawless warfare—its Christian of Brunswick, the *beau idéal* of chivalric daring—and its Gustavus Adolphus, of honourable disinterestedness—the wheels of conflict were set in motion by one spring, and that spring was touched by the hand of the Queen of Bohemia. But, like the fabled necromancer, who called into existence gigantic phantoms, which the skill of his wizard wand failed to lay, and which hunted and tortured him to the death, Elizabeth let loose a torrent which she was unable to stem, and in the rush of the impetuous waters her own noble house was all but annihilated; and she herself lived to survive almost all those who armed at her bidding, and bled and died in her cause. The Princess Elizabeth was born at Falkland Palace, on the 16th of August, 1596, nearly seven years before the accession of her father to the English throne.

Elizabeth, Queen of England, was her god-mother. She was educated at Coombe Abbey in Warwickshire, under the care of Lord and Lady

Harrington. She had many suitors, among them the famous Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden; but she married Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, by whom she had several children. During the long wars that followed, she was subjected to many varieties of fortune and to some terrible reverses, which she endured with fortitude and dignity. Her twelfth child was Sophia, of Brunswick, mother of George I. The event is thus spoken of:

Elizabeth's infant was a girl, the twelfth child of a family already too numerous to be supported by the dependent parents, who required all the elasticity of parental affection to enable them to welcome into the world, one after another, a tribe of helpless children, without home and without possessions. Who could have dreamed that this infant would become the progenitress of a race of monarchs, who should sway the mightiest sceptre in the world, long after the "last of the Stuarts" had laid his unhonoured dust in the Papal soil of that Rome, for whose sake his fathers forfeited a crown? Yet so it was. This child was afterwards Sophia of Brunswick, the mother of George I., the direct ancestress of a queen, whose rule, over dominions tenfold as great as those that own her sceptre, were less honourable to her than the sway, unrivalled in history, which she possesses over the hearts of millions of British subjects.

EDUCATION.

German Letters on English Education. By Dr. L. WIESE, Professor in the Royal Foundation School at Jochimssthal. Translated by W. D. ARNOLD. London: Longmans. 1854.

THIS is a translation of some very interesting German letters, written by Dr. Wiese, a gentleman of high reputation in Prussia, and a valuable authority upon educational matters in general. He has made his profession—that of a teacher—the business of his life; and he evidently feels an honest pride in discharging faithfully the important duties which his position entails upon him. It will not excite surprise then that an individual of this stamp should have taken the trouble to visit this country, that he might become acquainted with our systems of education; neither can the impressions thus made upon an active inquiring mind be anything but interesting to ourselves. As might have been expected, a tone of manly candour, qualified by a large amount of good-natured feeling, pervades these letters. At the very outset, indeed, a caution is given that the numerous travellers upon the Rhine and in Switzerland are not to be taken as fair specimens of the English as a body. Dr. Wiese thinks the English at home too much given to combine the "service of two masters, God and Mammon;" but he feels confident that "the heart of the people is still unimpaired, healthy, and vigorous." He is of opinion, moreover, that while in actual knowledge the upper schools of Germany are far in advance of the English, yet the education of the latter is more effective, because it imparts "a better preparation for life." There is much discrimination in this latter unaffected declaration. It is not the inculcation of any mere formulæ, the teaching of mathematics, languages, and the classics in our upper schools; it is not the elementary knowledge of grammar, arithmetic, and geography in our national schools, that will of themselves affect the character of the people; but it is from the continued application of these matters that a good effect may be produced; and it would be well if every educator would endeavour carefully to discriminate the actual practical value of the subjects he teaches.

Except in our "lower schools," the Professor found much difficulty in becoming acquainted with the methods pursued. He observed that the principals of the great colleges and other public institutions were uniformly averse to the presence of strangers during the time the giving of lessons—the actual work of teaching—was going on. It seems odd that it is only in our plebeian schools an inquiring foreigner may hope to see what to him would be most interesting, namely, *how* the work of teaching is done; yet so it is; and we really cannot feel surprised that Dr. Wiese should quietly contrast this exclusive system with the liberality of his own country, where any stranger is allowed, without introduction, to inspect the minutiae of instruction.

In examining our great public schools, Westminster, Harrow, Eton, &c. the Doctor was impressed with the gentlemanly bearing of the pupils—the truthfulness and openness continually evinced; and these effects he rightly attributes to the home influence which has been

brought to bear, as well as to the ideas of true dignity sedulously instilled by the masters; and he remarks, that, while they thus cling with resolution to "those old family customs and particular feelings which separate their families from others, they have the consciousness that they belong to a great people," and "they see the way to fame open to them as well as to others." The respect with which the teachers treat their pupils did not escape the professor's notice; and to it he ascribes that feeling of self-respect which evidently pervades both the teacher and the taught. An amount of liberty is permitted in our large schools which utterly astonished this inquiring visitor; but the uproar which he witnessed at an Oxford commemoration completely bewildered him. He was curious as to the working of the flag and monitorial systems, and at this time some interest may, perhaps, attach to his views upon this subject.

In English schools there is by no means a positive absence of all overlooking, as might, at first sight, appear from what has been said above. The first class in all these institutions, generally called "the sixth form" (the magic name of sixth form), invests those who are placed in it with the duties of a senior (preceptor), as well as the office and privileges of that rank; only the fifth form is not subject to their control; but these latter again have nothing to say to the boys of the lower forms. Of course they are bound to be very careful in their appointment to this "selecta," or privileged class; but if they are, then they may depend pretty certainly upon the support which discipline receives from this system of seniors. I have found that it is generally regarded as a point of honour by these young people, not to abuse confidence. At first sight their relation to the younger boys seems a tyrannical one, owing to the fagging system; that is to say, each senior has under him at least one "fag" or servant, who runs messages for him, brings him what he wants, and so on. I often met boys arranging an elder one's books, taking care of his clothes, &c.; and, in answer to my companion's question, "Whose fag are you?" the name was given in so friendly and cheerful a tone that one perceived the service was rendered *con amore*. I found, too, that their relation to the little boys was generally a very useful one; these last are protected as *clients* by their *patrons* the seniors, and taken care of in all ways. I have been convinced how right Dr. Arnold was in saying, "If I can feel confidence in my sixth form, then I am content." He had to undergo much when he took these old institutions so vigorously under his protection; but he did not allow himself to be turned aside. Although the power of punishment is entrusted to these seniors, it is generally admitted that they seldom abuse it. It is true, indeed, that Fichte ran away from Schulpforte owing to the tyranny of his school-boy master; but, on the other hand, it is equally true that the majority of old Portenians look back upon this relation of former years with gratitude. Such also is the case in England; there too it is often very unpleasant for a parent to have to think that his son is obliged to do the work of a servant. Attempts have been made both to abolish the system in the old establishments, and to prevent it from taking root in the new; but these attempts have been met by such strenuous resistance from the conservative attachment of the young men of England to the old custom, that it has been thought better on every occasion to abandon the effort, to give in, and, for the sake of the good which the system clearly possesses, to put up with the disadvantages inseparable from it.

We find it admitted by Professor Wiese that the education of Germany is not so thoroughly practical as it ought to be. We know, indeed, that a close philological knowledge of certain subjects is required; but the aim appears to be too high: sound elementary knowledge is sacrificed for a high-flown, superficial acquaintance with matters of merely secondary importance, so far as their actual application is concerned; and there is a decided want of that thoroughly practical tendency which ought to be the aim of all education. It is the moderate amount of utilitarianism that characterises the instruction given in our English schools, and in this its excellence mainly consists. Indeed, it is so much a distinguishing trait of our national character, that an English youth would shrink from mere speculative theories as matters for early study; he wants facts, and he cares for nothing but what he thinks will be useful to him in his future career.

In his more particular examination of our Universities, Professor Wiese has not failed to discover many things which will prove of interest to his countrymen, as illustrative of the internal working of our great educational establishments. His remarks upon the "cramping system" are good-natured and unimpeachable. The Scotch Universities are dismissed with the remark that a

more strict examination ought to be enforced on admission. We attach a good deal of importance to the impressions which our "National System" of education, so called, is calculated to make on the mind of such a man as Dr. Wiese. When he visited this country in 1850 he found that in England and Wales alone there were 8,000,000 persons who could neither read nor write; that although between the years 1835 and 1846, the State had given nearly sixty millions sterling in poor relief, little or nothing had been done in the way of national education; that our prisons were crowded; and that our artisans lived in reeking, filthy, unhealthy rookeries. Now, what was the state of education? The persons intrusted with the education of the young were in very many cases old women, or, what was worse, perhaps, men who had proved themselves unfit for any other occupation, and who had been put into an important and responsible situation, for which they were grossly incompetent, in order that the cost of their maintenance in the workhouse might be saved their rate-payers of the parishes. The desideratum then was (and we fear we ought to write still is) the supply of a large class of educated, competent teachers. The steps taken hitherto for this object have not been uniformly successful; the few Training Colleges established for the education of educators have not yet fully effected the purposes for which they were established. We do not mean to say that the profession of the schoolmaster has not improved; we know that the examinations proposed to candidates for the Government certificates of merit are often such as would procure for successful competitors the degree of B.A. at either University; and we are fully sensible that many excellent persons have at length entered a profession which has too long been looked upon as ignoble and unimportant—whether they will remain in it is another question. But we cannot help feeling that it is the duty of the state to provide a thoroughly competent staff of energetic teachers; and this must be done, not by the hasty manufacture of mere boys into full-blown schoolmasters, but by a careful, arduous preparation of the candidates for the highly responsible duties they will be called upon to discharge. We need hardly say that Dr. Wiese has detected our deficiency in this respect; and we cannot but feel that, as a nation, we are justly open to animadversion for our neglect in spreading the advantages of education. Nevertheless we are improving, and, it is to be hoped, shall continue to improve in this respect. Neither can we help thinking that the friendly fillip given to us by Professor Wiese will materially aid the cause of education in England. We strongly recommend this little book to every person engaged in teaching, and to those who take an interest in the education of their fellow-countrymen.

Dr. Rortz has published a sensible and useful letter to the Earl of Carlisle on *The Importance of Rational Gymnastics*, as a branch of national education. There can be no doubt that physical training is as necessary as mental training.—A fairy tale called *The Two Princesses*, by E. H., is prettily written, and will interest children as well as teach them a wholesome lesson.

Miscellaneous Questions on Mrs. Markham's History of France, is just what the name implies.—A German comic poem for children, entitled *King Nutcracker*, has been cleverly rendered into English verse, and cleverly illustrated with woodcuts.—Mr. Richards, of the National School at Westminster, has published a very useful little book for teachers, entitled *Manual of Method*. It gives practical instructions for the management of an elementary school.—A second edition has been called for of the Rev. John Todd's admirable *Student's Manual*—one of those thoroughly practical books which every reader profits by, because it comes home to his intelligence. His common-sense is appealed to, and he is convinced by what he reads. It not only tells him what he ought to do, but how to do it.—Captain Chiosso has treated of *Gymnastics as an Essential Branch of National Education*, and he does so scientifically, pointing out its uses in developing and strengthening the frame, and improving the general health.

THE WAR BOOKS.

The Nations of Russia and Turkey and their Destiny. By IVAN GOLOVIN. London: Trübner and Co. New York: J. Wiley.
The Life of Nicholas I., Emperor of all the Russias. With an Appendix. By EDWARD H. MICHELSSEN, Phil. D., Author of the "Ottoman Empire and its Resources." London: Spooner.
The Present State of the Turkish Empire. By

MARSHAL MARMONT, Duc de Raguse. Translated, with Notes and Observations on the Relations of England and Turkey with Russia, and brought down to the present time, by Col. Sir FREDERIC SMITH, K.H., F.R.S., of the Corps of Royal Engineers. Second Edition, revised. London: Harrison.

The Cross and the Crescent, as Standards in War. By JAMES MACINTYRE, Author of "The Influence of Aristocracies in Revolutions." London: Scott.

Points of War. By F. LUSHINGTON.

A Hero of our own Times. From the Russian of LERMONTOFF. London: Bogue.

Pictures from the East. By JOHN CAPPER, Author of the "Three Presidencies of India," "Our Gold Colonies," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

Russia and England; their Strength and Weakness. By JOHN REYNELL MORELL. London: Trübner and Co.

(Continued from p. 294.)

A NATURAL prejudice, or natural feeling, inclines all men to prefer and participate in the triumphs won by the genius of their own nation. Yet as an authority, with regard to the condition of the people whose cause he advocates, M. Golovin's observations fail to impart a just idea of the literary progress of the Slavonians. The Tcheks and Illyrians never have, as might be concluded from the interrogation in the extract given in our last number, manifested the least attachment to the German language, although the Germans, especially those of Austria, have neglected no means to destroy the Slavonian nationality of the Tcheks. We do not speak now of the Illyrians, because there does not exist an Illyrian nationality, or people, or language—the term is simply geographical. Austria banished the Slavonian language from the schools and from the administration. Even in the eighteenth century a rigid search was instituted, and Slavonian books, suspected of heresy and Protestantism, were publicly burnt, the Jesuits actively assisting in this work of extermination. Yet, persecuted with a refinement of cruelty, humiliated, subjected to political and intellectual servitude, the Tcheks and Slavonians of Austria have preserved their language, and created an enduring national literature. From detestation of the German tyranny, some of their distinguished authors yield to a fatal error, and lean towards the extension of Muscovite dominion over all the Slavonians. Need we allude to the prodigious labours, to the literary regeneration accomplished in their language by the Tcheks—accomplished almost exclusively by men risen from the people, resisting every obstacle, and drawing into the movement the nobility and the entire nation.

The Tcheks and Slavonians of Austria have persevered under difficulties sufficient to paralyse the most determined energy; and if they yearn now to invoke the aid of Russia, it is because Austria has withdrawn the concessions which, in 1848, emancipated the national spirit of her Slavonian subjects. The songs and patriotic strains of Kollar, breathing hope and vengeance, burning yet sad, have crowned the poet with European fame. Tchek journals and reviews are published in Bohemia. Palacki's learned history is written in the Slavonic language, and the heroic Jungman sacrificed his small fortune in the execution of his Bohemian dictionary. Our limits preclude a detailed account of the movement which, repressed by the implacable persecution of Germans and Jesuits for two centuries, has created for the Tcheks and Slavonians of Austria, in the course of seventy-five years, a truly national literature. We refer the reader desirous of pursuing this inquiry to *Le Journal du Musée Tchek*, and the *Jahrbücher für die Slavische Literatur*.

But M. Golovin asserts, in connection with the intellectual alliance these Slavonians would naturally seek, that "Polish literature is dead with Polish independence." Poland, on the contrary, politically destroyed, but morally indestructible, has concentrated her national life, spiritualised, if we may use the term, as the basis of an intellectual development, which no material obstacles have been able permanently to arrest. The literature of Poland at the present moment is uncontestedly superior to that which, in the sixteenth century, marked the most brilliant period of her history: it occupies the first place amongst the conquests of Slavonian intelligence. The Poles and the Austrian Slavonians would profit mutually by the coalition of their intellec-

tual forces. What to this confederation can the Muscovites contribute?

The multiplication of books more or less abundant, the volumes in themselves, do not constitute a literature. Literature is the reflection of the life, the idea, the creation of a people. Life, idea, creation, are not found in Russia. M. Golovin testifies the fact. In that unfortunate country servitude extends over all things—politics, religion, literature—all is paralysed and annihilated. Ten years ago Russians who had the courage to sound the true state of their country, declared that a Russian literature did not and could not exist. For whom could it exist? The enslaved peasants never read; access to the superior schools is denied them. There are no middle classes; the Muscovite oligarchy are little interested in literary labours. The creation of a national literature requires a national thought, if not an independent nation.

M. Golovin usually expresses esteem for the Poles, and is thus honourably distinguished from other members of the Russian emigration, who, like the democrats of France and Germany, have frequently employed the name of Poland as a rallying-cry to excite the sympathy of the West, and deserted her when the time for action came. Bakounin, the hero of the barricades, who it is stated was expelled from Paris in 1847 in consequence of a speech in favour of Poland, subsequently at the Congress of Prague in 1848, pronounced against the re-establishment of Polish independence, too wounding to the national pride of Russia. Tourgenieff, also, the author of *Russia and the Russians*, published in 1848 a pamphlet, in which he advised the Poles to remain under the Muscovite yoke. Yet M. Tourgenieff justly deplored the annihilation of the Polish constitution; because the Emperor, as constitutional King of Poland, could not long have reigned despotically over his Russian subjects. The Russian conspirators in 1825 had formed the project of arousing the Polish army of 100,000 men, to remodel, under their protection, the Muscovite Government. If the Russians then possessed faith in the renovating spirit of Poland—if four years ago M. Golovin himself termed Poland "the Providence of the peoples"—how is he now persuaded that this life exists no longer; that Polish literature, that is, the intelligence, the directing national spirit of Poland, is dead with Polish independence?

If Poland is dead, the author's implied conclusion must logically be, that Russia, liberated Russia, is called upon to lead in the emancipation of the Slavonian race, exercising a predominant influence. The perusal of M. Golovin's book affords substantial evidence that the Russian people betray no evidence of power to occupy so important a position. There is no national sentiment in Russia, but in its stead, a vague sentiment of *Slavism*; and even here, to quote the author's words, "Russia has, since the ascension of the Holstein line, become less Slavonian and more German." The picture drawn of the Church and religion of the masses proves an utter want of vitality to sway or assimilate the minds of men. There can be no national movement where "there is no liberty of opinion, no liberty of the press," and from whence "men of liberal sentiments ought to go for the purpose of letting their voice be heard." Our three concluding extracts frightfully portray the demoralisation, not of the Government alone, but of the organism of Russian society.

POETS IN RUSSIA.

When Pushkin, the greatest poet of Russia, fell by the hand of an adventurer, and the people were crowding round the house where he lay, Nicholas in his jealousy allowed the Frenchman who had killed him in the duel to escape; and, meeting Kryloff, the fabulist, he said to him, "What a pity that Pushkin is dead." "Sire, it is an irreparable loss," answered the old man. "Yes, he gave excellent dinners," replied the Emperor, who was speaking of Count Massin Pushkin, who had died at Moscow some months before. What exquisite taste! Lermontoff, another eminent Russian poet, died, and Nicholas exclaimed—"He lived like a dog, and he has died like one!" Ryliieff was a distinguished lyric poet. Nicholas hanged him! That is his way of treating Russian talent. Polejateff was another young poet of Liberal tendencies. Nicholas called him to him and embraced him. Everybody believed that he meant to take him into favour. He made him a soldier; and when the poet died, a friend, wishing to find his body, was told to go and look among the boxes which are used as coffins for the common soldiers! Sakoloffsky wrote some spirited verses against the Czar. His judges asked him whether he had not hurled his fiercest invectives against God? "Yes,"

replied the poet, "knowing that God is more merciful than the Czar." He was thrown into a dungeon, which he never quitted, save as a corpse.*

RUSSIAN COMMUNISM.

If we had to praise the principle of equality and fraternity, as serving for a foundation for Russian communism, we might search in vain for any germ of liberty. The head of a Russian family, who is not always the eldest, but who calls himself the *anisen*, is the despot of the whole. He disposes, like an absolute master, of the property of the family generally. They pay him a blind obedience. "The Czar is only the *anisen* of the *anisen*, the father of all the Russians; they want a *quand même*, as a queen is nestled in a bee-hive" (we quote M. Haxthausen); "be he Russian, or be he German, man or woman, it is of little importance to them."

THE RUSSIANS.

Are proofs necessary to demonstrate that Russia is no more a monarchy than Persia was? It is the camp of a nomadic people, governed by a German who has made himself a Hun. Those who would revolutionise that country, according to the revolutionary routine of the West, do well to live in the West. Beginning at the end is the best way not to arrive at a commencement. Those who inscribe upon their standards, "Equality, fraternity, or death," and have not even the prudence to hide that standard until liberty has been conquered, may be terrible subjects to deal with, but they will not bring about fraternity; they will postpone liberty, and will neither give nor receive death.

What is the inference but that Russian reformers should concentrate their energies to procure the internal regeneration of their own country, deferring to more favourable times the philanthropic dream of regenerating, after having constructed, the United Slavonic States. Were this dream realised, the Ottoman Empire effaced, the German overthrown, the policy of England and France reversed, Poland spiritually dead, the Slavonians of Austria and Turkey under tutelage, and no Czar to "restore order," we doubt whether the prospects of Europe would suddenly grow bright through the inspiration of the mass of liberated serfs, whose present condition M. Golovin so well, so vigorously, and so graphically describes.

On the 22nd of April 1834 Marshal Marmont, Duc de Raguse—wearied of the hospitalities of Vienna, the monotonous life of an exile, the memory of a career checked by events and closed before its time—departed from the Austrian capital and sought, in travel and observation, a new employment for the energies of his mind, "a new

* We had not forgotten the most celebrated Russian poet, when we remarked that Russia possesses no national literature. Her men of thought and talent isolate themselves from the people, or consider them as brute matter, to be used in their own exaltation. The following dialogue between the poet and the people, imagined by Pushkin, is so truly characteristic, we are tempted to trespass on our space for its insertion.

"An inspired poet sang, as he touched carelessly, but with skill, the chords of his lyre. He sang, and the people, proud and cold, stood before him as a judge. The profane crowd listened with stupid curiosity, and said, 'Why torture thus the chords and weary our attention? What end does he propose? What do these sounds contain? What do they teach us?' Truly he stirs our heart. He grasps it as the toy of his fantasy. Sorcerer that he is! His song flows free and impetuous as the wind, and like the wind is sterile. What have we gained?"

"POPE."

"Silence, foolish populace, voluntary slaves to the wants, cares, and miseries each day affords. Thy words torment me. Worm of the earth, what hast thou in common with the children of heaven? Sustenance and gain for thee. Thou esteemest the statue of the Apollo Belvedere according to its weight in marble, and the vessel employed in cooking thy provision inspires thee with a stronger sentiment than could the God of Beauty."

"CROWD."

"But if thou art the favourite of heaven, if thou art sent by the Lord, thou shouldst devote thy powers to our service. Form the heart of thy brethren. We know that we are senseless, impudent, wicked, and ungrateful. We feel our hearts are full of filth, and our souls of corruption. Thou, in whose heart dwelleth the love of thy neighbour, thou hast the power to give us useful lessons. We promise thee attention."

"POET."

"Go!—what art thou capable of receiving from a peaceful poet? Continue undisturbed to petrify your senses in corruption. He has no force to endow you with a soul, and in your breath I feel the atmosphere of the tomb; to correct your base passions have served till now the whip, the prison, and the axe. Vile slaves, they are sufficient. In your towns the streets are daily swept; but have you ever seen the priest quit the holy sacrifice, and take the beam to prepare for you the way of life? It is not to arouse the passions of the vulgar,—not to be useful to the public, nor to struggle with the brutal masses, we are sent here. We live by inspirations which we exhale in harmony and prayer."

Could the Czar express a higher notion of privilege, or more supreme contempt for the nation or for humanity? In this strange and striking passage, this profound analysis of the mysteries of the charnel-house, the poet admirably depicts the spirit distinguishing the self-styled liberal minds of Russia. Compare this idea of inspiration which elevates man from sympathy with his kind to mystical communion with God, and the far nobler sentiment of an anonymous Polish poet. "Prayer is the soul placed in action, by which a portion of the spirit of God is brought down to sanctify the world."

interest in existence." He spent eleven months in traversing Hungary, Southern Russia, Syria, and Egypt. The latter country especially, the success, the labours, and the projects of Mehemet Ali, claimed the attention of the banished soldier, who thus revisited scenes intimately associated with an epoch in his country's history, and a period of his own life, coloured still with the lingering radiance of faded glory and hopes set for ever.

Early promoted by the friendship of the Emperor, one of his aides-de-camp and favourite lieutenants, Marshal Marmont deserted him when the world conspired to secure the triumph of the Czar, and the preponderating power in Europe passed from the hand of Napoleon to that of Alexander. "I served Napoleon with enthusiasm," Marmont was accustomed to repeat in after years, "so long as he exclaimed, 'All for France!' when he said, 'France and myself,' I served him with zeal; when he said, 'Myself and France,' I served him with devotedness; it was only when he said, 'Myself without France,' that I abandoned his cause." Bitter words; to survive enthusiasm, zeal, and devotedness; henceforth Marmont remained attached to the service of the restoration, and, truer to the crushed feebleness of Charles X. than to the falling greatness of Napoleon, in 1830 quitted the soil of France—that France without Napoleon to which he had proclaimed fidelity. Passing through London and Holland, he reached Vienna, assured of an affectionate welcome, and established there his ordinary residence till the year 1843; he then repaired to Venice, from whence, however, the troubles of 1848 caused him to retire for a short interval, spent at Hamburg. He returned in 1849.

A desire powerful and secret, inextinguishable in the mind of a Frenchman, absent from his country, a desire to behold France once more, had long stirred in the bosom of the old man; the event of the 2nd of December occurred as an impassable barrier to the gratification of his wish. "Home sickness seized him," wrote a contemporary, "and the strong heart broke." The Duc de Raguse died at Venice, at the palace Loredan, on the 3rd of March, 1852, in the 78th year of his age.

The circumstances of Marshal Marmont's position could not fail to influence his impressions, and in a certain degree to bias his views; yet the record of his travels through lands whose governments invariably received him with attention and respect—his remarks clear, intelligent, and acute, upon their administrative and social condition, the flashes of genius and grasp of thought giving brilliancy and value to the recital—constitute a work of general interest and deserved celebrity.

The present volume is a translation of that portion of Marshal Marmont's journal which refers to the interior state of Turkey at the period of his visit in 1834, and to the relations of the Porte with foreign powers; preceded by an introduction originally written in 1839, in which the translator protests against the author's view of the approaching ruin of the Ottoman Empire, and his reliance upon the non-aggressive policy of Russia, supporting the contrary argument with a brief summary of the facts of fifty years.

ENCROACHMENTS OF RUSSIA.

It is quite notorious, that the acquisitions of Russia, within little more than half a century, are equal in importance and extent to the whole territory which she previously possessed in Europe; and the following statement of her aggressive course may be relied on. That the Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Vienna, and Paris 700 miles. Towards Constantinople 500 miles. Towards Stockholm 630 miles. And towards Teheran 1000 miles. That the acquisitions of Russia from Sweden are greater than the territory which now constitutes the latter kingdom. That those from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian empire. That in Tartary alone they are not inferior to the whole of Turkey in Europe, with Greece, Italy, and Spain included. That her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions (exclusive of the Rhenish Provinces). That from Turkey in Asia they are nearly equal in area to the whole of the smaller states of Germany, and that her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England. Between the accession of Peter in 1689, and the death of Alexander in 1825, the population of Russia has been augmented in numbers from fifteen to fifty-eight millions. Hitherto the aggressions of Russia have apparently had only an indirect and perhaps a remote influence on the interests of England, and with some slight exceptions have not materially injured her commerce; but unless they are speedily arrested, consequences must ensue which in all probability will

eventually prove fatal to English ascendancy in the East. Marshal Marmont has stated that Nicholas has no aggressive views; and that "a Sovereign whose empire comprises a surface equal to a seventh part of all the continents of the globe, has no need of its extension; nor, having under his sceptre sixty millions of people, has he reason for desiring to increase their number." To give these arguments a title to our confidence, they should be borne out both by the recent political conduct of Russia, and by her present bearing; but what has been the course she has pursued?

It is unnecessary to enter into an analysis of Marshal Marmont's well-known work: we prefer selecting from many vivid descriptions of persons, places, and events, a few characteristic extracts which require no comment.

KHOSREW, THE EARLY PATRON OF OMAR PASHA.

The Seraskier Khosrew has played too important a part in the affairs of the Turkish Empire to justify my passing him without some special notice. He was born in that part of the Caucasian range called Abasin, was purchased in his infancy by Kutchuk-Hussain, the celebrated Capudan Pasha, and brought up in the house of his master, who soon opened to him the road to fortune and distinction. Having been appointed Pasha of Cairo, after the retreat of the French army, he governed in Egypt for some length of time. But Mehemet Ali, who then served in the Turkish army as a simple "Bimbachi," or chief of a battalion, having found the means of rendering himself of importance, and of acquiring considerable influence; revolted, and drove Khosrew from Cairo, pursuing him to Damietta, where he compelled him to embark; and this is the cause of the inextinguishable hatred the Seraskier bears towards Mehemet Ali. On the return of Khosrew to Constantinople he was appointed Pasha of Bosnia, and afterwards employed successfully in the war with the Servians. Afterwards he was raised to the dignity of Capudan Pasha, and at a later period, having been sent to Trebizond, with orders to march against the Persians, he met with nothing but reverses. Subsequently he returned to his office of Capudan Pasha, and commanded the fleet during the war with Greece. Notwithstanding the great means at his disposal, he was unsuccessful, and extraordinary misfortunes befel him; but he gave the Sultan powerful assistance in the destruction of the Janissaries, and enthusiastically adopted the project of raising the new troops. Though he devoted all his energies in carrying it into effect, yet, being deficient of the requisite knowledge, he was unable to give them a good direction, and this new force, whose chief he was appointed, has acquired neither value nor stability. From that time he has commanded at Constantinople, and skillfully maintained the peace of that great city. Khosrew is said to be nearly eighty years of age. He is short, thick-set, and active; of a strong and vigorous constitution; quick, acute, and subtle; his look penetrating; and no one is more fitted to conduct complicated political intrigues. He is a singular instance of a man having passed through a long series of years, under various monarchs, in the midst of changes and bloody revolutions of all descriptions, adding to his power and importance, without ever performing any great action to awaken admiration, or entitle him to public gratitude. In the pursuit of his objects he has never put in motion any of the nobler springs which adorn the human heart; and he is said to have been more engaged in forwarding his private interest, than the service of his country or his master.

COMPARATIVE COST OF SOLDIERS IN EUROPE.

The following statement, which is founded on data afforded by Marshal Marmont, will show the relative expense to their respective countries of the English, French, Prussian, Austrian, and Russian soldier:—

120 English soldiers cost as much as	538 Russian.
120 French " " " "	340 "
120 Prussian " " " "	240 "
120 Austrian " " " "	212 "

TURKISH SOLDIERS IN 1834.

The life of the Turkish soldiers is a very happy one. They are better fed than any other troops in Europe, having an abundance of provisions, of excellent quality, and partaking of meat once, and of soup twice a day. Their magazines are filled with stores, and the regiments have large reserves. The pay of each soldier is twenty piasters per month; the whole of which he receives, as there is a prohibition against withholding from him any part of that sum. In short, every thing has been effected that could promote the welfare of the soldier.

NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.

The 19th of July was the anniversary of the birth of Mahomet; a day of great rejoicing with his followers. I remember that when in Egypt, General Bonaparte caused it to be celebrated, by brilliant illuminations and festivities. General Kleber, who at that time commanded in Alexandria, had a transparency displayed before his house with this inscription: "La naissance d'un grand homme est un bienfait de Dieu." If, whenever a great man appears upon earth, it be a benefit conferred, the people do not always find it a gratuitous one, for they often purchase it at far too high a price.

SLAVES IN TURKEY.

Being desirous of seeing the Slave Market, we next proceeded thither. It is a distressing spectacle, for no difference is made between the sale of a brute and that of a human being. The unfortunate captives are exposed in cells, which open on a covered gallery. The purchasers make their circuit of the whole, examine, compare, select, and bargain, as their taste or judgment may decide. The worthy Dr. Seng, a true philanthropist, was at first most sensibly affected by this disgusting and distressing scene. To the moralist and Christian it is a most revolting sight, and, regarded as a temporary state of the individual, it inspires the greatest pity; but yet considered as his final lot, slavery in the East has nothing in it mournful or toilsome. It is, indeed, the opposite of these, for it is a system of adoption, which, by incorporating the slave in his master's family, attaches him to that master's destiny, and puts him in the path of fortune. The slave knows that his master has unlimited power over him, but it is exercised directly, and free from the interference of others, for even the most docile rejects with indignation any order which his master has not personally given him, and he feels placed immeasurably above the level of a free or hired servant. He is in short as a child of the house, and it is not unusual to see a Turk entertain so strong a predilection for a slave whom he has purchased, as to prefer him to his own son. He often overloads him with favours, gives him his confidence, and raises his position; and when the master is powerful, he opens to his slave the path of honour, and launches him upon the stream of public functions. If we need an instance in support of the truth of this assertion, let us look around the Sultan, and observe who are the most distinguished men within his empire. Khosrew Pasha, the old Seraskier, the man who has governed and ruled all things in Constantinople, was a slave from the Caucasus, purchased by a Capudan Pasha, whose protection has raised him to the highest offices. Halil Pasha, the son-in-law and most distinguished servant of the Sultan, and to whom the brightest prospects are opened, was a slave to the Seraskier. On first entering the slave market, we were deeply moved by feelings of pity; but when this impression was in some degree abated, and our spirits admitted of our making observations, we remarked an extraordinary calmness in the countenances of the slaves. They seemed to be aware that they were in a state of transition, as an introduction to a new course of life, which might be brilliant or obscure, according to the will of God. They conceive their destiny to be pre-ordained, and they thus await it with confidence and resignation. We Europeans are born more or less fortunate, in a higher or lower condition, as fate may decree; but the natives of the East, when sold as slaves, have as it were a double birth, for they are twice the butt of chance. The Turkish habits not only protect the slaves and give them a peaceful existence, but the laws afford them the fullest protection. If an owner abuses his power over a slave, the latter complains to a Cadi, who, on proof of the offence, directs that he shall be sold, and thus relieves him from the thralldom of being subject to the cruelty of a bad master. Moreover, corporal punishments cannot be inflicted on a slave, directly, by order of the owner; for it is only at the bazaar, and by the intervention of public authority, that the offender is corrected. The black or Abyssinian slaves are exposed in the public bazaars, but the whites of both sexes are kept apart, to be seen only by Mussulmans; they alone being privileged to purchase them.

(To be continued.)

THE SEAT OF WAR.

The Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1829 and 1829; with a View of the Present State of Affairs in the East. By Colonel CHESNEY. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Progress of Russia in the West, North, and South. By DAVID URQUHART. London: Trübner and Co.

The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

La Russie en 1839. Par le MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. 4 tomes. Paris.

Records of Travels in Turkey, Greece, &c.; and of a Cruise in the Black Sea with the Capitan Pasha. By Captain ADOLPHUS SLADE, R.N. New Edition. London: Saunders and Otley.

The Ottoman Empire and its Resources. By EDWARD H. MICHELSEN. London: Spooner.

Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities in the Autumn and Winter of 1853. By PATRICK O'BRIEN. London: Bentley.

The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1828 and 1829, during the Campaigns of the Danube, the Sieges of Brailor, Varna, Silistria, Shumla, and the Passage of the Balkan, by Marshal DIEBITCH. From the German of Baron Von MOLTKE. London: Murray.

(Continued from p. 296.)

Of the two Principalities, Moldavia has at the present time no fortresses worth mentioning.

Those in Wallachia lie principally along the Danube; but even these have not now the importance which they once possessed, their defences having been almost entirely destroyed during the war of 1828-29. Such is the case with Braila, now only known as a commercial port, but which in 1828 sustained a siege of twenty-seven days' duration from the Russian army, counting from the time when the trenches were first opened. When the siege was commenced, it is said to have contained about 24,000 inhabitants, of whom 7000 or 8000 were men capable of bearing arms. These made a very brilliant defence; and in several sorties killed large numbers of their enemies. The Russians, however, advanced step by step, springing some mines, and establishing others, at the same time that they always kept themselves covered, in a manner which eventually damped the energy of the besieged, so that they agreed to surrender—not without a strong suspicion that the Turkish commander, Soliman Pasha, opened the gates of the fortress to a golden key. Giurgevo, and other places on the Wallachian bank of the Danube, were also ranked as fortresses. None of them, however, owing chiefly to the marshy character of the soil, can compare with those on the right bank; and the few words of description that we can afford to give them will be found in the following brief account of the towns on both sides of the river.

The first town of any considerable importance on the Danube, after it enters the Turkish territory, is Widdin. This is situated on the Bulgarian, or right bank, about 130 miles S.E. of Belgrade. It is a place of some trade; and has a population which has been variously reckoned at from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. The river is here wide, and the navigation easy; and the town, when seen from a distance, has a pleasant aspect. Widdin is strongly fortified at all points, and has often repulsed the attacks of the Austrians and Russians. It is the residence of a pasha with three tails, and of a Greek archbishop. "Its numerous mosques, minarets, and interspersed trees, combine to give the picturesque effect common to most Turkish towns; whilst a large and prominent building, with its narrow gables, tall fantastic chimneys, and overhanging roofs, bear a strong resemblance to some of our Elizabethan country residences." (Smyth.) Opposite to it, on the Wallachian shore, is the small town of Kalafat, called, in military language, the *tête-de-pont* of Widdin. This place is also well fortified; and during the present war has gained a reputation which it never before possessed.

Sailing down the Danube from Widdin, the shores on both sides are for a great many miles altogether uninteresting, and the towns on either bank are of no importance until we reach Nicopol, about 100 miles from Widdin. Nicopol is beautifully situated on the right bank, on a range of hills above a bay of the river, and opposite to the mouth of the Aluta. It has strong ramparts defended by cannon, and is also further strengthened by an old castle. It has about 10,000 inhabitants, besides a garrison of nearly as many more. Nicopolis owes its origin to the Emperor Trajan, and some portions of its ancient walls are said still to exist. It is famed for its gardens and its wine; but still more from its having been the scene of numerous contests between the Turks and the Christians. In its immediate vicinity was fought the memorable battle between Sultan Bajazet I. and Sigismund, King of Hungary, on the 28th Sept. 1396, which resulted in a complete defeat of the latter, with a loss of several thousand men, among whom were the Constable of France and many other nobles, both French and German. This defeat is said to have been occasioned by the rashness and impetuosity of the Christian commanders.

The next place of importance is Sistowa or Sistchof, also on the right bank. It is situated on two hills, with a valley between, and is defended by a castle said to have been erected by the Genoese. The population may amount to about 10,000.

The next place we arrive at, on descending the river, is Rustchuk, on the Bulgarian side. This is a considerable town, with about 30,000 inhabitants, and a flourishing trade. Its fountains and coffee-houses are extolled by travellers; but its defences do not appear at present to be in a satisfactory state. It suffered severely from the Russians in 1812, who demolished a great part of its citadel, and who entered it in 1829 almost without opposition. Opposite to it is the Wallachian town of Giurgevo, through which is the

high road to Bucharest. "It is but a mean place," says Mr. Smyth, "and contrasts poorly with its opposite neighbour, which is adorned not only with mosques, but also with Greek and Armenian churches and Jewish synagogues."

Turtukai, which is the next town on the right bank, is but a small place, and had not much reputation until last year, when it became famous as the place where the Turks crossed the Danube and fought the brilliant action of Oltenitza, in which upwards of a thousand Russians are said to have perished, with about twice as many wounded.

We next reach Silistria, a place more important in a military point of view than any we have yet mentioned, and particularly interesting at the present time, as opposing a successful resistance for some weeks past to a numerous besieging army of Russians. Silistria is on the right bank, sixty-three miles E.N.E. of Rustchuk. It has a population of perhaps 15,000 or 20,000. The town is of a considerable size, but a great part of it within the walls is in ruins. "The citadel, several mosques and public baths, and a large bonding warehouse and custom house, are the chief buildings. The inhabitants exchange timber and cattle with the Wallachians for salt and hemp; but their trade is not of much consequence; near the city are the remains of some fortifications thrown up during the Byzantine empire." Silistria occupies a commanding position, but its defences are by no means perfect. "It describes," says Baron Moltke, "a nearly exact semicircle, of which the diameter, 2000 paces in length, is turned towards the Danube. The place is surrounded by a fortification with ten fronts, each 550 paces long; but with the exception of the two narrow works, Liman and Tchengel Tabiassi, which connect it with the Danube, and are principally intended to sweep the river, Silistria has neither permanent outworks, nor a covered way, beyond a few lodgments slightly thrown up outside the gates of the town, which would else be entirely open to the field, and might be directly bombarded." Still it must be a place of great strength, since the Russians invested it for four months in 1828 without effect, and it required forty-four days to obtain possession of it in 1829. The Turks on this occasion displayed considerable bravery. They defended their works with an obstinacy which the besiegers little expected, made several brilliant sorties, and at last surrendered, more in consequence of a scarcity of provisions and disunion among the commanding officers, than because the place was no longer tenable. A few weeks ago it was again attacked by an imposing Russian force, which has endeavoured two or three times to take it by assault, but only to lose considerably by such attempts. It is said that in consequence the Russians are now obliged to content themselves with investing it; and there is every reason to hope that the brave garrison will be able to hold out until the arrival of the allied troops, who, according to the last accounts, were marching to its relief.

The next place of any consequence is Hirsova, which is described by Colonel Chesney as "a town containing about 4000 inhabitants, and seated on the right bank, nearly midway between Silistria and Braila. The fortifications form an irregular parallelogram, with rocky ground on three of the sides, and the Danube on the fourth. There are five bastioned revetted fronts, surrounded by a ditch defended by ten guns: an old castle on the western side of the town serves as a kind of citadel." The next town is Braila, called the sea-port of Wallachia, to which we have already alluded.

We must now call the reader's attention to that remarkable tract of country called the Dobrudscha, which lies between the Danube and the Black Sea, and north of Trajan's Wall. From this point the Danube flows northward for a distance of about 100 miles, as far as Gallatz, and the entire country to the east is represented by some writers as an almost uninterrupted swamp. This, however, we presume, can only be during the rainy season. In the following account of it by Baron von Moltke, it is the drought that is chiefly complained of. "The Dobrudscha," he says, "is a barren waste, such as could scarcely be supposed to exist in Europe. There are not above 300 inhabitants to five square miles, including the population of the towns. It is true that the country was only laid utterly waste during the retreat of the Tartars, in the former campaigns; but in 1828 it was manifest that the nature of the ground would present great ob-

stacles to the transit of an army. Towards the north of the Dobrudscha are the steep mountains of Matchin, the well-wooded Betschepti, or 'five mountains,' and the range of Baba-Dach, or 'father of mountains.' Towards the south the whole face of the country is undulating and hilly, only a few hundred feet above the level of the sea. The soil is nothing but fine grey sand, which instantly absorbs all moisture, nor is it stopped by the limestone rock beneath. The valleys are entirely without springs or streams, so that there is no water even to drink, save the scanty supply which is drawn, with ropes of bast, out of wells above 100 feet deep, in the widely scattered villages. What with the dearth of water, and what with the scantiness of the population, there is hardly any cultivation at all in the Dobrudscha, and consequently no hope of finding either stores of grain in the villages or forage in the fields, for the grass is completely withered by the middle of the summer, and nothing is to be seen but a boundless expanse covered with tall dry stalks waving in the wind. The numerous flocks of sheep and oxen are driven to pasture on the marsh lands by the side of the Danube, and on the islands in the river. Not a single tree or shrub is to be found even in the villages. The part of Bulgaria lying between the wall of Trajan and Bazardjik is just as desolate and dreary, as destitute of wood and water, and even more so of all besides; so that troops marching across the middle of this district would have to struggle with the total want of all the necessities of life during a march of about 120 miles."

And yet the Russians did march through this desolate region, both in 1828 and 1829, and are now again occupying it since their abandonment of Lesser Wallachia—not without an appalling loss of life from disease, as was to be expected. A Prussian officer, who travelled through the Dobrudscha in November 1837, describes it as a place completely abandoned to wild animals. Buffaloes and wild dogs, looking like wolves, roam through the country. Mares with their colts, also always wild, are found in the islands of the river; while eagles, buzzards, and flocks of wild geese and ducks, are abundant on all sides. "Lower down, near the Danube, the country becomes in general more inviting; the islands are there thickly overgrown with willows; the forks of the river resemble lakes; and at length the flat expands to one huge sea of reeds and rushes more than forty miles in breadth." Besides Hirsova, already mentioned, there are also in the Dobrudscha the fortresses of Matchin, Isakchi, and Tultcha, "all situated at the points where the stream might otherwise most easily be crossed, which indeed was the very reason why towns rose at those points." These are all now in the possession of the Russians, so that they can maintain by their means a continuous line of communications as far as their own province of Bessarabia. The inhabitants of the Dobrudscha are principally fugitives from Bessarabia and Nogai Tartars from the Crimea, who took refuge in this desolate region at the time when their native provinces fell under the dominion of Russia. Trajan's Wall, which forms the boundary of the Dobrudscha on the south, has been thus described:—"The boundary wall, or the double, in some spots triple wall, which the Emperor Trajan caused to be built right across before the Danube as far as the Black Sea, is still everywhere from eight to ten feet high. On the outside runs the moat, and within lay great hewn blocks of stone, which seem to have once formed a mighty wall. The western part of this fortification has fronting it the lakes and the marshy Karassu valley, which of itself forms a natural moat; but eastwards, from the village of Belik, the outer wall crosses the valley; and the inner, southern wall, runs behind the former at unequal distances, varying from 100 to 200 paces. At intervals in the rear we found the traces of the great Roman square camps (castra); the side averaging 300 paces; the form and the entrances were still perfectly distinct."

Not far from the most western point of Trajan's Wall stands the little town of Czernavoda or Tchernavoda (Black Water), near a river of the same name. The idea of forming a navigable canal from this point to Kustendji on the Black Sea has long been entertained, some say even so far back as the time of Trajan himself. The distance in a straight line is only about thirty miles, and it seems a project by no means impracticable. The long and laborious process of reaching the Black Sea by the Sulineh mouth, a distance of about 200 miles, might thus be dispensed with. As

it is, passengers bound for Constantinople now often disembark at Czernavoda, travel to Kustendji by land, and there take ship for the capital. But the advantage of having a direct navigable route for ships, with their cargoes, cannot be too highly estimated. The late Sultan, it is said, took a deep interest in the project, and even took some steps in the year 1835 towards carrying it out, but was thwarted in his plans by the Russian Emperor. It is to be hoped that the Western powers, in the future settlement of the Eastern question, will give it their support and co-operation. "Kustendji itself," says Mr. O'Brien, "is situated on a promontory jutting out in the sea, the southernmost point of which forms one side of the bay or small roadstead. The town is in a state of ruin, from the visitation of the Russians, who appear to have exercised unnecessary severity in their destruction of the place. Kustendji is situated at about 150 feet above the level of the sea. The small port formed by the mole, said to have been erected by the Romans, has at present only about six or seven feet water, it being filled up by the ruins of the mole, and the sand brought in by easterly winds from the sea. This port is only capable of containing twelve or fifteen small vessels. The bay or roadstead would be tolerably protected were the mole restored and extended, and the bay cleared of the sand and ruins. It might then give shelter to about fifty or sixty vessels of from 150 to 200 tons burthen. The facilities for restoring the mole are very great, as hewn stones of all sizes are on the spot."

After this general survey of the fortresses on the Danube, we proceed to give a brief account of the province of Bulgaria, which is the next part of the Turkish Empire that demands our attention. Bulgaria (the *Mæsia Inferior* of the Romans) has, as we have seen, the Danube, with its long line of fortresses, for its northern boundary, the Black Sea on the east, Servia on the west, and Roumelia on the south. Its length from the north-east to the south-west is about 350 miles, and its breadth from forty to 100 miles. The area of it is estimated at from 30,000 to 34,000 square miles, and it has a population of about two millions of inhabitants. These are principally Bulgarians and Turks, the former being descended from a Slavonic horde which established itself in the country in the seventh century. They came originally, it is said, from the banks of the Volga, whence their name of Bulgarians, a corruption from *Volgarians*. They crossed successively the Volga and the Don, and settled on the coast of the Black Sea. They afterwards crossed the Dniester and the Danube, and established a kingdom of their own in the country which they at present inhabit. In the ninth century they embraced Christianity, and retained their independence until the fourteenth, when their kingdom was swallowed up by the Turks under Sultan Bajazet, A.D. 1392. They are a mild race, devoted principally to agricultural pursuits and the breeding of cattle. They live in small villages of about forty or fifty houses. Dr. Walsh describes them as "kind, hospitable, and benevolent. The women, who mix freely with the men, are handsome, industrious, and dress neatly; all wear trinkets, and the girls have their heads uncovered, and their hair braided and ornamented with different coins, as among the Albanians. The male peasantry dress in brown sheep-skin caps, jackets of undyed brown wool, which their wives spin and weave, white cloth trousers, and sandals of raw leather, and carry no weapons of offence. They live in houses of wickerwork, plastered, the interior being clean and comfortable." The Bulgarians speak a dialect of the Slavonic, and in religion belong to the Greek Church. This, of course, inclines them in some measure to sympathise with the Russians; but they have long ceased to cherish any idea of revolt against their Turkish masters. These are too numerous for them; besides which the Turkish rule is not by any means so harsh now as formerly. "Most of their institutions have been left by the toleration of the Turks in the same condition as before the Ottoman conquest; and even some of the feudal customs, which might among us appear objectionable, are due not to their present organisation. With them, in common with the other Slaves, a principle of representation of the family by its elected head, and of the village by its similarly-elected chief, lies at the base of a system of self-government, which, with slight modifications, would prove an admirable arrangement. The local authorities thus chosen regulate the levy of

the taxes, and the execution of certain works, apportioning the burdens according to their peculiar knowledge; and efforts have been made within the last few years to emancipate them as far as possible from the capricious rule of the pashas, except as regards the general government of the districts." (Smyth.) From this it is seen that the condition of the Bulgarian peasants contrasts favourably with that of the Moldo-Wallachians, notwithstanding the boasted protection of the latter by Russia.

Bulgaria is reckoned one of the great plains of Europe; it is, however, mountainous in some parts, more especially in the South, where the principal line of the Balkan separates it from Roumelia. It has thus two great natural boundaries—the Danube on the north, and the Balkan on the south. The plain which lies between is remarkably fertile. "Throughout the spring until the month of June this plain is covered with verdure; the sides of the deep valleys are covered with wild pear and lime trees; the brooks are bordered by rich meadows, and, wherever the ground is tilled, abundant crops of grain are produced: even the far greater part of the soil, which is totally uncultivated, is covered with the most luxuriant herbage. . . . In this rich loamy soil the roads are almost impassable during the wet season, and the descent into the deep valleys often presents the greatest difficulties; moreover there are no bridges across the streams in their bottoms. In the winter the snow falls in such quantities that the roads are often not discernible. In the autumn the vegetation withers, and water becomes scarce, in spite of the fountains, 'Sheshmehs,' which have been erected by Mussulman piety wherever it was possible to do so." (Moltke.)

The remarkable chain of mountains, known by the name of the Balkan, anciently the Hamus, runs from west to east, from the shores of the Adriatic to the Black Sea. "The ridge gradually decreases in height and suddenly ends abruptly between the two valleys of the rivers Kamtchik and Nadir, with the point called Cape Eminch. Westward of the sources of the Jantra and Tundscha the tops of the mountains are covered with snow till the middle of June. From thence down to the sources of the Kamtchik (about ten miles south of Shumla) the mountains are not more than 5000 (Colonel Chesney says 3000), and further east not above 4000 feet high. In the eastern part of the Balkan the natural indentations, which are used as passes, are but little higher than those in the Thuringian forest, with which the Balkan has some resemblance. The prevailing character of the range is round hills, richly wooded; and it is only in the valleys that large masses of rock are found. The southern declivity is far the steepest; and the northern is rendered less striking by the low range of hills which lie in front of it." (Moltke.)

These hills differ materially in character from the Balkan itself. They are of limestone rock, not very high, and are covered with a low brushwood, while "the plain at the foot of the mountains is covered for an immense distance with underwood of oak, which renders it impossible for troops to march straight across the country; and in this heavy clay soil the roads are almost wholly impassable during the wet season." It is obvious that an army advancing from the north upon Constantinople must cross this range of mountains. The difficulties attending the passage must be great, but are by no means insurmountable. There are several defiles by which this might be effected. General Jocimus reckons as many as thirteen; but there are only six principal. We shall mention these in order after our notice of Shumla and Varna, and shall now merely record the opinion of Baron von Moltke and Colonel Chesney, that, although the physical impediments to a passage of the Balkan are not so great as absolutely to preclude an army from crossing, as the Russians did in 1829, it is still possible for the Turks to prevent it, should the enemy ever get so far, not so much by erecting forts on the principal defiles, as by bodies of troops which would occupy them, and with the assistance of barricades, *abbatis*, &c., oppose a very formidable resistance to any force attempting to cross the mountains.

The principal towns in Bulgaria, besides those already mentioned in our account of the fortresses on the Danube, are Sophia, the capital; Shumla, a strong fortress and military position of the highest importance; and Varna, its chief seaport, which is also strongly defended. It may be observed generally that the Christian inhabitants

of the province predominate in the villages, and the Moslem in the towns and fortresses. There are many Greeks and Arminians, however, in the towns, as well as some Jews; but these latter are not nearly so numerous as in Wallachia and Moldavia. Sophia, the capital, called also Triaditza, is situated in a plain on the Bogana, which is a tributary of the Isker, by no means a large river. It is 93 miles S.E. of Widdin, and 155 miles S.W. of Rustchuk. Its population is reckoned at about 50,000, and it is said to have thirty mosques and ten Christian churches. It is the residence of the Begler-beg or Governor-General of Roumelia, and of a Greek and Roman Catholic archbishop. It has an extensive general trade, besides manufactures of woollen and silk stuffs, leather and tobacco. It is also noted for the excellence of its Turkish baths. Sophia was founded by the Emperor Justinian, and is said to have been built upon the ruins of the ancient Sardica. The following description of it by Mr. Burgess, in his work on "Greece and the Levant," is by no means flattering: "Sophia, although one of the meanest cities I ever saw, must still be considered as the Capital of Bulgaria, and as holding a high rank among the cities of European Turkey. The situation appeared to me the most unfavourable that could have been chosen for a city. Sunk in a hollow, it is constantly liable to be inundated; and, without canals to carry off the superabundant waters of the Isker, the plain is almost lost to the labour of the agriculturist. The habitations are all made of baked mud; and I scarcely saw one which ought to be qualified with any other appellation than that of hovel."

We must reserve our account of Shumla and Varna for the next number.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Mediterranean: a Memoir, Physical, Historical, and Nautical. By Admiral SMYTH. London.

Evenings at Antioch; with Sketches of Syrian Life.

By T. A. NEALE, Esq., Author of "Eight Years in Syria," &c. London: Eyre and Co.

Three Years' Cruise in the Australian Colonies.

By R. EDMUND MALONE. London: Bentley.

Central Route to the Pacific, from the Valley of the Mississippi to California: Journal of the Expedition of E. F. Beale, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California, and Gwinn Harris Heap, from Missouri to California, in 1853. By GWINN HARRIS HEAP. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.

The Cruise of the Steam Yacht North Star: a Narrative of the Excursion of Mr. Vanderbilt's Party to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey, Madeira, &c. By the Rev. J. OVERTON CHOULES, D.D. Boston: (U.S.) Gould and Lincoln. London: Trübner and Co.

(Continued from page 298.)

ADMIRAL SMYTH'S *Memoir of the Mediterranean* has obtained for him the well-deserved honour of the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. His volume is a great national work—a permanent addition to the library—a book that will live and be the standard one on the subject to which it is devoted. It is not the hasty production of a mere tourist's visit to the Mediterranean; but it is the mature result of many years of laborious investigation, devoted to the gathering together of the materials for one of the most perfect monographs of one section of the globe's surface which has ever been given to the world. In fact, the task was commenced so long ago as 1810, when the author, then a lieutenant, was appointed to the command of a Spanish gunboat, and began to study the maps, and already to discover the defects in them. Two years after this he was sent to Sicily with the flotilla, and he was enabled to pursue his studies with the advantage of peculiar opportunities for actual experiment, research, and observation. Some years after that he was employed by our Government officially to survey the Mediterranean, and this labour continued till the year 1824, when he placed in the hands of his employers upwards of a hundred charts—the results of his industry, science and skill.

Of these surveys we have a full account in the volume before us, and, in addition to the narrative of adventure, there are descriptions of the Mediterranean, tables of latitude and longitude of the most striking points, the soundings, and

such like, which are rather of professional than of general interest. We shall, of course, cull our specimens of the work from the latter portions of it.

Among the curiosities of the Mediterranean are—

FRESH-WATER SPRINGS.

Fresh-water springs exist in the sea, near the shore, which are more or less copious according to circumstances; but those of Stamfane Rock and Syracuse are popularly held to proceed from the Alpheus by submarine communication. In the Gulf of Spezia there is a spring which constantly discharges a very considerable body of water, rising with such force as to produce a slight convexity on the surface; this stream is probably derived from a system of cavernous passages in the neighbouring limestone-rocks, but its place, as marked on my plan of the gulf, has been immemorably the same. In the *Mare piccolo*, or great port of Taranto, and at some distance from the mouth of the Galesus, fresh water springs up in such force and abundance, that it may be taken up without the least brackish mixture; and in the briny lagoon of Thau, at Certe, there is a deep spot called the *Ayasse*, from which rushes up a column of potable water, with such force as even to make waves. Near Ragusa, the Kalamota Channel terminates in the port called Val d'Ombia, which is watered by the Ariona, a subterranean river bursting up with amazing volume and force from the foot of Mount Bergatz; fresh-water springs are also copious in the Gulfs of Cattaro and Aulona. At Agio Janni, below Farga, between the mouths of the Acheron and Thyamis, is a circular space of fresh water, about forty feet in diameter, rising through the sea with great activity; this is probably the ascending spring alluded to by Pausanias (*Arcaid.* vii.) Off the little desert islet, Ruad, near Tortosa, on the coast of Syria, a spring of fresh water gushes up in the sea in such volume, that it may be skimmed off without the slightest impregnation of salt. "You may draw up potable water," says Pliny, "out of the sea about the Chelidonia Islands and at Aradus;" and there must be many unrecorded jets of the same nature, mingling with the sea unnoted.

Of special present interest will be his account of

THE BLACK SEA.

The Black Sea (*Pontus Euxinus*) is an inland basin with a margin of coast generally elevated and rocky, having a transverse diameter of about 650 miles from west to east, a conjugate one of more than 300, and an area of 172,000 square miles. Its modern name is supposed to originate from the dense fogs which occasionally cover it, or the danger of its navigation arising from these fogs: at all events, it was much dreaded by the ancients, who placed their Cimmerian land of utter darkness on its northern shores. Besides the fresh water from Asia Minor, it receives some of the largest rivers in Europe, including the Danube (*Ister*), Dnieper (*Borysthenes*), and Dniester (*Tyras*), the Don (*Tanaïs*), and the Kouban; its waters are in consequence only brackish; and it is singular that, with such a large and constant accession of fresh streams continually pouring into it, any saltiness should be retained. Its depth in general is great, no bottom being struck with 150 fathoms of line; but off the mouth of the Danube the water deepens very gradually, and nearly as much so from Serpent's Isle by Odessa to the Crimea. The streams of the great rivers produce strong currents, particularly in the beginning of summer, when they are increased by the melting of the snows; and when strong winds act against these flowings, a chopping sea is produced, which in foggy weather is dangerous to small craft. Independently, however, of such chances, the Black Sea is free from any dangers; having, with a trivial exception or two, neither islands, rocks, nor reefs in the general track of navigation; and almost everywhere there are excellent anchorages, affording good riding for the largest ships. Its trade consists of grain, wine, timber, charcoal, pitch, potash, fish, caviar, isinglass, shagreen, salted provisions, cheese, poultry, butter, wool, hides, hemp, tallow, honey, tobacco, salt, iron, copper, and saltpetre; but especially corn.

Thus he observes of

COLOUR OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The usual tint of the Mediterranean Sea, when undisturbed by accidental or local causes, is a bright and deep blue; but in the Adriatic a green tinge is prevalent; in the Levant Basin, it borders on purple; while the Euxine often has the dark aspect from which it derives its modern appellation. The clear ultra-marine tint is the most general, and has been immemorably noticed, although the diaphanous translucence of the water almost justifies those who assert that it has no colour at all. But notwithstanding the fluid, when undefiled by impurities, seems in small quantities to be perfectly colourless, yet in large masses it assuredly exhibits tints of different intensities. That the sea has actually a fine blue colour at a distance from the land cannot well be contradicted; nor can such colour—however influential the sky is known to be in shifting tints—be considered as wholly due to reflection from the heavens, since it is often of a deeper hue than that of the sky, both from the interception of solar light by the clouds, and the hues which they themselves take. This is

difficult to account for satisfactorily, as no analysis has yet detected a sufficient quantity of colouring matter to tinge so immense a body of water; wherefore Sir Humphrey Davy's supposition of an admixture of iodine cannot be admitted, for its presence is barely traceable under the most careful analysis. Those who contend for there being no colour at all, may remind us that the blue rays are the most refrangible; and that being reflected in greatest quantity by the fluid (which, because of its density and depth, causes them to undergo a strong refraction), they cause a tint which is only apparent. Be that as it may, seamen admit of one conclusion—namely, that a green hue is a general indication of soundings, and indigo-blue of profound depth.

Here is an interesting passage:—

JONAH'S WHALE.

Much discussion has arisen about Jonah's "great fish," which custom has recognised as a whale; but others consider the large basking shark (*Squalus maximus*) to have been the creature in question, although it is the tamest and most harmless of the ichthyological races, feeding mostly on medusæ, small crustacea, and sea-plants. The Lamia (*Squalus carcharias*), or white shark, the most voracious of human food of all fishes, has a better claim to have been the "great fish" that swallowed the prophet, since he can readily engulf a man whole; and it has therefore sometimes been designated *Jonas piscis*.

The following has a scientific value:—

PRESSURE OF THE OCEAN.

At 16 fathoms, a living creature would have to sustain only about 60 pounds to the square inch, and at 60 fathoms as much as 180 pounds. At 100 fathoms depth the pressure would amount to 285 pounds, and at 700 fathoms the creature must bear with impunity a quantity equal to 1830 pounds upon the square inch; while the pressure of 1000 fathoms of superincumbent water on the same area considerably exceeds a ton. Now I have drawn up starfish alive through 170 fathoms, but since then Professor E. Forbes has nearly doubled that depth with success; and I understand that M. Biot has made captures from still deeper water—his own expression being, that they existed "*dans les grandes profondeurs des mers*." Of course these animals are properly fitted for such an extraordinary condition of existence; but the pressure of the sea on inanimate bodies, and at comparatively no great depth, is sufficiently obvious. I have twice found that the cylindrical copper air-tube, under the valve attached to Massey's ingenious patent sounding-lead, was unable to stand; for it collapsed at little more than 200 fathoms' depth in the first instance, and in the second was crushed flat under a pressure of about 300 fathoms. Moreover, a claret bottle, filled with air and well corked, burst on its descent to 400 fathoms with the brass Marcell cylinder, and others broke at little more than half that depth. We also found that bottles filled with fresh water—and we even wasted wine on some occasions—and corked, had the cork usually forced in at about from 150 to 180 fathoms below the surface. In these cases the fluid sent down is exuded, and the vessel returned full of sea-water; the cork which had been forced in is sometimes inverted within the neck of the bottle.

It seems that in Italy, as elsewhere, there has been a perceptible change of climate—but the reverse of what "the oldest inhabitant" declares to have taken place in England:

CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

There can be no sound reason why "*glacie currus frænaret aquarum*" of Virgil's application to the river Galesus, or the "*fracta glacie*" for the matutinal immersions of the Isis-stricken ladies of Rome in the Tiber, should be rejected as merely poetical fictions, since they are collaterally corroborated. Now, Virgil is quoted as an authority in matters of husbandry, and he is constantly advising the farmers throughout the *Georgics* to guard their flocks and herds against the ice and snow of the winters; advice which no native poet of the present time would dream of insisting upon. Horace, who, it must be admitted, hated residing in Rome, has various passages which allude to the streets of that capital as disagreeably impure from snow and ice, as well as from noise and smoke. Nor must the testimony of Martial (lib. viii. ep. 14 & 68) be omitted, since, in advising the protecting of plants against wintry frosts by placing them in conservatories—for such must be his "*specularia*," which "*purus admittunt soles, et sine face diem*"—stamps a fact as to climate, and also intimates an early invention in the arts. On the whole, I cannot but repeat my belief that the climate of the zone described may have become somewhat more temperate than it was of old, from some undiscovered or local cause; but, both it and the amount of its effect are, in the utter absence of better data, more difficult to account for than it would be to explain why the abject subjects of Ptolemy differ so greatly from the energetic Romans of the times of Scipio and Caesar. Such partial changes of climate are not out of record; for, in the "*Philosophical Transactions*" for 1766, page 230, Mr. Bowles, Director-General of the Mines in Spain, says, "Eight leagues square of this Upper Montana (near the source of the Ebro) is the highest land in Spain; the mountains rise in the atmosphere

to the line of congelation; I see snow from my window (at Reynosa), the 4th of August 1766, as I am writing this letter. Some years ago there used to fall so much snow, that the people were forced to dig lines through it to go to church in the winter; but there has fallen little snow since the earthquake at Lisbon, and some years none at all. I am persuaded it changed the climate of many parts of Spain; for no man living saw, nor heard his father say he saw, snow fall in or about the city of Seville until the year 1766."

Mr. Neale was a resident at Antioch for several years, during which he formed an intimate acquaintance with many of the inhabitants, and enjoyed rare opportunities for learning that which travellers so seldom see—the domestic manners of the people. He shared their meals, joined their home circles, was present at their festivities, conversed with them freely, and was treated as a friend and companion. The knowledge thus gained he has put into the little volume before us, which presents by far the best picture of Syrian life that has ever been given to the British public. The following paragraph is selected from many of equal interest. It is a pleasing picture of

SUNDAY IN ANTIOCH.

Of all the seven days in the week Sunday is the one upon which to see Antioch to perfection: not that the sun shines brighter, or that the sky is less cloudless, or the scenery more magnificent, or the birds more full of song—and yet, on many occasions, I have even imagined that Sunday seemed to bring with it a peculiar mild atmosphere of its own—but because there was an absence of all the noise, and filth, and turmoil of every-day business-life on the Sabbath, and the poorest and meanest natives came out of their week's accumulation of filth, and flitted about the streets, if not gaily dressed, at least clean; and then the greater majority of the shops were closed, and the streets had undergone a Saturday-night process of sweeping and purification; and the flies that infested the bazaars, finding that they are likely to be on short commons, have emigrated to the fields; and the very curs in the streets, muddy and lanky as they usually are, have unwillingly come in for a large share of the water-carrier's last evening's sprinkling, and, consequently, look quite clean and respectable. Then, again, they, too, or at least the majority of them, are aware that there will be a sad deficit in the commissariat department to-day—not so many bones and odds and ends to be picked up from the fragments of the every-day dinners of the shopkeepers. Hence they hold a council amongst themselves, and betake themselves for a picnic to the further suburbs of the town, where, if they are in luck, a cow may have chance to have died; and, if not, they stretch themselves at full length in the glorious sunshine and sleep; not improbably dreaming at intervals of a canine festival, such as a dead buffalo might afford. Consequently, from these combined causes, Antioch on a Sunday is the perfection of calm, serene, tranquil enjoyment and beauty. There is no perpetual hammering of carpenters and tinkers; no screams and shouts of muleteers and camel-drivers to fractious and heavy-laden beasts; no street-perambulating auctioneers; no vendors of sweetstuffs or other delicacies; no screaming mendicants, who piously assure you that if you would only feed them from day to day and encourage them in idleness and vice, in a country where no man that works can ever be poor, then you may make up your mind that doubloons and dollars will come tumbling in at your door, as if fortune were sweeping up the gold countries of the earth, and had resolved upon converting your house into a costly dustbin. All these are quiet, and by noon almost every house will be deserted for the gardens; for even the greater number of Turks and Jews have shut up shop, because their business transactions are chiefly with Christians; and everybody goes out of the town to dine in the gardens along the banksides of the Orontes, which will after that hour present a gay and enlivening aspect, with no end of cooking-utensils, on as many temporary furnaces, boiling, and bubbling, and simmering away, cooking the afternoon meals of the multitude. We hurry on with our toilet so as to be in time to get to the Greek church, where service commences at half-past seven; after which, we shall be able to look in upon the old padre, whose limited congregation meet at his own house for devotional purposes. As we pass through the streets, we encounter an endless array of snowy-white sheets, terminating in yellow slippers—these are all Greek women, hurrying away to church; and, besides these, patres familie, with long loose robes and white turbans, whose sedate walk is very aptly imitated by the smallest of small boys, who, in a new pair of red shoes and an equally new turban, instils rancour and hateful jealousy in the hearts of his small comrades, the Fellah and Turkish boys, who only indulge in like luxuries once in a twelvemonth.

On leaving the Greek church, we receive and return the kindly salutations of all the congregation; and within the limits of the church the Greek ladies doff their veils, and enter freely into conversation. Now that the morning service has been concluded, they consider themselves at liberty for the rest of the day; and, depend upon it, they are resolved to make the most of their time and enjoy themselves. Muxi-Muxi-

Eben-Muxi and Mrs. Ditto-ditto-ditto invite us to spend the day with them in their own private gardens, where a number of friends will be assembled to make kaif. We accept their polite invitation; but, before repairing thither, drop in upon the old Catholic priest, otherwise we should be out of his good books for a month or two to come. . . . Arrived at the garden, we met with a cordial welcome; and, after the usual salutations, a little music ensues, if it deserves such a misappropiate name. The ladies are up to their eyes in smoke and business, preparing our afternoon repast; the men are loling indolently, consuming a frightful quantity of tobacco. Our host tells us, and perhaps not without reason, that we have indented pretty largely upon his stock of romance and tales, and suggests that it is but fair that we should now entertain his friends with something peculiarly our own.

Mr. Malone was appointed in 1850 to H. M. S. *Fantome*, going to the Australian and New Zealand station, where he remained until 1853, visiting during that period all the Australian colonies, mingling with all classes of society, from his independent position being enabled to form an impartial judgment of their merits. A previous acquaintance with the North American colonies and the United States enabled him to still better do so by giving him points of comparison, of which he has judiciously availed himself.

His facts, of course, do not differ materially from those recorded by the many visitors to those regions who have preceded him in the publication of their experiences; but he differs from all of them in this, that they were more or less connected with the locality, and their judgments necessarily influenced more or less by personal feelings, tending to undue laudation if their enterprises had prospered, and as undue depreciation if they had chanced to be unsuccessful. Mr. Malone was merely an on-looker, and his opinion, freed from the bias of personal emotions, is entitled to more respect than any that has been offered to the public. It is for the opinions that this volume will be welcomed, and for these we must refer the reader to the volume, which has the great merit of treating a large subject in a small space. There is none of the vice of bookmaking here; and yet there is packed into 300 pages as large an amount of information as would have been by many travellers expanded into a couple of bulky octavos. Here are some of his

NOTES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

The river Eritonga, or Hutt, runs into the harbour about eight miles from Wellington, having flowed through an extremely rich delta. The road from the town travels under precipices along the shore of the harbour, and is occasionally obstructed by landslips, very dangerous for horses at night. We dashed in an omnibus through several rivulets up to the horses' knees. In one place, turning a sharp angle while galloping through the middle of a stream knee deep, on reaching the level land, the strong stockaded Maori pah of Epuna is seen; the stockades are neglected now, but before their hard-earned knowledge of the effects of great guns, the natives considered it almost impregnable. On the river running through the centre of this alluvial level, are the seats of the Hon. Mr. Petre and some other gentlemen, with a church and a Romish and dissenting chapels; the clergyman's, doctor's, and lawyer's houses; a shop of each kind, a post-office, a good inn, and a number of farms: no two houses connected, but all at distances from each other. The river has a hideously ugly black bridge across it, with transverse beams; and under it the swollen muddy river runs very rapidly: above is another and prettier bridge. The mountains, about seven miles higher up, inclose the river in a small space, forming themselves the almost perpendicular natural banks; but it gradually widens, while the mountains diverge as it approaches the sea, and the land on each side of the river to the mountains is of the richest description, and produces splendid crops. It is anything but pretty or interesting in appearance, except to the easily-pleased minds of the Wellington people, who appear to think the Hutt a Paradise—"Be sure you go to the Hutt!"—"Oh, you must see the Hutt!"—"So English-like!" This is truly ridiculous when alluding to a partly-drained swamp. The houses are, again, all wooden, and anything but English-like; and these, with the stumps of trees in the swampy, wooden primitive bridges, and careless fences, give it a shabby North American tinge.

These are Mr. Malone's impressions of

SOCIETY IN THE COLONIES.

Society in the colonies generally takes its tone from the example of the representative of royalty there. In Sydney, perhaps, this is not altogether the case. From the great wealth of the people, and the salary of the head of the Government being inadequate to do as much as might be wished; but at all events, for many reasons, the head should be a married man. To the deep loss of New South Wales, Lady Mary

Fitzroy, it will be recollected, was most unfortunately killed by the running away of the horses of her carriage; but the Hon. Mrs. Keith Stewart, the governor's only daughter, actively follows the good example of her mother, and never omits to encourage every good work. The families of the Government officers—the colonial secretary, general commanding the forces, and law officers of the Crown—take the lead. The merchants are mostly gentlemen who have risen in the colony, and the rich landholders are, great part of the year, at their stations, and generally unmarried. The ladies are, perhaps, a little more unreserved than at home; and others, mixing in good society, badly educated. I recollect one lady, who ought from position to know where Albania is; at a ball at which one of those very pretty, but very remarkable girls, an Albino, was dancing; mentioning to me that the young lady in question was an Albanian. In general, I think the society, notwithstanding the prejudice in England against New South Wales, would more than bear comparison with a *home garrison seaport*. Balls are constantly taking place. The greatest event of the year in this line is the annual Queen's birthday ball, of 24th May, to which every one with a shadow of a claim to Government notice is asked. After this ball, those of the class that have just managed to be on the invitation list claim a precedence over their less-fortunate acquaintances for the year; and the fortunate ladies ask their female acquaintances, with an air of great consequence, "Were you at the birthday ball?" The one of 24th May 1853 was really a brilliant assembly, and the room is an excellent one. The birthday was kept in the town, as a grand holiday; the shops all shut up—picnics and water-parties, the order of the day—boat-races taking place in the harbour. There was an idea afloat that some Californians were disposed to run riot and make mischief; but armed patrols parading the streets on horse and foot kept down all attempts, if any were intended; and with bonfires and fireworks in Hyde Park, the evening ended well, with great show of loyalty and English feeling in the city. There were several *maison*, garrison, race, and bachelor balls.

Here is some useful information for those who are about to visit the colony. The best tools of the trade should be taken out, those sold in the colony being of a very second-rate quality, made for exportation. All other articles can be purchased there at a small advance on English prices, and more suitable to the country and climate than chance purchases in England; sometimes a glut in the markets of particular things causes their sales at even reduced English prices. Guns and ammunition of all sorts are to be got very cheap in the towns at auctions. Books are always expensive. Take out all; they are useful on the voyage, and, if in the way of arrival at the port, can be sold by auction. Let the married man not wait to see if he succeeds to send home for his wife; nor the unmarried wait to get married till he goes out. Let them take their wives out, and they will succeed; and the wives will be the great inducement to keep them from the chief bane of the colonies, drink; with its train of concomitant vices. It is too truly a fact that the southern colonists drink hard. Everywhere you meet with drunk-ness. People who would be horrified at the bare idea of taking too much drink at home give way to it in these colonies. In Australia generally, except near the large towns (where they are rented), there are no small farms; all are large sheep-runs, or vast tracts of land. In New Zealand small farms can be got; and there the climate, the mode of settlers' living, and everything, are more like home than in the other colonies. Some of the farms in New Zealand are very like those of England and Ireland; and about Nelson and Otago they are Scotch in appearance. The ruddy faces of the chubby children, the rose-trellised and thatched cottages, with plots in front and orchard and kitchen gardens behind, are very home-like. There is vast wealth latent in New Zealand for settlers to count on. Minerals of all kinds, with coals and wool and water-carriage, everywhere exist. The constant rain, though exceedingly unpleasant, draws up luxuriant crops, which are easily carried to town, to be conveyed to the continental cities, where they fetch large remunerative prices. All classes find an opening, from the man of capital to the mechanic. The Maories make excellent coast sailors, and carry the settlers' produce about in small schooners of from ten to forty tons. At present wages are not so high in New Zealand, and the other colonies offer more money for labour and capital; but this may not last long, and things are cheaper in New Zealand; besides, the way of living there is more similar to that at home, and the climate, though not so pleasing, is more healthy and bracing than the continental colonies.

Mr. Beale was the superintendent of Indian affairs in California. A plan for the colonisation of the Indians' there having been submitted to Congress, it was approved, and Mr. Beale was directed to make a survey of the country, and select suitable locations, to which the natives might be removed out of the way of the invading strangers. The incidents of the journey have been narrated by Mr. Heap, whom Mr. Beale

associated with him in the enterprise; and this volume is the result.

The route taken was from Westport to Los Angeles; and about 100 days were occupied in the journey. The distance traversed was nearly 2500 miles, and included a visit to the famous Mormon state of Utah. Mr. Heap has taken extraordinary pains in the collection of his facts; he is minute and accurate even to tediousness; but then his book is designed to be a sort of semi-official document, which is not expected to be more than truthful, and in which the graces of style are not looked for. As specimens, we present two or three passages.

A MORMON TOWN.

Parawan is situated at the base of the mountains, and contains about one hundred houses, built in a square, and facing inwards. In their rear, and outside of the town, are vegetable gardens, each dwelling having a lot running back about one hundred yards. By an excellent system of irrigation, water is brought to the front and rear of each house, and through the centre and outside boundary of each garden lot. The houses are ornamented in front with small flower-gardens, which are fenced off from the square, and shaded with trees. The field covers about four hundred acres, and was in a high state of cultivation; the wheat and corn being as fine as any that we had seen in the States. The people took a laudable pride in showing us what they had accomplished in so short a time, and against so many obstacles. Day's travel 32 miles; whole distance, 1345 miles.

POLYGAMY AMONG THE MORMONS.

As regards the odious practice of polygamy which these people have engrafted on their religion, it is not to be supposed that we could learn much about it during our short stay, and its existence would even have been unobserved by us, had not a "saint" voluntarily informed us that he was "one of those Mormons who believed in a plurality of wives," and added, "for my part I have six, and this is one of them," pointing to a female who was present. Taking this subject for his text, he delivered a discourse highly eulogistic of the institution of marriage as seen in a Mormon point of view; of the antiquity of polygamy, its advantages, the evils it prevents; quoting the example of the patriarchs and of Eastern nations, and backing his argument with statistics of the relative number of males and females born,—obtained, no doubt, from the same source as the Book of Mormon. This discourse did not increase our respect for the tenets he advocated; but we deemed it useless to engage in a controversy with one who made use of such sophistry. From what he said I inferred that a large number of Mormons do not entirely approve of the "spiritual wife" system; and, judging from some of the households, it was evident that the weaker vessel has in many instances here, as elsewhere, the control of the *menage*.

INDIAN HOSPITALITY.

I brought out my pipe, filled it, and we smoked together. In about fifteen minutes a squaw brought in two large wooden platters, containing some very fat deer meat and some boiled corn, to which I did ample justice. After this followed a dish which one must have been two weeks without bread to have appreciated as I did. Never at the tables of the wealthiest in Washington did I find a dish which appeared to me so perfectly without a parallel. It was some corn meal boiled in goat's milk, with a little elk fat. I think I certainly ate near half a peck of this delicious atole; and then stopped, not because I had enough, but because I had scraped the dish dry with my fingers, and licked them as long as the smallest particle remained, which is "manners" among Indians, and also among Arabs. Eat all they give you, or get somebody to do it for you, is to honour the hospitality you receive; to leave any, is a slight. I needed not the rule to make me eat all. After this we smoked again; and when about to start, I found a large bag of dried meat and a peck of corn put up for me to take to my people.

The *Cruise of the North Star* also comes to us from America; but it is in a very different strain from the volume last noticed. The gravity and sober statistics of the official are exchanged for the platitudes of a gentleman who excels in the art of being heavy without a sentence of any weight, and who makes us only look grave when he makes ponderous attempts to be witty. Dr. Choules has contrived to make the party of his fellow-travellers ridiculous by the small-talk he indulges in while in their company. With a wide field before him he has produced what is stale or stupid, with a few exceptions, found at rare intervals. At this moment, perhaps, we shall best consult the taste of our readers by presenting one of his best passages.

THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE Czar.

I have visited most of the great palaces of England and France, and other countries in Europe; but I have seen no locality for a palace that pleases me more than Peterhoff,—at least, for a residence in summer. Its position is good; it is at the mouth of the Neva, and commands a fine view of Cronstadt,

from which it is, perhaps, ten miles distant. Our first sight was the residence of Peter the Great; it is not far removed from the old palace. Marly is beautifully surrounded by trees, and the house is quite small, and not very unlike a Dutch farm-house. Its interior is quite like some old houses that I remember on the North river. In this snugger Peter died. We saw the bed on which he breathed his last; the bed-clothes are all preserved, as when he occupied the chamber. On his pillow are his caps and night-clothes, and his *robe de chambre* lying on the coverlet of the bed. Nothing can be more simple than all the furniture. The rooms are small; and you can fancy that the old people who live in the cottage have just stepped out. In the room adjoining the small chamber are his slippers, boots, and sedan-chair, and other articles of personal dress. In a small corner-cupboard are his camp equipage, as plain as tin, iron, and brass can be. The walls of the kitchen are covered with blue Dutch tiles. Nothing indicates that royalty ever resided here, but some good Flemish pictures, and a few elegant Japanese cabinets and beautiful stands. His *escritoire* remains as he last used it. A long, narrow saloon, which is really a covered gallery, has many portraits; and here the Emperor used to walk, and receive his visitors. The dining-room was a small apartment, with a circular oak table, and the panels of fine Japanese work; the lower wainscoting of old black oak. From a noble terrace, paved with marble, Peter could gaze upon his infant navy, lying off at Cronstadt. The rocks of the sea-shore come quite up to the balustrades of the terrace, and greatly add to the scenery. The Empress Elizabeth used to retire from the pomp of royalty at this quiet spot; and is said to have cooked her own dinners. We then went to visit the cottage of Catherine, the interior of which is excessively rich; and its mirrors, and wonderful collection of china and glass, entirely captivated our ladies. In no place have I seen such magnificent specimens of Dresden porcelain as in this gem of a palace; and the gorgeousness of some of the apartments struck us peculiarly, after the contrast we had witnessed in the humble apartments of the great monarch. We now set off in carriages, to ride round the pleasure-grounds, and see the charming villas and gardens connected with the present abode of royalty. The verdure of the sward, and the foliage of the woods, and the gay flowers of the thousand garden beds and borders, transcend all that I have known of beauty in the country life of any part of the world; and, when we think that all this enchanting display has sprung up in six weeks,—for no longer ago it was absolute winter, and thick snow covered the face of the earth,—we feel that we are indeed in a land of wonders, and it is with an appreciating understanding of the mystery involved, that we exclaim of the Great Author of all that is fair and excellent, "Thou renewest the face of the earth." The gardens are very extensive,—the drives inclose thirty miles; and fish-ponds, temples, villas, &c. are too numerous to allude to in detail. The bathing-house of the imperial family is a most admirable building; and from a chaste marble structure you walk down into a large sheet of water, surrounded by a dense foliage of lofty trees. The vast amount of water at command enables the imperial owner to rival, if not surpass, the celebrated water-works at Versailles. Every possible surprise awaits the wanderer through these grounds. You are standing to admire some beautiful tree; the guide has touched a spring, and every branch, and every twig, and every leaf, is turned into crystal; and a fountain rises from that tree, which is metallic, although the spectator supposed it to be veritably a production of the forest. While passing over exquisite bridges from island to island, and in boats drawn by stationary ropes, we observed the imperial gondolas, which are much used by the royal family. On one of these islets we were pleased with what seemed to be a beautiful temple; and, ordering the driver to stop, we alighted from the carriages, and soon reached it on a moveable platform, propelled by two men drawing ropes on either side of it. Never was there a more blissful retreat than this peaceful spot. The temple was a lovely miniature villa. Statuary decked the outer niches of the walls. The entrance was through a long passage, roofed with ivy; a high wall was covered with the same, so trained as to allow medallions and marble intaglios on the wall to appear as within a frame. Here was a fountain, in the centre of a large basin, flowers rare and fragrant, and some most precious groups of statuary, forming a *coup-d'œil* at once fairylike and enchanting. Opening on the fountain was a fine spacious summer room, furnished with a rich divan piled up with cushions. In front of it stood a small, low table, supporting a reclining Cleopatra, the poisonous asp upon her arm, and her left hand rested on her heart. Here, too, was a beautiful mosaic table. The next room was peculiarly tasteful, and full of comfort. The table, writing desk, statuary, all looked as though the most fastidious taste had directed the position of each object. The garden of this islet was radiant with roses, azaleas, fuchsias, carnations. The palace is a large building, painted yellow, and picked off with white. It has no very great architectural merits; but the chapel, which stands at one end, has a gorgeous dome, which reflects every ray of light from its gilt surface. We were shown through

the palace with every attention, and were much gratified with the regal display of objects of art.

THE Habeeb Risk Allah Effendi has published a second edition of his interesting work, *The Thistle and the Cedar of Lebanon*, reviewed here on its first appearance. We congratulate him on his well-deserved success.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Dona Bianca of Navarre: an Historical Romance. By DON FRANCISCO NAVARRO VILLOSLADA. 3 vols. London: Bosworth.

Edward Willoughby: a Tale. By the Author of "The Discipline of Life," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THE preface to *Dona Bianca of Navarre* informs us that it is a translation from the Spanish; that it has been extremely popular in Spain; and that its great reputation there was the translator's inducement to present it in an English dress to the novel-readers of his own country.

The romance is designed to illustrate an exciting period in the annals of Spain, when, in the fifteenth century, it was involved in civil war by a struggle between Don Carlos and his sister Donna Blanca, who opposed themselves to his father, Juan of Arragon, and a step-mother, after the ancient fashion, and for the usual cause of such domestic quarrels—whether the son of the second wife should thrust the former children from their inheritance. In the end both the Prince and Princess perished, as it was suspected, of poison.

This is the historical event out of which the romance has been constructed; and the author has shown a great deal of invention in building up a complicated and ingenious plot out of the scanty materials provided for him by the chronicle. But there the merit ends. The characters are not well drawn; and the dialogues are singularly tame. The author is too verbose for English tastes, however pleasing his pomposity may be to his own countrymen. Altogether, the romance was scarcely worth the trouble of translating, or the cost of printing. The translator, however, has done his work well—it is only to be regretted that he did not bestow his labour upon a better object.

Sir Hugh again! Why should our novel-writers persist in giving titles to their personages? Why can't they quit the aristocracy, of whom they know nothing, and whom, therefore, they cannot possibly paint correctly, to give us a few pictures of what they have seen and known, and which they are therefore competent to sketch with truth—the middle classes, to which themselves belong, and among whom they have lived and moved, and do, at the time of writing, still live and move.

But in vain the critics complain, and the public mark their disapproval by declining to read; still our novelists persist in the introduction of titled personages—a fault which must proceed from one of two sources: either they pander to the toad-eating propensities of the vulgarst of the middle classes, or it results from bad taste in themselves.

Here is a novel, cleverly written in other respects, showing the same folly. One who could write so well as the author of *Edward Willoughby* ought to have shunned that weakness; for he (or she) has not now the excuse of inexperience. This is, we believe, the third or fourth adventure, each of them having been more or less successful, and all deserving success; so that the author could well have afforded to set the vulgar patrons of the libraries at defiance, and throw himself upon the better taste of a better class. *Edward Willoughby* is a simple tale of true love tried and finally rewarded. A plot so inartificial as scarcely to deserve the name; but enjoyable for the grace of the composition, and for the purity of the entire strain of sentiment that pervades it.

A NEW and still cheaper edition of the "Waverley Novels" is offered in the form, so popular, of small volumes, to vie with the works of Bulwer and others. In this attractive and convenient shape an enormous sale may be anticipated. Waverley is already issued, and is now before us.—*The Life and Adventures of Dick Dinning* is designed to be a revelation of life in the Stables. It is cleverly done; but we doubt the propriety of such portrayals of the lowest and vulgarst classes.—The "Parlour Library" has introduced a novel called *The English Envoy*, by Julia Corner. It is to be regretted that a better selection is not made.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Night and the Soul; a Dramatic Poem. By J. STANYAN BIGG. London: Groombridge and Sons.

NOW that this poem, *Night and the Soul*, appears in a published form; now that certain jewels of thought are set by the printer's hand (how often, in this way, some humble agent makes the beautiful durable and immortal), the object of the CRITIC in opening its columns to a young and untried poet has been gained. First through our columns marched into the shining ranks of fame Alexander Smith, whose exquisite and ample costume somewhat concealed the commanding dignity of his step; and, secondly, Stanyan Bigg had the advantage of the same columns; but whether he will march as directly and signally to the same result we may predict—but time will best show. In each case we afforded ready means of publicity; we cheerfully presented an opportunity for a mind to exhibit its greatness—and opportunity is one of the royal roads to fame, without which genius may be a Prometheus chained to a rock, and obscurity the vulture preying on his vitals. About twelve months since we introduced Mr. Bigg to our readers, because his poetry was studded thick with beauties; because it contained exquisite imagery, and outbursts of melody new and uncommon; and not because he had built up with architectural completeness a great poem. To say that any poet has perfected a great poem—one in which form, colour, argument, is each blent with, and inseparable from, the success of the whole—is to say that the poet exhibits consummate skill; that he has method (for genius without method is an unbroken mountain-steep without a rider); and that his ideas are consecutive, and not fragmentary. So much we cannot say of Stanyan Bigg. The gratification we have received, and still receive, from this young bard, whose brain intensifies images as naturally as a June sun gives hue and fragrance to flowers, has not made us insensible to his grave deficiencies. This poem being fairly before the public, it is our duty to assign it a position in the literary republic as if its author and THE CRITIC were strangers. It is not then a poem to stand in the first rank, for its superstructure is lax, sandy, and not favourable to the consolidation of the several parts. The introduction of the supernatural agents—those very antiquated non-entities—answers little or no purpose in the fabrication of the poem. The many lyrics which drop glitteringly out from the main advancement of the theme are very beautiful, "beautiful exceedingly;" but they do not so much show a gigantic mind wringing a subject to its very heart, leaving no vein or nerve unburdened of its treasure or its meaning, as they denote a mind quick, sensitive, and fervid. We question whether there is any modern instance where selections from a poem would more dazzle a reader, and at the same time so embarrass him as to the actual capability of the author and his power of self-endurance. It is decidedly easier to judge of the stature and bulk of Hercules by the size of his foot than it is to measure Mr. Bigg's force of mind by the many sparkling, but isolated, images—by the numerous ideal but magnificent fragments which may be detached and exhibited from the main fabric of his work. Lines, phrases, even whole passages, may be gathered from this partially splendid, partially extravagant poem; just as a basket of fruit, bloomy and luscious, may be plucked from a garden defective in plan and design.

It will be seen, then, that we do not consider Mr. Bigg as "of imagination all compact:" on the contrary, we are disposed to believe that his imagination at present is erratic yet prodigal, loose yet excessive; and his story, if story it may be termed, has little in common with the thoughts of men and women as they are found in life and action. In many instances there is no consistency between the condition of his characters and their utterances. They too often speak with stately magnificence, and exaggerated pomp—the effort of strained art—when you look for the simple flow of nature. What are Flora and Caroline but types of those dreamy enthusiasts, of those mystical explorers, who go hunting, not scientifically, but indefinitely, in and about the pathway of the stars, vainly endeavouring to reveal the unrevealable? "You should be women, and yet your beards forbid me to interpret that you are so," says Banquo to the weird sisters; and ye also should be women, Flora and Caroline, only your

metaphorical flights and the vastness of your speculations can scarcely be interpreted into the womanly nature. It was a mistake of Mr. Bigg to introduce characters, certainly not lifelike, in order that he might lay on their shoulders the responsibility of many gorgeous tropes and many exquisite ideas.

It is true that milliners choose wooden blocks, bearing something of the "human form divine," as a mode of showing off a new dress; but it is better that a poet should avoid, not imitate, this contrivance. With this imitation a poet who undertakes a dramatic poem is very apt to miss the progressive and consummating growth of a pure drama, and to forego the unity of a poem. The characters in *Night and the Soul*, considered as human agents, are merely sketches; but as a set-off—and herein lies Mr. Bigg's strength and wealth of intellect—the individual thoughts are often splendid and generally penetrating; while the language is rich, unctuous, sparkling. We do not think that Mr. Bigg himself will undertake to defend the skeleton plan of the poem; for that even his brilliancy and creative power have failed to clothe with nerve, flesh, and sinew. He will hardly maintain that Flora and Caroline are individualities—they are rather two lovely mirrors, reflecting the speculative philosophy of Alexis and Ferdinand. Then, again, Edith is no more than an abstraction—a gratuitous circumstance brought forward and dismissed with a brevity scarcely consistent, for no other object than to introduce a smart, painful representation of unrequited love, and having no positive bearing, so far as we can see, on the hero of Edith's love and the hero of the poem. Apart from construction, it would in us be mischievous panegyric to say that *Night and the Soul* is a perfect performance. Mr. Bigg occasionally hides—to quote his own sonorous phrase—behind "grand gloom-mantles," and mistakes sound and swelling tone for profundity. Here is an example of a point hard to grasp; it is a declamation of Alexis, to which Ferdinand replies—doubtless in the dainty courtesy of friendship—that he perceives the meaning rising "free and simple." All men will not see as plainly.

And as the soul is all-related, and
Gives one of her fair hands to things that be,
And with the other clasps the infinite,
And turns herself to this, and then to that,
It matters not from which the great shock comes
That flings the rainbow-globules dyed in heaven
Over the fretting wavelets of the time;
And folds the bubbles and the dreams of earth
In grand gloom-mantles where the stars are hid,
Like babies' toys in manhood's brightening dawn.

Again, the gods are not elevated, but, if any result at all is produced, it is that of the soul being degraded, by such intemperate lines as these:—

And the soul rises into buoyancy
Balloon-like, puff'd out with the gas of gods.

But enough of this. Our strictures can scarcely be offensive to Mr. Bigg, because we, who first discovered the beauties of his poem, and laid them, warm and glowing, before the sceptical gaze of a world ever disposed to doubt and discredit the new in its admiration and worship of the old, can have no object but to caution a young author in the first intoxication of success against the destructive influence of self-satisfaction.

If we turn to the purpose of the poet, or to his numerous felicitous expressions, we can scarcely applaud too loudly or too warmly. What can be more admirable than this purpose, exhibiting as it does the fiery struggles, the fearful throes, of a soul striving through unbelief and "grim despair" to reach the placid bosom of its God? Alexis, out of his scornful mood, his questioning sneer, his intrusive prying into the "policies of heaven," lives to lean child-like on a simple faith. Not yet, but in the future, which human eye penetrates not, man may learn that human intellect is meanest when questioning God's power, grandest when bending before the Infinite, truest when governed by household affections. Alexis, we hope and believe, will be instrumental in hastening this blissful period. It will be seen that this, the main idea, is great in its conception; that its result is lustrous and truthful; and, even if we take into account the bare, scanty, and unmethodic machinery of the poem, there will still be a large balance of merit in favour of the entire production. The want of continuity is, in Mr. Bigg, a charm. The nature of his muse expands, not expends, itself in rapid gushes of music, interrupted and made inarticulate only

when the singer is ambitious to reach the "highest heaven of invention."

Such a mystic passage as that to which just now we took special objection is a blur which occurs rarely; but it is the more conspicuous, on account of the luminous atmosphere which surrounds it. One would scarcely note a wart on the rugged face of Caliban; but what a frightful disfigurement it would be on the soft brow of Adonis!

It is not, however, conclusive, that whatever is exaggerated in Mr. Bigg arises from an innate confusion of mind; it arises rather—and proofs of this are ample—from an accidental disposition to clothe an idea, in itself simple, with language complex and elevated.

Let the reader only mark the rapid and signal manner in which he breaks through those "grand gloom-mantles," of which we have complained—bursting, as it were, into brightness as the morning of the sunny south leaps unheralded from the arms of night! One can hardly peruse this work of Stanyan Bigg, without being reminded of Alexander Smith—occasionally in the manner, frequently in the melodious incoherency of passages, always in making the poetic nature of man triumphant. They are not conventional; their very errors lie in a contempt of dull sobriety of speech. Scorning, at times, what is natural, because they fear they may be considered mean, they rush blindly upward, and dash their brow against the stars! Bigg, even more than Smith, and that is saying a great deal, fancies he is emitting splendour because he is prating of the stars. Herein we see how easily his present stature may be measured—how far he is from universal grasp, that his imagery, almost always fine, and never mean, is wholly nourished by one or two objects in nature. There is nothing to despair of in this fact; for the poet has every chance of long years of study and observation before him.

Stanyan Bigg has not the fiery imagination, the intoxicating voluptuousness, the delicious and delicious excitability of Alexander Smith; but his fancy is as vital, his sense of beauty as sharp, and his reflectiveness deeper, firmer, and more stalwart. Natives of one country, they can never become equal planets in one orbit. Astonish the world by future productions as they may, and as we think they will, their names will not clash, there will be a distinctiveness in their fame. Smith will be most read—Bigg read the most inquiringly; one would thrill the brain with ecstasy, scorch the young heart with feeling as with fire—the other, agitated himself, but bearing the serene torch of a spiritual faith, and pouring forth encouragement, in the eager language of the poet-preacher, would lead man's spirit up to the bosom of its Father and its God. Our parting words to Stanyan Bigg are these—study and observe, and revise, always striving to make art the handmaiden of nature.

Mr. Bigg has entered the outer circle of fame, the exterior Sephira only; but the Eternal Fountain, the Innermost Splendour, is within his ken, and we think within his reach, if his steps be not arrested by over-laudation.

Summer Sketches and other Poems. By BESSIE KAYNER PARKES. London: John Chapman. *Thoughts and Sketches in Verse.* By CAROLINE DENT. Hall, Virtue and Co.

If woman never or rarely reaches the literary stature of man—if the circuit of her imagination is less spacious, the grasp of her intellect less firm and stately—yet her quick sense of beauty, and her keen appreciation of ridicule, are generally sufficient to preserve her literary efforts from public contempt. We have often occasion to show how the character of poetry is degraded by rhymers who are presumed to have masculine minds simply because they have masculine bodies; seldom, if ever, have we been compelled to bring against female writers the same serious charge. Two instances before us may be adduced in support of our assertions. Neither similarity of style, nor concurrence or equality of ideas, induces us to couple these two books, but simply convenience. Miss Parkes thinks and expresses her thoughts in a way distinct from Miss Dent. The animal spirit—and out of the animal springs the angelic—has not in each the same degree of vigour and elasticity. In Miss Parkes it shows itself in a joyous utterance and a springy step. Even grave subjects, such as "Associative Experiments among the Tailors," questions of ethics and science, are tripped through with apparent lightness, though the purpose of the writer is serious. She—that is, Miss Parkes the minstrel, not Miss Parkes the woman—is as bounding as a chamois; and though she talks of England's progress, of what is woman's right and fitting sphere, and how she may develop her special genius, yet you cannot help thinking that all this time she is drinking in the

fresh breeze of the mountain-tops, or singing with the summer birds, or plucking the wayside flowers—that, in truth, she is busy in *living* her life. To feel life as a condition of pleasure as well as progress, to appreciate the fact of life for its own sake while so much loveliness is everywhere around, to live for the world as well as for a hereafter—such is man's duty as an individual and social creature. If these *Summer Sketches* are the reflex of the writer's brain and soul, and no doubt they are, then Miss Parkes has performed her duty energetically.

Miss Dent's muse has not the like animation. The melody is equally sweet but fainter. Miss Parkes's is the dash of a mountain stream; Miss Dent's the milder rivulet creeping and flowing down a valley's lap, where every bush on its margin adds to its beauty, but subdues its tone. Like bells heard at a distance, it is soft and melodious; not melancholy, but suggestive of reflection. It is all over suffused with the warm hues of religious fervour, and the beautiful outward objects of life have been viewed not entirely, but generally, as types of man's future destiny. Miss Dent's object was to awaken emotions devotional and soothing, and in this she has been successful. Her object, and it is a noble one, has been obtained. She has really left

Footprints on the sands of time,

which many mortals shipwrecked in faith may see, and, seeing, obtain fresh courage. On the other hand, Miss Parkes, with no less emotional life throbbing in her heart, dives more directly into the surging life of society. She has large faith in England's future—in man as man, in nations as nations.

We had occasion to speak in terms of commendation of a previous volume of poems by Miss Parkes; and, although these *Summer Sketches* do not evidence any signal and decided bardic progress, they certainly maintain the author's character for freshness and vivacity of manner. There is indubitable testimony in Miss Parkes' writings of merriest of heart, which is not humour, but exceedingly like it, and which is useful as a check to the morbid sentimentalism of the modern poetic mood. Miss Parkes stumbles occasionally under some dead weight, such as an imperfect church, unrecognised labour, the lack of social union, and the like; but her muse generally preserves its melody and its tenderness. We may sum up the two books under notice by saying that they have one recommendation in common—they are essentially womanly.

THE second volume of *Cooper's Life and Poems* has just appeared in the marvellously cheap and beautiful edition of the "British Poets," published by Mr. Nichol, and edited by Mr. Gillilan.—A tragedy, in five acts, called *The Weight of a Crown*, has invited criticism. It is poetical, but not dramatic. The author writes fluently and smoothly; but he wants vigour.

RELIGION.

KINGSLEY'S SERMONS.

Sermons on National Subjects. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, Rector of Eversley. Second series. London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co.

MR. KINGSLEY is by this time widely known as an eloquent writer upon various subjects, but more especially such as have reference to the condition of the working classes. That he has their best interests at heart is abundantly apparent in all his publications. From these too it is evident that he has deeply pondered the several problems connected with our present social state. There is no one, in fact, who has read his "Alton Locke" and other works, but will readily acknowledge him to be a high authority in such matters, however much he may differ from him in some of his conclusions. Faults he has, which we do not now care to point out, but which, whatever they may be, are more than redeemed by his generous enthusiasm, his kindly sympathies towards the poor, and his noble and uncompromising assertion at all times of what he believes to be the truth.

Every man, however, is best judged by the way in which he fulfils his duty, as the Catechism says, "in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him." Many of our readers know Mr. Kingsley more as a writer of books, than as a parish priest, which is his principal vocation. We shall therefore introduce him to them in this latter capacity. His sphere of labour is Eversley, an agricultural parish of some seven or eight hundred inhabitants, in Hampshire. During his incumbency he has, we understand, succeeded in conciliating the affections of all his parishioners. And with good reason—for, if we are informed truly, his kind care extends to all of them. Rich and poor are taught by him their reciprocal duties towards each other. Education is provided for the children. The aged and sick are visited at their own habitations. Habits of thrift and economy are inculcated upon both farmer and

labourer. The good rector is open to be consulted by them on all occasions. In joy or in sorrow they can always reckon upon his sympathy. He even joins in their pastimes; handles his cricket-bat, we are told, with as much dexterity as he does his pen; and, in short, accustoms all those around him to look upon life as a thing which has not only its duties but its innocent enjoyments.

"This is all very well," some one will say; "but of what kind is the religious instruction which Mr. Kingsley administers to his flock?" From the volume before us we are happily enabled to give a satisfactory answer to this inquiry; namely, that it is of the very best kind. The best sermons are, we believe, always those which are the best suited to the capacities, and which bear most upon the trials and temptations, the sufferings and vices, of the persons addressed. The message of Christianity has to be conveyed to all men; but to some it must be recommended in one way, and to others in another. It is not the phraseology alone that makes a sermon, which may be well suited to a town congregation, altogether unfit to be addressed to a rural one. The subject-matter itself, the thoughts, the illustrations, the exhortations and reproofs, should all have reference to the peculiar circumstances and condition of the hearers. And this is Mr. Kingsley's praise—that while he inculcates the vital truths of Christianity as set forth in the Bible, he leaves all vain questioning and metaphysical speculation, and sets himself diligently to point out to his parishioners what practical comfort and instruction, what moral, mental and social improvement, must ensue from taking those truths to heart, and resolving to be guided by them in all the affairs of life.

Therefore (he says) I have called these National Sermons, because it seems to me that on these truths must be grounded any logical belief that nations and human society in general are anything but the artificial and immoral creations of man's selfishness, of a "contract social," such as Rousseau spoke of, for the mere conservation of body and goods; because it seems to me that on these truths alone can be founded any logical rules for well-doing toward our fellow-citizens, or toward our rulers, or toward foreign nations, or savage tribes; and, finally, because it seems to me that by these truths the nation and the National Church of England were regenerated at the Reformation, and that the Prayer-book, if read without their light, becomes one of the most incoherent and unsatisfactory of books; as in fact it does become to all those, whether Protestants or Romanists, who value the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and virtue itself, chiefly as affording them means for obtaining pleasure and escaping pain after they die.

From what has been said, our readers will be prepared to find that the prevailing characteristic of those sermons, addressed, as they are, to an agricultural community, is simplicity—not the sham simplicity which some writers aim at, and which ends in feebleness, but that genuine simplicity, both of thought and expression, which, in the hands of genius, becomes energetic, forcible, and convincing. In the volume before us, wherever we open, we find this to be the case. Take, for instance, the commencement of the second sermon, headed "David's Education."

"Made perfect through sufferings." Heb. ii. 10. That is my text; and a very fit one for another sermon about David, the king after God's own heart. And a very fit one, too, for any sermon preached to people living in this world, now, or at any time. "A melancholy text," you will say. But what if it be melancholy? That is not the fault of me, the preacher. The preacher did not make suffering—did not make disappointment, doubt, ignorance, mistakes, oppression, poverty, sickness. There they are, whether we like or not. You have only to go on the common here, or on any other common or town in England, to see too much of them—enough to break one's heart, if—but I will not hurry on too fast in what I have to say. What I want to make you recollect is, that misery is here round us, in us. A great deal which we bring on ourselves, and a great deal more misery which we do not, as far as we can see, bring on ourselves; but which comes nevertheless, and lets us know plainly enough that it is close to us. Every man and woman of us have their sorrows. There is no use shutting our eyes just when we ourselves happen to feel tolerably easy, and saying, as too many do, "I don't see so very much sorrow; I am happy enough." Are you, friend, happy enough? So much the worse for you perhaps. But, at all events, your neighbours are not happy enough; most of them are only too miserable. It is a sad world. A sad world and full of tears. It is; and you must not be angry with the preacher for reminding you of what is.

The preacher, after a few words of explanation, goes on to show how his text is illustrated by the history of David's troubles. "For it was by suf-

fering long and bitter that God trained up David to be a true king—a king over the Jews, after God's own heart." The brief sketch that follows of the life of David while exposed to the various persecutions of Saul, shows a careful study of Old Testament history, while it is sometimes vigorous and sometimes delicate in point of composition. We have only room, however, for the following short specimen:—

But another thing, which strikes any thinking man, in David's Psalms, is his strong feeling for the poor, and the afflicted, and the oppressed. That is what makes the Psalms, above all, the poor man's book—the afflicted man's book. . . . The nation of the Jews seems to have been in a very wretched state in David's time. The poor seem, in general, to have lost their land, and to have become all but slaves to rich nobles, who were grinding them down not only by luxury and covetousness, but often by open robbery and bloodshed. The sight of the misrule and misery, as well as of the bloody and ruinous border inroads which were kept up by the Philistines and other neighbouring tribes, seems for years to have been the uppermost as well as the deepest thought in David's mind, if we may judge from those psalms of his, of which this is the key-note; and it was not likely to make him care and feel less about all that misery when he remembered (as we see from his psalms that he remembered daily), that God had set him, the wandering outlaw, no less a task than to mend all that; to put down all that oppression, to raise up that degradation, to train all that cowardice into self-respect and valour, to knit into one united nation, bound together by fellow-feeling and common faith in God, that mob of fierce and greedy, and (hardest task of all, as himself felt) utterly deceitful men. No wonder that his psalms begin often enough with sadness, even though they may end in hope and trust. He had a work around him and before him which ought to have made his heart sad, which was a great part of his appointed education, and helped to make him perfect by sufferings.

It has been sometimes said of the author of these sermons that, while he takes so much pains to advocate the cause of the poor against the rich, and has condemned in strong terms the want of sympathy of the latter towards the working classes, he has not endeavoured sufficiently to impress upon these the duty which they owe to their superiors. If by this we are to understand that he does not inculcate that slavish cap-in-hand respect which some people seem to think is naturally due from the fustian jacket and high-lows to the cloth coat and Wellington boots, the charge is certainly a true one. He does not take any pains in this direction, and we are glad of it. But he does inculcate, and most powerfully too, that honest and cheerful deference which is always due from the employed to the employer, and the payment of which does not one whit detract from the manliness of labourer or workman. He frequently points out the sin of cherishing a discontented, grumbling spirit, such as many of the poor are but too apt to do when comparing their own lot with that of those above them. Above all, however, he shows them that to be good Christians they must be good citizens, and that one of their principal duties, therefore, is to pay a cheerful obedience to the laws of the land. There are two sermons in this volume, one on "The Value of Law," and another on "The Source of Law," in which some of the most valuable practical maxims, based on the authority of Scripture, are propounded. The text of the former is from Romans xiii. 1: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers," &c., and the preacher commences his discourse as follows:

What is the difference between a civilised man and a savage? You will say—A civilised man can read and write; he has books and education; he knows how to make numberless things, which makes his life comfortable to him. He can get wealth, and build towns, sink mines, sail the sea in ships, spread himself over the face of the earth, or bring home all its treasures; while the savages remain poor, and naked, and miserable, and ignorant, fixed to the land in which they chance to have been born. True; but we must go a little deeper still. Why does the savage remain poor and wretched, while the civilised people become richer and more prosperous? Why, for instance, do the poor, savage Gipsies never grow more comfortable or wiser—each generation of them remaining just as low as their forefathers were, or, indeed, getting lower and fewer? For the gipsies, like all savages, are becoming fewer and fewer year by year, while, on the other hand, we English increase in numbers, and wealth, and knowledge; and fresh inventions are found out year by year, which give fresh employment, and make life more safe and pleasant. This is the reason—that the English have laws and obey them, and the gipsies have none. This is the whole secret. This is why savages remain poor and miserable—that each man does what he

likes, without law. This is why civilised nations like England thrive and prosper, because they have laws and obey them, and every man does, not what he likes, but what the law likes. Laws are made, not for the good of one person, or the other person there, but for the good of all; and therefore the very notion of a civilised country is a country in which people cannot do what they like with their own, as the savages do, &c.

The preacher goes on to show that law is of God's ordinance; that it was so even under the wicked Roman Emperor at the time when St. Paul wrote his epistle; and that it is so still, and much more emphatically, in Christian England in the nineteenth century. He then proceeds to warn his hearers against those breaches of the law to which rustic communities are most prone. The chief of these, as all who are acquainted with them must know, is poaching. Our author assails this in strong terms.

On the matter of poaching, he says, some of you, I know, have many very mistaken notions. But, my friends, I ask you only to look at the sin and misery which poaching causes, if you want to see that those who break the law do indeed break the ordinance of God, and that God's laws avenge themselves. Look at the idleness, the untidiness, the deceit, the bad company, the drunkenness, the misery and sin to man, woman, and child, which that same poaching brings about, and then see how one little sin brings on many great ones; how a man, by despising the authority of law, and fancying that he does no harm in disobeying the laws—from his own fancy about poaching being no harm—falls into temptation and a snare, and pierces himself through with many sorrows. My young friends, believe my words. Avoid poaching, even once in a way. . . . There is no use telling me "the game is no one's; there is no harm in taking it." Light words of that kind will not do to answer God with. You know there is harm in taking it; for you know, as well as I do, that you cannot go after game without neglecting your work to get it; going to the worst of public-houses, among the worst of company, to sell it. You know, as well as I do, that hand-in-hand with poaching go lying, and deceit, and sneaking, and fear and boasting, and swearing and drinking, and the company of bad men and bad women. And then you say there is no harm in poaching! Do you suppose that I do not know, as well as any of you here, what goes to the snaring of a hare, and the selling of a hare, and the spending of the ill-got price of a hare? My dear young men, I know that poaching, like many other sins, is tempting; but God has told us to flee from temptation—to resist the devil, and he will flee from us. &c.

After such a denunciation, poaching, we think, must be at a discount in Eversley.

We have only the space further to remark of Mr. Kingsley's sermons, that they are calculated to inculcate a spirit of enlightened Christian patriotism in all who read them, to whatever class of the social community they may belong. He calls upon us all to compare our condition with that of other nations in the world, and to acknowledge our thankfulness to Almighty God for not being such as they are. In his "Sermon on the New Year," to which we call peculiar attention, he has the following passage, with which we conclude our notice of this interesting volume of sermons:

We do not thank God a hundredth part enough for the blessings which he has in store for us. If some of us here could but see and feel for a single month how people are off abroad; if they could change places with a French, a Prussian, a Russian labourer, it would teach them a lesson about God's goodness to England which they would not soon forget. May God grant that we never have to learn that lesson in that way! God grant that we may never, to cure us of our unthankfulness and want of faith, and godless and unmanly grumbling and complaining, be brought for a single week into the same state as some hundred millions of our fellow-creatures are in foreign parts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Poetical Works of Goldsmith, Collins, and T. Warton, with Lives, Critical Dissertations, and Explanatory Notes. By the Rev. GEORGE GILLILLAN. Edinburgh: James Nichol. 1854.

THE volume now before us completes the first year's issue of Nichol's handsome library edition of the British Poets. Both editor and publisher have thus far fulfilled their respective duties with the most marked success. The one has presented us with charming lives of the different poets, eloquent critical dissertations, and an extremely accurate text; and the other has embelished the whole in volumes that have seldom, if ever, been surpassed in the combination of cheapness with substantiality and beauty. Mr. Gillillan's admirable adaptation for the responsible office

assigned him, must have been sufficiently manifest to all who have watched with interest the progress of this publication. He has shown the subtlety of his insight in the fine discrimination of his criticisms, and the width of his literary sympathies in his genial appreciation of the various orders of genius. The rapture with which he broods over the pages of Milton, as over the celestial sea of glass mingled with fire, does not prevent him from relishing the quaint, homely imagery and metaphysical touches of Herbert. He expresses, in his own rich, enthusiastic language, his admiration alike of the broad and glowing pictures of Thomson—the power, the solemnity, and sententious wisdom of Young—the delicate descriptions of Goldsmith—and the lyrical fire of Collins. He measures the merits of the various poets by no conventional standard of art or taste, nor, like many modern critics, does he eulogise those merely who belong to a particular and favourite school. When the poetry produced is the natural expression of the peculiar genius of the poet—whether it evolves in high choral harmonies, or in the quaint measures of a mystic psalm; whether it resembles the broken speech of a stuttering giant, or in the beauty of wedded thought and music steals like a subtle incense into the soul—he at once recognises its real value, and assigns the author a place according to the power and purity of his inspiration. He is as fully alive as other critics to the importance of artistic perfection; but the absence of classical symmetry of form and musical flow of language does not, in his estimation, diminish the essential worth of a poem that glows like a star-studded sky, with the richest jewellery of imagination and thought. It is only a man with sympathies open as day, and with an eye that can detect beauty under every disguise, who can be considered competent to estimate critically the genius of a great variety of poets.

The last published volume, containing the poetry of Goldsmith, Collins, and Warton, affords an appropriate proof and illustration of our remarks. Although Gillillan's own genius, like its force and fervour bears a striking resemblance to that of Collins, yet we do not find him weighing poets of different idiosyncracies in the balance, and depreciating one to exalt another. He feels a rapture, as if native and endued to the element, when borne up on the swift-sounding wings of the "Ode to Liberty;" but he also lingers with love and admiration over the "Deserted Village," and finds, with Hazlitt, a charm in the graceful sonnets of Warton. The lives of the three poets are written with much geniality and grace; and the pictorial power of the editor imparts vigour and vividness to the narration of events. The critical estimate of each, although necessarily brief, is compact and comprehensive; and that of Collins may especially be noted as rich in poetical thought and expression.

We can conceive of no stronger contrast than to pass from the "Life of Goldsmith" to a perusal of the "Traveller" and "Deserted Village." It seems absurd to believe that the being who was the hero of a comedy almost from his cradle to his grave, and whose "mistakes" were not those "of a night" merely, but of an entire lifetime, could have penned poetry so full of fine feeling, quiet thoughtfulness, and natural beauty. How is it possible, we exclaim, that the man who appeared before a bishop, to be examined for orders, attired in a pair of scarlet breeches; and who loved, when fortune was propitious, to adorn his ungainly person with garments of Tyrian dye, could lose all vanity in verse, and compose with so refined a taste, with simplicity so touching and pure? How is it possible that he, whose actions resembled those of an idiot, could write when he chose with the calmness and solemnity of a sage—that he, whose every step was a stumble, and who rose but to fall, could expose so well the follies and foibles of mankind? There have been instances, indeed, of poets like Byron, Burns, and Edgar Allan Poe, rushing into all manner of excess, as if eager to extinguish the ethereal fire within, that would not be quenched, but rose and burned through every obstruction, and anon pouring forth their sorrows and aspirations in the most melodious strains; but we may search the curiosities of literature, and scan the records of eccentric genius in vain to find such another curious compound of contradictions as Oliver Goldsmith, who, in the form and morning of his mind, was so express and admirable, but in action how like a fool! Never was a beautiful spirit so heavily hampered before by a body of death—never were inspiration and idiocy

so unnaturally combined. The contrast, in fact, is so great between the good-natured, blundering being on the streets, or at the club dinner, and the pensive poet in his upper chamber—between the laughing-stock of London wits and the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield"—that we are almost tempted to regard them as two distinct persons in one. This idea is all the more powerfully impressed on us when we find that Goldsmith in his comedies, his fiction, and "Chinese Letters," held up the mirror to his second or outer self, and represented it in the most ludicrous lights. The Oliver who composed the most pleasing poetry, and penned the most graceful prose, and who had a sovereign command over his mind in the hours of meditation—was not responsible for the sayings and doings of the other Oliver, who, when he stumbled into society, became the butt of blockheads, and performed some of the most ridiculously Quixotic actions on record. The latter only acted his part in a life-long comedy, with no method in his madness, that the former, who had such an eye for oddities of character and absurdities of conduct, might excite, by a humorous representation of his deeds and discourse, the laughter of the world. Goldsmith, like Byron, did not extend his observations over a wide sphere of society to find a diversity of character to daguerreotype in words. He found sufficient food for his humour, and for all the purposes of art, in the extravagances of that wild and wayward being who seemed at one and the same time to be, and yet not to be, himself. The Man in Black, who affected miserliness, while giving charity to every beggar he met; Beau Tibbs, who assumed the airs and talked in the tones of a peer, to cover his poverty and remember his misery no more; young Honeywood, in the comedy of the "Good-natured Man"; young Marlow, in "She Stoops to Conquer"; Moses, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," with his immortal gross of green spectacles; and George, the philosophic vagabond, in the same fiction: these and other characters must all be regarded as personal portraits—representations, variously modified, of the one eccentric original. Thus, had Goldsmith not possessed his strange duality of being—had his outward life been as free from absurdities of action as his poetry from extravagance of sentiment and diction—had he been other, in fact, than the "inspired idiot" Garrick declared him to be—some of the most humorous characterisations in literature would never have been penned. Many of the ludicrous incidents of our author's strange career were reproduced in his writings, and he joined heartily in laughing at the whimsical mistakes which he was altogether unconscious of performing, or unable to prevent.

But, in justice to Goldsmith, it must be admitted that his frequent ludicrous lapses in conduct and conversation were rather the result of an extreme simplicity of nature and goodness of disposition, than caused by the want of common-sense. He forgot that his home was a garret, that he was writing for his bread, and expecting every moment to be damned for a milk-score, when he beheld others in distress. He would have shared his last loaf with any old soldier, disabled and destitute, who could "shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won." The characteristic story is familiar to all, of his giving away his blankets to a poor woman and her children, and sitting up his bed that he might sleep among the feathers. This incident may appear ridiculous enough; but must we not admire the overflowing goodness of the heart that could prompt the generous deed? With all his absurdities he was an infinitely nobler being than the wits of the time, who could caricature his conduct, but not surpass him in sterling worth of heart—who could laugh at his bulls, but not equal his benevolence. He was an Irishman, indeed, in whom there was no guile. He was unlearned in the arts of deception, and the language of malicious detraction—he could ridicule the rampant vices and absurd manners of his days; but his humour never lost its sunny flush, his pen was never dipped in the gall of bitterness, and his sensitive nature would have shrunk from wounding the feelings of a fellow-man. A simple, sincere, genial, and childlike being was Goldsmith, whose oddities served but to endear him the more to the magnanimous minds of the age. He was the friend and enthusiastic admirer of his countryman, the strong, the subtle, and brilliant Burke—he listened with due reverence to the proverbial philosophy of Samuel Johnson, who was the Gamaliel of that era, and had more than once

rescued him from the Slough of Despond—and he was proud of the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose genius he applauded, whose gentle manners he knew well how to appreciate, and whose character he highly esteemed. The geniality and truthfulness of his nature, which made him the favourite of these and other distinguished men, are apparent in almost every page of his poetry and prose. On this account he occupies one of the most enviable positions in literature; for, while Burke claims our admiration for his transcendent eloquence, and Johnson is respected for his strength of mind, Goldsmith sits enthroned on the universal heart of man. The pure and healthy morality of his writings is another circumstance which will ensure their lasting popularity. He was not one of those poets who have degraded their genius by shedding a splendour over sin, and clothing vice with virtue's pure and imperial robe. His life was certainly not a model of purity and stern stoical contempt of pleasure; but he only wronged himself—he had no desire to increase his criminality by leading others astray, and ministering to the depraved tastes of the multitude. He frequently condemns in his essays the follies which he had not sufficient strength of virtue to resist, and he has left as a legacy to posterity no poem pernicious in its tendency, or offensive to the most fastidious taste.

The principal elements of Goldsmith's genius are comprehensively stated by Mr. Gillfillan to be, "a keen perception and enjoyment of the surface beauties of nature; an intuitive knowledge of the human heart; a power of instinct or common-sense which supplies the place of learning and logic, and is all the more displayed in his writings that none of it was directed to the regulation of his conduct or life; a fine healthy tone of moral feeling; an exquisite taste; a mild but sincere enthusiasm; a humour at once rich and delicate; and a style yielding in felicity, transparency, and grace to Addison's alone." He had besides touching pathos, fine fancy, and a simplicity which breathed natural thoughts "in numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong." These characteristics of his genius are developed more or less vividly in all his productions, whether prose or verse; and even his "Animated Nature" and historical compilations are enlivened by the peculiar graces of his exquisite style. He could not pen many lines of a poem, or many sentences of an essay, without communicating to them some of those unconscious touches that lend such a charm to the writings of Goldsmith. But it is in his poetry that his genius has attained its finest and fullest expression, and to that our remaining remarks must at present be strictly confined.

The "Traveller" is distinguished for pointedness of thought, for clearness and simplicity of language, for mild enthusiasm, and delicacy of description. If less antithetically brilliant, less finely finished in style and form, than the poetry of Pope, it abounds in fresher touches of beauty, and more felicitous adaptations of language to thought. It is not enriched with profound truths, starred with the most radiant imagery, nor filled with the strong wind of high inspiration; but fancy and feeling here meet and embrace each other, and the harvest of a quiet eye instructs the mind and refreshes the heart. We find in it none of those glowing and characteristic descriptions of scenery which a poet might naturally have been expected to produce, who had leisurely wandered over the fertile valleys of France—gazed on the Alps at sunrise, when the blush of beauty softened the stern grandeur of their giant forms—or watched the stars trembling with excess of lustre over their crests of everlasting snow. Goldsmith, in fact, although he had the finest opportunities for observing minutely the peculiar features of the different countries through which he passed, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," has confined himself to general descriptions, in no way characteristic, which he might have written with equal felicity and grace if, instead of running the great circle, he had remained at home. His object, however, was not so much to describe the varied aspects of nature as the character and condition of the different states; and the scenery is only incidentally introduced as affecting the happiness of a people. The plan which he adopted allowed a fine combination of personal feeling and incident with the general representations; and our only regret is that he has presented so few reminiscences of his own romantic pilgrimage. The pensive poetic wanderer, driven by destiny from the enjoyment

of domestic comfort and the sweets of social intercourse, pursues some fleeting good that ever floats on before him, like a beautiful winged apparition, and searches in vain for "some spot to real happiness consigned." Seated among the solitudes of the high Alps, and surveying the glories of the scene extended below—the cities, the lakes, the shadowing woods, the emerald fields—he obtains a brief respite from the thoughts that troubled his mind; and he who but lately lamented that he could find no spot of all the world his own, now exclaims, in a momentary transport—"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!" But this rapture soon burns itself away; for, not content with the pleasure thus experienced, he longs to alight upon some favoured land where his worn soul may gather bliss to find his fellow-creatures enjoying supreme happiness. The great difficulty now is to discover this lost Eden of the stricken world, since the Esquimaux, shivering among Polar snows, rivals the "naked negro panting at the Line" in maintaining that his country is the happiest and best. The wanderer then declares, as the fruit of his experience, that happiness is equally balanced between civilised and uncultured nations—that laborious poverty has its own joys, and commercial prosperity its peculiar pains; and he proceeds to illustrate the truth of his position by lively descriptions of the civil condition and national characteristics of the Italians, the Swiss, the French, the Dutch, and the English. From this survey the pilgrim poet returns a better and wiser man. He has discovered the important secret that the soul itself is the source and centre of its own happiness or misery; and that only a fractional part of the ills that flesh is heir to are caused or cured by kings or national laws. With this fine moral, composed by Samuel Johnson, the poem concludes.

The finest passages of the "Traveller" are the opening lines—the exquisite picture of the homeless poet leading the dance "with tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire,"—the description of the passionate patriotism of the Swiss mountaineers—the delineation of the character and manners of the French—the condemnation of the contending chiefs who blockade the British throne—and the golden moral which crowns and completes the whole. But even more poetical than the poem itself is the picture we may form of the eccentric and penniless pedestrian poet wandering on, like the last of the Troubadours, from country to country, with a heart buoyant and free, and with Providence for his guide; loitering on the banks of the lazy Scheld, and reposing by the side of the majestic Rhine; "entering the French village at evening, and gathering around him and his flute a little circle of laughing faces and dancing feet;" sitting on an Alp, as on a throne, or dreaming of Lishoy and old familiar faces by the fireside of a Swiss peasant, when the shadows of the coming night are falling darker down the ravines, and the sound of the rushing torrents seems to deepen the supernatural silence of the mountains; musing along the streets of Florence, and passing with pensive steps over those Italian valleys where the memorials of old renown impart a mournful consecration to the beauty of each solitary scene. Noble as the "Traveller" is, it must nevertheless be regretted that Goldsmith did not preserve a faithful record of his Continental rambles and adventures. The pleasant picture he has given us of the French villagers dancing to the sound of his pipe—less musical indeed than Apollo's lute—by the banks of the Loire, and under the shade of their ancestral elms, only awakens an intense wish that he had preserved more of a similar description. We are tempted to contrast the poem, which was the residuum of his romantic tour, with the "Childe Harold" of a nobler pilgrim. Goldsmith professes to have been in search of happiness, and represents himself as a slow and melancholy wanderer, receiving a pleasure from the contemplation of nature, but disappointed in his hopes when mingling among men—although we are persuaded that his native thoughtlessness and buoyancy of spirit would prevent any great shadow of gloom from settling sullenly down on his mind. Byron left his native shores, not so much to seek for happiness as to satisfy an insatiable craving for excitement and change—to escape from bitter remembrances, and to shun the fellowship of beings he hated and despised. He was alternately dazzled with the beauties of nature and art, and scorched by the lightnings of remorse—roused into rapture by the far roll of

Alpine thunder, and melted into tears by some melancholy memory of the past. How strange the contrast between the ungainly, pock-pitted, and light-hearted pedestrian poet, fluting his way from country to country, and the proud "Pythian of his age," who found tempests, and torrents, and caverned cliffs, more congenial companions than the common herd of men!

The "Deserted Village," if less philosophical than the "Traveller," is more pleasing and popular. It appeals directly to our national and common human sympathies. The subject in itself is eminently poetical. What can be conceived more mournful than for a man of mature years to revisit his native village, where he had hoped to spend the still evening of his life, and find the cheerful cottages destroyed, the gardens overgrown with wild brushwood, the green all desolate where the villagers assembled in the soft summer gloaming, and the sounds of labour or the laughter of merry maidens exchanged for the bittren's cry and the lapwing's lonely plaint? The feelings awakened by such a contemplation Goldsmith has embalmed in verse tenderly beautiful. Along with the description of the desolated scene, he kindles deep sympathy for the unhappy sufferers who were driven from their humble hearths, from the vicinity of the old familiar burial-field where their rude forefathers sleep, and from the scenes that seemed to have become, by a thousand tender associations, a part of their own souls. The pathos of the poem is as touching as its pictures are true to nature, and its musical flow is soothing to the ear. The fine feeling that breathes through it all will preserve it for ever fresh and warm. It can no more die away from the memories of men than one of those olden songs that are most musical, most melancholy, and full of grief as the chalice of a summer flower with dew. Who may wonder at its hold upon the human heart, when he remembers the charming description of "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain"—of the evening dance on the green, and the murmurs of mirth that harmonised with the nightingale's song in the neighbouring wood—of the faithful pastor who was passing rich with forty pounds a year—of the schoolmaster and his school—of the comfortable alehouse where the village politicians met at the close of day, and the sturdy smith "relaxed his ponderous strength and leamed to hear"—of the emigrant's sad adieu, and the departure of the rural virtues from the land? No poem in the English language of similar length has supplied a greater number of lines for individual quotation than the "Deserted Village." Like proverbs, they "shift in splendid traffic round the land," and are familiar to many who are ignorant of their source. No finer proof could be afforded of the power of the poet and the value of the poem.

In "Retaliation" we exchange the picturesque description of Lishoy and its inhabitants for a swift and skilful anatomisation of the London celebrities of that time. The members of the St. James's Coffee-house Club—including Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, and others—had been in the habit of amusing themselves at the expense of poor Goldsmith, whose person, country, and Irish brogue afforded infinite fuel for their wit. He replied to their repeated attacks by a subtle, humorous, and rapid analysis of their respective characters. The poem of "Retaliation," as a specimen of character-painting, may stand comparison with any attempt of a similar kind in prose or verse. Gilfillan declares that Plutarch is a mere dancier to Oliver Goldsmith. The lines on Burke, so frequently quoted, show not only how fully our poet perceived and appreciated the universal genius of that great orator, philosopher, and politician, but also what a distinct knowledge he had of the prejudices and foibles which narrowed that magnificent mind. The character of Garrick is daguerreotypied with similar felicity and power. If that distinguished actor described Goldsmith in one brief sarcastic phrase, the poet in these exquisite lines obtained an ample "retaliation."

It is unnecessary to dwell on Goldsmith's minor poems. The "Hermit," so full of simplicity, tenderness, and grace, is one of the finest ballads in the English language. It is the standing model for similar kinds of composition. The "Stanzas on Woman" are also touchingly beautiful. His humorous verses are written in that style and vein which Hood has since cultivated with so much success. Altogether the poetry of Oliver Goldsmith, though containing no burden of profound thought, though destitute of that rich

imagination which inflames and colours the loftiest products of genius, is a pure Pierian spring whose pleasant waters refresh and gladden the heart. There have been louder lyres and loftier lays than his; but there are certain moods of the mind when we prefer the tender beauties of the "Deserted Village" to the grandeur of "Paradise Lost," or the tragic sublimities of "Lear."

Handbook to the Library of the British Museum. By RICHARD SIMS, of the Manuscript Department. London: John Russell Smith. 1854.

THIS will be found a most useful book—useful to the young visitant to the Reading Rooms of the grand national collection of literature, and no less useful to the old. It is a guide into a labyrinth of books, new and old—to half a million of printed books in all languages, and to some forty thousands of manuscripts, which, in point of value and literary interest, are second to none in Europe. Mr. Sims is in a position to supply accurate information, and has done his work fully and conscientiously.

Given a library—and the library of the British Museum is the most complete in all the world, the most thoroughly furnished and best arranged—the question arises, to the student, how to make use of it? For here, now, is one provided with his "ticket," which permits him to roam from the Dan to the Beersheba of human knowledge and learning; and yet, in the presence of abundance, he must feel himself, for a space, a starveling. He knows not where to begin—which end of the loaf, in familiar and family language, first to cut. He is ushered into spacious rooms, where, if it is about midday, he may perceive some hundred and fifty souls, all intent and busy, some on large books, some on small. No one notices his entrance—no one cares about his exit. All are too much occupied to observe either his boldness, modesty, or awkwardness. He may arrive with a swagger, and depart with a most profound bow; but no one heeds the impertinence of the one, or takes note of the courtesy of the other. He may tell an attendant his wants, and the attendant will civilly direct him to the catalogues. The attendant is civil or crusty, according to circumstances. That is, he is always ready and willing to put an inquirer upon the right scent; but if people will come to make search after impossible grandfathers and grandmothers, apocryphal advertisements about "next of kin," and books that were never written, which is often the case, he may perhaps be found more curt than the inquirer may expect. But the attendant directs the new-comer to the catalogues, and here the sorrows of the new-comer begin. New-comer has a notion that he may have his literary ware by simply asking for it. He is greatly mistaken. He must abide by the laws, and make honest search after his author or object, in one of three or four hundred volumes. For we find from Mr. Sims's book that there are a King's Catalogue and a General Catalogue (in its present estate and condition a blurted, dog-eared, polygraphic, dingy-looking fellow), and a Grenville Catalogue, besides catalogues of maps, music, novels, newspapers, and no end of catalogues of MSS. To help the visitor into the history and mystery of these catalogues is, among other things, the end and aim of Mr. Sims's book. There are people who labour under the delusion that the library of the British Museum is without a catalogue, without a table of contents; that it answers Carlyle's definition—a Chaos without a Cosmos, a Cyclops without an eye; and our wickedly witty and wittily wicked contemporary *Punch* has contributed to this delusion, making jokes many about one Alpha, and inquiries many respecting the advent of one Omega, or the coming Z. In truth, there are too many catalogues; and the great desideratum is a catalogue which shall swallow up all the other catalogues, even as the rod of Moses swallowed up the serpents of the magicians.

The reader will find in Mr. Sims's little volume a history of the rise and progress of the various libraries, with full directions how to avail himself of their contents. There are plans given, moreover, which will enable him to steer about without treading on his neighbour's toes, a matter of no small difficulty. We know not, indeed, whether in time it may not enable him to avoid the irascible man, who surrounds himself with a wall of books, in the midst of which he snaps and snarls; and the loquacious man who may do damage to his button-hole; and the oily man, redolent of rusty bacon; and the little snuff-taking man, who makes his nose a trumpet; and other men, affected with unpleasant idiosyncracies and eccentricities, too emphatic to be agreeable. The list of books of reference, which are to be found in the Reading-rooms, and which the visitor may use freely, added at the end of the volume, gives it an additional value; and the student who desires to save himself time and trouble, will do well to consult it.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Blackwood commences a new novel this month, with the attractive title of "The Secret of Stoke Manor." So far it promises well. But the rest of the number

is not so good as usual. There is no paper of especial attraction: the most interesting is on Jerome Cardan; the most learned, on "The Recent Growth of the United States."

The *London Quarterly Review* has attained to its fourth number, and the honours of a year's age—a promising life for a periodical. It contains some spirited papers, of which the best are on "Russia's Place in Christian Civilisation," "Anatomical Science," and "Recent Poets in America." The rest are on controversial topics, as befits a Review which is the organ of a party.

The *Irish Quarterly Review* has the merit of being the most readable of the Quarterlies. The editor displays uncommon judgment in the choice of subjects, so that there is never a dull page; and he excels especially in gathering together anecdotal papers, which are always attractive. Of this class is that on "The Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin," full of reminiscences of Burke, the Emmets, Wolfe Tone, Plunket, Bushe, and others. A biography of "John Banim," and "Literature and Poetry in Ireland," are two national themes, but so handled as to interest every reader. "French Life in the Regency" is another capital contribution.

Bentley's Miscellany continues Grace Greenwood's "Haps and Mishaps," gives us a memoir of the Marquis of Anglesey, with a portrait; and introduces an amusing and instructive biography of the Ant-eater. Another genial paper, on Professor Wilson, will be read with pleasure.

Chambers's Journal for June continues Mr. W. Chambers's narrative of his tour in the United States, with other papers, instructive and amusing.

Parts XXXVIII. to XL. of the *Crystal Palace* contain nine beautiful engravings of the most famous works of art exhibited in the old Crystal Palace. This is the best relic of it that has been preserved.

The *Ladies's Companion* has a brilliant picture of the fashions, with contributions in prose and poetry, by divers authoresses of fame.

The *Dublin University Magazine* recalls to us the French dramatists and actors, treats of Serbian songs and ballads, describes the Himalayas, and reviews a group of poets and novelists.

Orr's *Circle of the Sciences, Family Friend*, and *Household Medicine*, continue their prosperous career; but *Paul Peabody* is somewhat "slow."

The *Natural History Review*, a quarterly published in Dublin, gathers together the proceedings of the natural history societies, and reviews recent works on the same popular subject.

Mr. Adams's *Cyclopædia of Sacred Poetical Quotations* is a continuation of his former collection of miscellaneous passages from the poets.

We have now before us the first part of a work, which promises to be very valuable—a treatise on *The Theory and Practice of Landscape Painting in Water-Colours*, by Mr. G. Barnard. It is profusely illustrated with designs and coloured diagrams, printed by the chromatic process, and also by many woodcuts. It will be a complete handbook for all who study water-colour drawing.

Hogg's Instructor continues to improve in the quality of its articles, which are now better becoming the superior bulk of a monthly magazine; but there is still room for improvement in this respect.

The *Church of Scotland Magazine and Review* adheres more strictly to its proper objects as a religious journal than any other of its class, and hence probably its success.

The *Eclectic Review* treats with its wonted vigour of the controversy at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; Christianity and Mahomedanism; Weiss's Protestant Refugees; and other works, theological and otherwise.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* recommends itself by its antiquarian and historical research, and still more by its memoirs of deceased celebrities.

The *Journal of Industrial Progress* is an Irish periodical, usefully devoting itself to diffuse practical information tending to the improvement of agriculture and manufacture. It will be valued and read with profit in England; for its teachings are for all countries, though addressed to one.

Among the novelties to which our attention has been invited, is the *Journal of Progress*, a monthly sheet, to be devoted to the collection and diffusion of information on all questions relating to social reform and improvement. It promises to pay special attention to statistics. It will be a valuable work for reference as well as for reading. Great are the difficulties of a first number, the present one shows a goodly promise of what it will be when the plan is matured.

The third part of *The Land we Live in* describes North Wales and Birkenhead. It contains a multitude of beautiful engravings. It is quite an English tourist's handbook.

The June number of the *Art Journal* contains engravings of Politevin's "Studio of Van der Velde," and Etty's "Balcony," and Cooke's "Fisherman's Cave," from the Vernon Gallery; besides engravings of art manufacture, views of Sir Joshua Reynolds's birthplace, &c., and all the news of art and artists.

The twenty-first part of the *Cyclopædia Bibliographica* has brought this laborious enterprise to a successful termination.

Part XIII. of *Wright's History of Scotland* brings down the narrative to the year 1638.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

WHAT a sombre old Radical must have been the great poet of Florence! What bitter sarcasm is concealed under his dulcet measures! What heresy and reddest republicanism in his *terza rime*? We have only to look upon his mask, taken after death, to perceive the amount of intellect contained in his ample forehead, as well as the Italian implacability and mournful pensiveness which is reflected in his writings. Was it the loss of Beatrice and his marriage to a termagant that soured him? or was it the delinquency of the times in which he lived? We suspect that he would have contrived to make himself an unhappy man under any circumstances, because his eye was ever turned inwards upon himself; because he was filled with such an amount of beautiful egotism. Nevertheless he was a man to be beloved, all satirist as he was. Giotto and Cavalcanti were among his friends, and some of the richest artists and geniuses of his day. Boccaccio venerated him through his poems, which he knew by heart. He is a man whom the ages will not permit to sleep in peace, any more than our own gentle Shakspeare. So, as if the Florentine had not been often enough before the public within the last thirty years, as if commentary had not been exhausted, and as if still we had much to learn of the man, another book has been written, to introduce us to the heretical, revolutionary, and socialistic Dante—*Dante, Hérétique, Révolutionnaire, Socialiste, &c.* Par E. Aroux.

Truly, now, we must admit that the man who placed, not only parish priests and jovial Bologna monks, but eke tiarad popes, so coolly in Hades and Purgatory, in quarters not cold or musty—we remember, for instance, a Pope Anastasius within the seventh circle of the regions infernal, where Dante was obliged to hold his nostrils for a space, on account of the fetid smells that steamed up from the abyss—the man, we say, who placed pontiffs so very coolly in Hell and elsewhere than in Paradise, must have been a heretic; and, when he says that popes were unworthy of their seats, and that the Church was a common sewer, or, more classically, a “cloacum filled with ordure and blood,” he must have been a revolutionary to boot. The clergy he makes out to have been a sad set of people, even as Socialists do of the clergy of the present day:

The aim of all
Is how to shine; e'en they whose office is
To preach the Gospel, let the Gospel sleep,
And pass their own inventions off instead.

And, as a consequence (for which see Cary's version of the “Paradise,” Canto XXIX.):

The sheep . . . poor wretches, ones, return
From pasture, fed with wind.

Conceive, farther, the good Saint Anthony with his blessings being thus spoken of:

Saint Anthony
Fattens with this his swine, and others worse
Than swine, who diet at his lazy board,
Paying with unstamped metal for their fare.

Saint Anthony and his brethren, in fact, paid their tavern bills with a kind of paper money, called “indulgences.” It is very clear that Dante was a Heretic, a Revolutionist, a Socialist, a pre-Lutheran, who looked upon the Pope as a consecrated impostor. Whether Mr. Aroux's explanation of the “Divine Comedy,” the “Nuova Vita,” and “Convita,” will satisfy a literary public, we must be allowed to doubt. Some writers have given the “Divine Comedy” a political signification—have seen in it only the *credo* of a party intent upon depriving the Papacy of its temporal power; others have regarded it as the objective exposition of the Platonic philosophy. To the latter seems to belong M. Aroux. Who, now, does not know the affecting story of Francesca of Rimini? According to M. Aroux, the guilty lady and her lover are mere philosophical abstractions. The two read for their delight one day of Lancelot the knight, “how love him thrall’d.” Then we know how

The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors;

and how, in few and delicate words, the lady intimates her guilt,

Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante
(That day we read no more);

and how the poet, hearing one spirit speaking

thus, and the confederate spirit wailing sorely, says,

I, through compassion fainting, seem'd not far
From death, and like a corpse fell to the ground.

As commentary upon this life-like tale, we read that these “faithful lovers, according to fiction, are Francesca of Rimini and her brother-in-law, Paolo Malatesta; but, in reality, they symbolise the union of the intelligence and of the will of the poet, whom love leads to the same death.” To die means to be Catholic, and to live to be heretic, according to M. Aroux's interpretation; and the concluding lines of the canto are made to read thus: “While thus one spake the other wept (affecting apparently a Guelph), so that, yielding to piety (or to pity), I swooned away (just like a Ghebeline), as if I were about to die (which he only did in sham), and down I fell as falls a body dead.” Recollecting the original, “E caddi, come corpo morto cado,” we are not disposed to accept of M. Aroux as our interpreter in any case.

Passing from poetry to the dry subject of philology, the appearance of a second edition of Reiff's *Russian Grammar for Frenchmen* (“Grammaire Française-Russe,” &c.), affords an opportunity of saying a word or two on the language of the Czar and some millions of his subjects. The Russian language has a pedigree, according to its historians, as long as a Welsh one. The Russians are descended from Poss-Mossoch, better known as Magog, and their language was spoken in the Ark. Nay, we are assured by some bold etymologists, that the language of Eden was the Servian, a Slavonic dialect, and, of course, allied to the Russian. Thus we read that, when the Almighty formed our first father “of clay,” he said to him, “*Od-ama!* (Come here!)” And, when he approached, the Almighty farther said, “Where is thy wife?” To which the created replied: “*Ev-oye!* (Behold her!)” Hence the names Adam and Eve. For all this, the history of the Russian language dates only from about the eleventh century. Christianity was introduced into some portions of the present empire towards the close of the tenth. Its apostles were Cyrilus and Methodius, who adopted the Slavonic (a language now as much extinct as the ancient Anglo-Saxon) as the liturgical language of the Greek Church. Cyrilus, a Greek, gave the language its alphabet; hence the number of letters of Greek form that compose it. The first alphabet was rude enough; Peter the Great reformed it. In Russia for a long number of years there were two written languages—a hieratic and a profane—one for church and another for lay books. Some attempts at cultivating a literature in Russia were made in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but Tatar-Mogul invasions came to upset them. Something was done notwithstanding. Laborious monks—monks did not get lazy until they got rich, and drank sack and canary—laborious monks of Moscow copied old chronicles and compiled new ones; and there was a decent collection of old Slavonic manuscripts in the Moscow Library (Count Tolstoi says about 10,000), when it was destroyed by fire in 1812. Printing was introduced into Russia in the sixteenth century. Ivan IV. erected a press in Moscow in 1553; but there was no one to ink the forms and pull the lever until ten years after. Peter the Great granted to Tessing, an Amsterdam printer, the privilege of printing Russian books in 1698; and in the city of Erasmus two Russian books certainly did appear, in the Russian character of the day. The modern Russian characters first appeared in 1704, when appeared the first number of the *Moscow Gazette*. The Russian was made the official language of the empire by an imperial ukase issued by the innovating Peter. Next to the innovating Peter, the son of a Russian fisherman did most to give his countrymen a literary language. This was Lomonsoff, who wrote a grammar, which appeared in 1755, and who died a counsellor of state and a member of the Imperial Academy. The number of Russians who speak the *literary dialect* is estimated at thirty-five millions. The number of Russian subjects speaking Slavonic dialects is said to be seventy-eight millions. These dialects form a branch of what are termed the Indo-European languages. These dialects are spoken from the heart of Germany to the Frozen Sea;

from the Adriatic and Montenegro to Siberia; from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The dialects are divided into oriental and occidental. To the oriental belong the Slavonian (a dead tongue), the Russian, the Servo-Illyrian, the Bulgarian; to the occidental, the Tcheko-Slovakian, the Polish, and the Serbo-Vendish. The sub-dialects of all these are without number. We must not forget to say that M. Reiff's grammar, though addressed to Frenchmen, will be found almost the best that the Englishman, desiring to acquire a knowledge of the language, can have recourse to.

From the Russian language to a Russian poet the transition is not so very abrupt. Basilus Jacowleff has been astonishing the literati of St. Petersburg with his book of lyrics called *Melodion*. By birth he is a Livonian—his mother a German. He grew up among bogs, and lakes, and boulders, and mists, and has learned to sing—his mother, we venture to wager, having given him the key-note. He has a tone deeper sounding than any bell in or about the Kremlin—the religious. It is almost a sin—so we consider it—to translate a poet. You must disjoin him first, and then show an Owen's dexterity in putting him together again. The best English translation of any ancient or modern poet ranks about equal to the productions of any clever bird or beast stuffer. Pope's Homer is a respectable skeleton covered with shrivelled parchment; Dryden's Virgil is an injected preparation of one General Eneas, fair to look upon and life-like, but still a Surgeon's-hall mummy. The best translation can only be the reflected light of the original author's meaning.

One specimen of this new poet we give in the form of sober prose:—

Come, blessed Night, and bring with thee the peace which grief desires. Already falls on restless world the calming twilight glimmer; and man to man the world o'er is brother still and brother.

Sleep hides the cares of glaring day, and grief is all forgotten; beneath its wing the little bird nestles its head, forgetting; and eyes that weep at rosy e'en awake to peaceful morning.

Yes, grief hath lost her heavy chains—nature the yoke affliction; and through the curtain of the night, and from its deepest darkest bosom, God looks upon a sleeping world—looks down with care and keeping.

The “Dead Mother,” a piece beginning “Emma heilis hinge Sürmale,” is borrowed from the Esthonian, and is very beautiful, even though the Esthonian measure is not very accurately imitated. One verse only:—

Bent her head and died, the Mother—
Died, and Love went out before her;
Died, and from the house they bore her;
Died, and Love went on her way.
Along the road they bore the mother,
Love she followed by the hedge-way,
Love she followed sighing, weeping—
Sighing, weeping by the marshes.
When they dug the grave for mother,
Love she sat upon the border;
When the mother deep they buried,
Love beneath was buried too.

Still taking our stand by Russia, although in no hostile spirit to the allied powers, we have to announce a romance on a sovereign of that country, of a twofold literary parentage—*Catherine II.; ou, la Russie au Dix-huitième Siècle, &c.* (“Catherine II.; or, Russia in the Eighteenth Century: Historical Sketches”), by MM. Molé-Gentilhomme and Saint-Germain Ledue. The latter made the bricks, the former built the edifice—the one dug the ore, the other smelted it. It is not the fault of M. Ledue if M. Molé-Gentilhomme has built with his bricks a cottage instead of a palace, or from his smelted ores has forged a bodkin instead of a ploughshare. The romance is not a bad one after all. Catherine II. was one whom Dickens's little Marchioness would have called a “oner.” Make mad Peter volume the first, Poniatowski volume the second, and Catherine volume the third, and what a fine romance anyone may produce!

All have heard of Shakspeare's seven ages of man; few of Dante's five ages; and perhaps none of the Baroness Adèle de Reiset's five ages of woman—*Nathalie; ou, les Cinq Âges de la Femme*. Let us know first Dante's theory of life, as he states it in his “Banquet.” From one to ten years, he informs us, is the period of childhood—the time to acquire life; from ten to twenty-five, the period of adolescence—the time to confirm life;

twenty-five, thirty-five, and forty-five are the three grand periods of youth—the time to employ life, to attain its summit, and to perfect it; ripe age ranges from forty-seven to seventy—the time to direct life to its ultimate end; and the last period is that of extreme old age, from seventy to eighty years—the time in which to end life peacefully. The Baroness must have borrowed her five ages of woman from the poet's five ages of man. Nathalie, in her first period, plays with her doll, and bewails the death of her cat; in her second, she revolts against her governess and flirts with her music-master; in her third, out of vanity, she marries the Duke de Valency, makes him jealous, and falls in love with the Count de Tavannes; in her fourth she passes through the storms of the revolution, brings up a small family, and, after the death of her jealous husband, marries De Tavannes; and, in her fifth, she arrives at a good old age, has children and grandchildren, friends moreover, and lives quietly on until overtaken by death. There is a fine adjustment of the moral and sentimental in the novel of Nathalie.

Alphonse Karr is for ever among the wasps. Bother the wasps! *Nouvelles Guêpes*. Four volumes! M. Karr buzzes and frightens us rather; but he has more honey than stings. He tries to be an austere moralist, but can't. He is a useful one, who, under pretence of rapping our knuckles, tells us something that we ought to know better.

The German travellers appear to take second thoughts as to the propriety of publishing. Thus C. B. Heller has not long published *Reisen in Mexiko* ("Travels in Mexico, from 1845 to 1848"), with maps and plates. He is a young Austrian naturalist, well spoken of. An artist, W. Heine, goes into Central America, and gives us his sketches—*Wanderbilder*, &c. ("Travelling Sketches of a German Artist"). Burmeister, again (a well-known name, and one we ought to have mentioned before), has been in the Brazils and provinces of Rio de Janeiro; he, too, has been writing on natural history—*Reise nach Brasilien* ("Travels in the Brazils"). One A. Moritz went, in 1847 and 1851, among the fells and fiords of Norway, and, having something to tell about practical matters, publishes his book—*Tagebuch der Reisen in Norwegen* ("Journal of Travels in Norway"). Finally, Aurelio Buddens, a fine classical name, gets among lakes, glaciers, and perpetual snows, and writes instructively about *Schweizerland*—nature and humanity.

ITALY.

MODERN ITALIAN LITERATURE. (FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

Rome, June 10, 1854.

THE enterprising activity of the press at Turin may be considered one of the signs of revived national intellect resulting from the new institutions granted to the Piedmontese states. In the ranks of the bibliophilist profession there the most distinguished place, has been attained by the Pomba Company, whose various productions, either in collective series, or single works on a large scale in periodically issued numbers at moderate prices, have entitled them to the gratitude of the reading world in Italy. Their last edition of the "Universal History" of Cantu (whom Cesare Balbo has eulogised as "the last and best of Italian historic writers," and Gioberti as one of the gifted men who have set the example of a wise reformation in national literature, together with Balbo himself), an edition in nine volumes, subdivided each into from fifteen to eighteen numbers, issued twice a month, has placed that admirable work within the reach of many more purchasers than formerly. In their series called the "Nuova Biblioteca Popolare," the classics of various countries, those from foreign sources translated, have been judiciously selected and well got up in small 8vo. We may be surprised to see in its prospectus Shakspeare (of all writers perhaps the last to be appreciated or worthily rendered in Italy), whose "Teatro completo" fills seven volumes of prose translation by Carlo Rusconi, member of a noble family at Ravenna. Byron has been so fortunate as to find a poetic interpreter for this series; and Macaulay's history is the only other English work I perceive on the prospectus before me, till the appearance of a new classification, comprised within the series, in which the editors and publishers undertake to supply, under the general heading "Poligrafia," the most renowned Epic Poems in the Italian and other languages. The selection for this class, under subdivisions, they have thus announced:—RELIGIOUS EPOS.—Dante: *The Divine Comedy*.—Milton: *Paradise Lost*, version by Lazzaro Papi.—Erasmo di Valvasoni: *L'Angela*.—Klopstock: *The Messiah*, version by G. B. Cereseto. ROMANTIC OR HEROIC EPOS.—Pulci: *Il Morgante*.—Boiardo: *L'Orlando Innamorato*, rewritten

(rifatto) by Berni.—Ariosto: *L'Orlando Furioso*.—Tassoni: *La Secchia Rapita*.—Fortignerri: *Il Ricardetto*. HISTORIC EPOS.—Tasso: *La Gerusalemme Liberata*.—Grossi: *I Lombardi alla prima Crociata*.—Camões: *The Lusiad*. As to the ancient epics, the Pomba editors add that they intend to give a series apart, selecting the best versions, if supported by the encouragement with which this classification in their *Bibliotheca* is received. As appropriate introduction to the poetic fields thus opened, has been published a treatise on the "History of the Epos in Italy," by Cereseto, the above-named translator of Klopstock (*Della Epopea in Italia considerata in relazione colla storia della civiltà*).—"The Epos in Italy considered in relation to the history of civilisation," being the development of a course of lectures read by the author to the Academy of Italian Philosophy at Genoa in 1852. The origin of that association is due to Count Mamiani, who, retiring to the Ligurian capital from the turmoils of an unfortunate political career and the calumnies of opponents more or less justly provoked, dedicated himself to the more tranquil and elevating pursuits in which his earlier progress had been illustrious, and founded this philosophic academy in 1850. Though filling but a small volume, the treatise of Cereseto may be commended for largeness of scope, and the abundance of subject-matter over which its criticism extends; still more for the freshness of ideas and enthusiasm of feeling the author brings to the analysis of the poetic creations, whose circle is indeed much more enlarged by him than his title-page promises. He regards the heroes of epic poetry from that point of view which imparts to them the highest as well as most real interest, that is, in their connection with the prevailing sentiments or dispositions of society in the age producing them. Writers of originality may be considered, even in their defects, the representatives of their epoch; and without this regard for the historic groundwork, how little do the brilliantly fantastic creations or endless adventures of the romantic epos speak to our feelings, coincide with the experiences or views of life's destiny that our circumstances have brought. Cereseto has carefully laboured to give distinctness to the great features of the social picture out of which the epic figures stand in relief; and this philosophic contemplation of the story of intellect in its reflection on the pages of verse constitutes the peculiar merit of his volume. In his preface he subscribes to the theory so strikingly worked out by Vico in the "Scienza Nuova"—namely, that through the story of the arts, and particularly that of poetry, may be traced the story of Humanity itself, because arts and letters are a natural product of increasing civilisation, which is reacted upon in turn by its intellectual offspring. The Italian Epos is considered by Cereseto in its relation to civilisation, commencing from the great fact of Christianity, or from what he defines, not unsuitably, "the second canto in the Epic of Humanity." "Christianity," he observes, "regarded as a source of literature, was, in respect to the past, the complement of the Mosaic epos; and, in respect to the future, the commencement of a new and greater one. In fact, as its legitimate patrimony, and by a potency peculiarly its own, it embraces and comprehends in itself ancient and modern history, the sorrows of the past and the hopes of the future." The idea that Christianity is a system too severe to admit adornments from the flowery fields of Parnassus, he rejects as utterly unworthy; and, by way of example among modern poets how the grandeur of the Sacred Epos has been fully apprehended, and the highest inspirations drawn from the Mosaic and Evangelic pages, he cites Milton and Klopstock, on whose two epics he dwells much at length, rather inclining to choose the latter than the former as the great poetic illustrator of Christianity. His appreciation of the "Paradise Lost" is, notwithstanding, that of a thoughtful mind, that directs itself by natural impulse to the beautiful, and rises above all petty dispositions of carping criticism. The age of Dante and the analysis of his great poem occupies, as may be expected, many pages in this volume; but the praises which have become little more than trite repetitions among the generality of Italian writers, are not all that these more suggestive pages afford on the subject. No one, before Dante, he argues, had conceived the idea of giving such immensity to the Epos; and no other nation can boast of a composition so vast as the "Divine Comedy." "With that grasp of intellect which enabled him to include within the limits of his work political questions and contemporary history, Dante aimed also at comprising therein the whole circle of science, and especially the doctrines restored by Christianity, not to say those entirely unknown anteriorly—poetically reproducing almost in its totality that scientific marvel, the 'Summa Theologica' of St. Thomas Aquinas. With an idea the most vast, he imagined the plan of including in the 'Commedia' (taking alarm neither at the greatness of the theme, nor the imperfectness of the nascent language, nor, finally, at the trammels of the poetic measure), besides the historic, all the doctrinal and scientific part; rather letting the latter precede the former, in the view that political questions were a derivation from rational principles, and that civil harmony would become more facile after arriving at the accord of science, and after comprehending the har-

mony of the universe, the image of which should be rendered in political institutions." Coming to the epoch of the Reformation, this author, with the sincerity of one who embraces in earnest the religion of his forefathers, opposing that movement, condemns the influences of Protestantism over poetry and art, as tending to chill, if not destroy. This sentence, however, he does not advance without qualification; and his own enthusiastic admiration for Milton, more especially for Klopstock, whom he exalts with praises rather too unmeasured to the height of literary apotheosis, seems to contradict the unfavourable inference. Some curious instances of moral opposition are given from the literary and ecclesiastical history of the 16th century. "It is evident (he observes of that period) that minds were then directed with ardour to the Holy Scriptures; these were studied and meditated over with constantly persevering care, so that minds and hearts were nourished by the sublime poetry their pages abundantly contain. Meantime in Italy the Cardinal Bembo was writing to Sadoleto (then engaged in preparing a Glossary to the Epistle to the Romans), that it was an unworthy act for a great genius to consume itself upon such trivialities. Pope Leo, in his Ciceronian briefs, was invoking in testimony the immortal gods of Marcus Tullius; and the above-named Bembo, as more recently the Jesuit Maffei, either would not recite, or would only recite in Greek, his Breviary, to avoid corrupting his phraseology by the barbarous Latin of the Bible! Miserable man! and in the mean time, in the name of that Bible, the people were rebelling; and Italy, after her classic intoxication, was roused at the feet of the death-struck altars of the Olympic Jove, because the sacred height of Golgotha had been transmuted into an arena of combatants!" To explain the poetry and art of the sixteenth century, the Middle Ages are necessary. Nature does not advance by strides, and what appears in the physical, holds good alike in the moral and aesthetic order. It is the sense of this connection between the past and present, the antique and modern, which invests with significance the most extravagant forms of the ideal, the most fantastic pictures of society, even the aberrations of superstition, in this intellectual offspring of ages gone by. This principle is kept constantly in view, and sometimes strikingly illustrated by the author before me. With the epoch of Charlemagne he considers that the work of re-edification, properly so called, in the order of the intellectual world, began to be affected by Christianity, when its great negative action had been accomplished in the destruction of Paganism, and of the Roman Empire, undermined by indirect influences to its fall (an achievement which, in opposition to Gibbon, he vindicates as the especial glory of the divine religion). The Romantic Epos in Italy, including all its emanations of any celebrity, he analyses with much acumen and discriminating appreciation. This section of the work is most satisfying, because we feel that even an Italian author capable of translating Klopstock with vigorous fidelity is more at home, more alive to the beauties of individual poetic creations, apart from metaphysical generalities, when the genius of his native literature is to be considered. The comparison between Ariosto and Tasso is admirably drawn. "Ariosto is more original, Tasso more sober: the poetry of the former resembles the smile of joyous youth, ever gay and often thoughtless; that of the latter is serious as a man who has suffered much, wept often, and rarely found joy's sunshine in a clear and cloudless sky. In the first we are pleased by that playfully malicious *insouciance* (incurance), which seeks everywhere for occasion of gladness—that childish restlessness which ever impels to follow in the trace of the new, as the bee goes sporting from flower to flower; in the second we are touched by that vein of tenderness and melancholy, that habitual severity, which tempers the exuberance of joy by the thought of human sufferings. The character of Ariosto appears depicted in Astolfo; that of Tasso in the generous Tancredi. But whatever may be the merits and defects of each, our judgment will hardly confirm that of cotemporaries who saluted Ariosto by the name of Ferrarese Homer, and offered to the author of 'Jerusalem Delivered,' the crown of Virgil." In the "Morgante" of Pulci is introduced a subordinate character of ribald scepticism, perhaps the earliest instance in modern poetry of the type afterwards brought to more consistency of diabolic accomplishments, in the Mephistopheles. After citing the profession of sensual and purely negative infidelity, placed in the mouth of this cynic buffoon, Cereseto takes occasion for the following animadversion on the poetry of more recent days and other tongues. "From that magnanimous and believing epoch of chivalry, from that terrible but civilised sway of the communes, we have arrived at the court of the Medici, at the revels of those festive boards where presently we shall see Aretino permitted to take his place between the Pope and the Emperor—and this may render probable such an example as Pulci gives in his Margutte. Nevertheless, however revolting may be such a profession of faith as that quoted, we have yet to traverse a wide space before arriving at that moribund tranquillity, that pallid negation of truth which neither fears the evil nor can find the good, whose offspring has been the Mephistopheles of Göthe—the Lucifer, Don Juan, and Manfred of Byron. The Margutte of

Palei disgusts, the Harold and Manfred terrify us; the former is a creation which, by its own superlative depravity, impels us to rush with joy towards the light of virtue; the latter extinguish our life, and cause to wither away every noble aspiration of the soul before passing the lips. In these diverse protagonists we have the story and portraiture of the various epochs of society, as well in the good as the evil. Art, to him that can read in it, is a symbolic story—often, we might rather say almost always, less fallacious than history, properly so called." Subsequently we find in this volume further remarks on Byron that may be read with interest, as those of intelligent strangers on our own literature or manners usually are. If too unqualified in severity against the author of "Childe Harold," the criticisms of Cereseto are just as regards the prevailing moral tendency, or rather the philosophy of hopeless cynicism, that forms the bane of all save those brightly exceptional episodes, happily not rarely found, in our great poet's works. Most just is the following antithesis:—"Dante is the poet of life and civilisation; Byron that of death and of decadence. Moreover, such poetry as that of Byron, inspired by a philosophy without faith or fecundity, was tolerable as long as elaborated by him whose genius was indeed colossal; but, in the hands of his imitators, has become far more ridiculous than the rhyming diffuseness of the Petrarchists."

The proposition of Manzoni, that epic poetry is no longer required by the mind of the age, is combated, and with ability, in these pages; and the author finally propounds his idea of the subject suitable for a modern epic, to include all that is highest in the aspiration, sublimity in the faith, of our times. Every social tendency and visionary striving after perfection, after reform in the moral or political order, would he have the poet recognise and correspond to—neither drawing inspiration exclusively from the principles of religion nor sentiments of patriotism, but embracing all great moral facts and spiritual anticipations in one harmonised picture. His theory is eloquently defended and originally conceived, but its accomplishment would require a power of comprehension, a marvellously sustained energy of imagination, beyond anything yet exemplified in verse. "If," he adds,

summing up his suggestions for the great undertaking, "if any were to object that all these elements of which I reason, would be of service only for an epopee whose foundation should be laid in the future, I might answer that none could desire to impede him (the poet) from discovering, and regarding as certain and present, the consequences of this ferment agitating the generations of our time. It may be remembered that, in speaking of the fountain-heads of the Christian Epopee, I have shown it surpassed every other in wealth, seeing that Christianity embraces in itself the story of the past and that of the future, till the consummation of time. The Bible is the book of all ages, because, by a unique privilege, able to conduct us from the cradle of the world to that final day when the earth and heavens shall be renewed. The Genesis and Apocalypse are the first and last canto in the poem of Humanity. Let the first idyl, that celebrates the nativity of man, be entrusted to a believing poet, and the result shall be a poem whose name shall be 'Paradise Lost.' Let the potent fantasy of another contemplate on his part and bring to maturity the last chapters of the Gospel, and presently we shall see them transformed into the twenty cantos of Klopstock's 'Messiah.' Consent that Dante is to conduct us with him through the realms of the world to come, and upon the doctrines of Christianity he will raise a fabric comprising the whole history of humanity in the three cantos of the 'Divine Comedy.' Thus, in his turn, let my poet contemplate in long abstraction that final drama of the Apocalypse—let him collect around those data of infinite fecundity, the doctrines, the fortunate achievements, and unsuccessful attempts of the present age—and then we may salute in him the poet of social regeneration." One might have despaired of the appearance of any champion in so vast an arena to cope with the difficulties of so stupendous an undertaking; yet thought cannot suggest what genius will not be ready, sooner or later, to attempt; and scarcely had the proof-sheets of the "Epopea in Italia" been corrected than an aspiring poet in Florence actually announced, producing at the same time an earnest in fragmentary relation to the great whole, an Epopee whose argument promises to answer fully to the apparently unattainable ideal of Cereseto. Prati (the author)

assumes as the somewhat startling title of his forthcoming performance, "Deity and Humanity" (*Dio e l'Humanità*), and now publishes "The Battle of Himera" (*La Battaglia di Imera*), as only one of the fifty-four cantos to be comprised in his ambitious work, conceived with the object of passing in review the entire history of man. "To anticipate," thus does the Tuscan poet express himself, "the interrogations of schools and rhetoricians, the author believes he may declare that the law of unity in this Epopee, from the intimate nature of the subject itself, is—Deity; a law simple and supreme. And the protagonist in it will be—Humanity; a protagonist true, admirable, and ever various. The episodes will be each of the cantos—episodes connected by an order the most spontaneous, and intrinsically allied to the total, or rather each, an indispensably necessary part of it. The scope will be, the benefit of our fellow-creatures—a scope for which it is glory and delight to consume even our existence." The lyric poems of Prati unquestionably evince power of imagination, refined sensibility, and superior attainment in the art of metrical expression; but his ability to accomplish this magnificent promise may fairly be doubted. What, indeed, could be the results, even with the finest poetic treatment, than a vast concatenation of historical epics, which, if not absolutely without sequence or connection, would amount to nothing else than a versification of universal history? The strictures of Cereseto on the hazardous nature and theory of this undertaking are judicious, though not likely to satisfy the self-confiding and certainly high-minded adventurer who thus boldly starts on his ascent to a loftier peak of Parnassus than any bard has yet reached. "It may be true," observes the former, with further quotation from the boldly original preface of Prati, "that 'a servile and tedious pedagogy, which, with its bundle of definitions, partitions, classifications, citations, methods, canons, criterions, and rules, would curb and school the human mind, can only have the effect of macerating, tormenting, sickening, and oppressing it'; but it is most true also that there is a line and level by which critics will have right to measure his work, and the fifty-four episodes of the new poem *Dio e l'Humanità*."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY.

THE AMMONIA CONTAINED IN THE ATMOSPHERE.—It is much to be doubted whether any of the chemical investigations of the last two or three years exceed in interest, and the extensive bearing they must henceforth exercise on questions involving the theory and practice of Agricultural Chemistry, than the series of experiments made by MM. Barral and Boussingault on the foreign bodies present in rain; and also those of atmospheric origin, met with in river and well-water. The results obtained by M. Barral, which will be found *in extenso* in the *Cronica* for Jan. 7, 1853, were of a most startling nature; showing us that the fertilising properties of rain depended not only on the refreshing and necessary moisture thereby afforded to the plant, but that rain was the great agent in distributing the most stimulating of fertilisers, to wit, matters rich in nitrogen, indispensable in producing those tissues of the plant which are ultimately the flesh-formers of the animal.

The quantities of these nitrogenous fertilisers were also enormous, amounting, on the limited data on which calculations could be founded, to several hundred thousand tons of nitric acid and ammonia, spread over an area equal to that of this island every year by the rain—quantities probably actually exceeding in weight, and certainly far more in efficiency, in the manner of distribution, the whole of the nitrogen contained in the manure of every kind used by the farmers of Great Britain.

Boussingault's researches on river-water, &c. (see *Cronica* of March 15), although wanting in interest when compared with the vast results deducible from Barral's investigations, yet throw much light on the causes of the advantages of irrigation to the agriculturist; proving them to be, as with rain before mentioned, dependent not simply on the water, but also on the pabulum of a highly-stimulating and nutritive nature thereby conveyed to the plant. Whether impelled by the example and valuable results of these investigations or not, a third Frenchman, M. Isidore Pierre, has devoted himself to another branch of the same subject, that of the amount of ammonia present in atmospheric air; and although this gentleman is not the first experimentalist who has pursued this track of research, he appears to have excelled his predecessors in the number, the magnitude, and the precautions requisite to insure accuracy, of his experiments; which consequently claim and receive at our hands an estimate of value greatly surpassing those previously made; and this the more,

that several most marked apparent discrepancies exist in many of these observations, giving us thereby an assurance of the rigid honesty of the experimenter in not finding more or less than was actually weighed and measured.

These experiments were all made at Caen at a spot to the N. W., exposed to wind, and just outside the town; the first series having been continued for a period of 118 days from Dec. 1851 to April 1852, on about 600 gallons of air. From these determinations it results, that during this period (winter), the average amount of ammonia contained in the atmosphere was nearly 8-50-millionths of its weight.

The second series of experiments was made at the same spot and partly during the summer-time; extending over 169 days, at various hours, from May 15 1852 to April 1, 1853. The quantity of air operated upon was greater than in the first series of experiments, amounting to nearly 900 gallons. To the details of these experiments are added tables of the days and hours when the air was collected for examination, the state of the weather as regarded rain, snow, fog, as well as the direction of the wind; details useless to recapitulate in this abstract. The amount of ammonia was determined by passing the measured quantity of air slowly through an arrangement of tubes and bulbs, as in the usual modes of organic analysis; these bulbs being charged with diluted hydrochloric acid, instead of solution of potash, this acid, of course, absorbing the ammonia of the portion of atmospheric air passed through it. To this acid liquor was then added a small quantity of chloride of platinum, and the whole was evaporated to dryness with proper precaution; the ammonio-chloride of platinum obtained was now reduced to the metallic state, from the weight of which was calculated the amount of ammonia in the air under examination, the results being carefully corrected for the ammonia present in the reagents employed; a mode of examination the most accurate and certain known.

These experiments yield us results greatly differing from those of the former series; the mean quantity of ammonia contained in the atmosphere examined during these 169 days amounting to but half a millionth of its weight; which is but one-seventh of the amount obtained in the first series.

Considering that organic matters decay more rapidly during the summer than during the winter, and consequently that more ammonia must escape into the air during warm weather than when it is cold, it would have been anticipated that the amount of the ammoniacal contents of the atmosphere would have been greater during summer than during winter; and

that these two series of experiments would have yielded results directly opposed to the actual ones. True, in the second series, the air was taken in a more exposed situation, and further from the earth's surface, than during the first experiments, and more rain fell during the second series of observations; but these slight alterations of the experimental conditions are insufficient to account for the enormous difference in the results.

But one rational hypothesis then remains; and, as this is in accordance with all our previous knowledge of the mode in which vegetables form their nitrogenous tissues, it deserves at least provisional acceptance. In the first series, the period of experiment was confined exclusively to the winter months, when the earth is bare of foliage and growing crops; whilst in the second series, a portion of the air examined was taken during the spring, summer, and early autumn months, when the powers of vegetation are exerted in their fullest energy in the absorption and assimilation of all the pabulum fit for the growth of plants, whether they find it in the soil or in the air; so that, in spite of a probable augmentation of the ammonia, liberated from various sources, and mixing with the air during warm weather, the secretive force, and indeed the secretive surface also, of the vegetable kingdom is augmented in a far greater proportion, absorbing the ammonia of the atmosphere as rapidly as it is produced, since it comes in contact with that powerful decomposing apparatus—a green leaf; consequently, during summer, the ammoniacal constants of the atmosphere are at a minimum. To establish this hypothesis on the solid foundation of fact, requires many and repeated experiments at different seasons, at various elevations above the earth's surface, at different localities, where vegetation is sparse, and also where it is rank; experiments sometimes to be made simultaneously, at other times at known intervals. Such experiments are far too arduous in their nature to be undertaken by men who make the study and practice of chemistry their profession and means of livelihood; the sacrifice of time necessarily involved being enormous; and yet these are investigations demanding a practised manipulator to insure accurate and reliable results. A complete investigation of the atmosphere and rain in large masses, collected during various seasons, and in different localities, and under the frequently varying meteorological conditions, is an object having well-grounded claims for a considerable grant of money, extending over a series of years, from such societies as the British Association, or the Royal Society of Agriculture; they taking care that a qualified and conscientious man is chosen to carry out such a

series of observations, which could not fail to have an important practical bearing upon agriculture.

METEOROLOGY.

STORM-CLOUDS.—Mr. J. A. Hingeston, of Brighton, has given, in the *Association Medical Journal*, a capital description and explanation of the most striking phenomena exhibited by the large white-headed cumuli which occasionally collect in clear bright days, looking like snow-capped mountains in the distance, and of which, during many days about the end of last month, we had such magnificent examples.

These beautiful clouds are rotary electrical storms, gyrating from left to right, a circular movement which may be readily perceived if they be carefully watched. The central portion, around which these clouds rotate, is in a state of calm, whilst the wind blows briskly round from left to right. When rain or hail falls, it is around the circle; sometimes lightning flashes across it. During the passage of one of these storms along the horizon of the sea, says Mr. Hingeston, I have seen the lightning drop from one of its termini, and, at the same moment, the counter-stroke ascend from the sea to the clouds at its opposite extremity. In the intermediate space, beneath a magnificent dome of clouds, brilliant coruscations of electricity dart both ways from the oppositely electrified masses. These clouds not only form rotating storms in themselves, turning from left to right; but also move in a straight line in the direction of the prevailing wind, which, when these clouds are seen, is generally, but not always, S. S. W. In distant and opposite parts of the horizon other masses of similar cumuli may be observed, each mass distinct from another, the intervening sky being singularly blue and clear. The whole prospect, both on sea and land, during the prevalence of these storm-clouds, is strikingly distinct; its various outlines being sharply defined, and the whole vivid with colour. Several of these gyratory storms, marshalled in a vast circular array, march on in alternate spaces, rolling around a circumference comprising an area of some fifty to one hundred square miles, the central portion of which enjoys a bright delicious calm.

At the approach of one of these masses, the mercury both of the barometer and thermometer falls, but rises again as soon as it departs; for the most part the barometer stands at "change." During the passage of these cumuli a sultry oppressive sensation is felt, which is usually succeeded by chilliness in the intervals. These storm-clouds generally occur from May to September. Their vertical height is very great, this observer inclining to regard them as exceeding, at times, three miles in thickness. At their approach the air is negatively electric, and positively so when they have passed over. This gentleman regards the atmospheric conditions subsequent to these storm-clouds as very conducive to health, and fairly enough points to the general revival and briskness both of plants and animals, and the brightness and freshness of all around us during the intervals, and when they have passed. Going even further than this, he asserts that the air is then directly antagonistic to disease—people in a weakly state experiencing a favourable reaction towards health and strength; and that even the stroke of death is oftentimes arrested for a few hours under these vivifying atmospheric influences.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

PHYSICS.

RIFLE-BULLETS AND THEIR VELOCITIES.—Whether apparently only, or in reality, journals almost exclusively devoted to matters of abstract science manifest signs, that the influence of the pervading interest of war extends even to the study of the physicist and mathematician. Whether stimulated by outward events or no, the Rev. S. Haughton, of Dublin, has communicated to the *Philosophical Magazine* an account of some experiments made by him, assisted in the mechanical arrangements by Mr. J. Harris, of the same city, in order to determine the respective velocities of the common rifle-bullets, and to endeavour to ascertain the reason of the alleged inferiority of the belted spherical bullet used with the two-grooved rifles, as compared with various elongated bullets.

The guns and balls made use of and compared in the trials were:—1. The two-grooved, or Brunswick rifle, tested with a Minié bullet provided with two projections corresponding to the grooves of the rifle, without "culot," and weighing 697 grs.; a sugar-loaf bullet, fired point foremost, weight 669.75 grs.; a belted spherical bullet, weight 482 grs.

2. The regulation Minié rifle, used with the regulation Minié bullet, with "culot," and weighing 744 grs.

3. Police carbine (Ireland), with spherical bullet, weight 391 grs.

The same weight of the best gunpowder (40 grs.) was employed with each gun and each description of bullet.

To render an account of the details of these experiments, and the formula by which the results were reduced to one common standard of comparison, is unnecessary in this journal, the results being sufficient for our purpose—which afford a satisfactory proof that the velocity with which a bullet is propelled from a rifle by a given weight of powder, depends mainly on the weight of the bullet and the length of the barrel, the velocity varying inversely as the square-root of the

former, and directly as the square-root of the latter. The calculated and experimental results were singularly close in the case of the rifles; but the velocity obtained with the police carbine proves, as might be expected, that the force of the powder is much greater with the smooth bore than in the rifle.

To the above general results, obtained by Mr. Haughton, may be added the following useful special ones. First, that of the bullets and guns compared, the superiority rests with the regulation Minié rifle and bullet; a given amount of powder impelling this bullet from this weapon more swiftly than in any other instance. Secondly, that the quantity of motion imparted to the belted bullet, fired from the two-groove rifle, is less than that acquired by the other rifle bullets tried; and, consequently, that the belted bullet is, by far, the worst figure experimented upon.

This gentleman concludes his memoir by suggesting that the large stock of the two-groove (Brunswick) rifles used in our rifle corps, might be made as efficient as the regulation Minié rifles, by adapting to them a bullet of the proper weight, shaped like the Minié bullet, provided with two wings at the side to fit the grooves of the rifle, and used with or without the iron "culot." The weight of the ball to be used with these rifles, to place them on an equality with the Minié regulation rifle, is estimated at 967 grs. or 7½ balls to the pound—a most fearful weight, and likely to prove fatal to this otherwise excellent suggestion; for, although these balls made to fit the bore of the Brunswick rifle, and provided with the requisite projections or wings to fit the grooves, might prove as efficient in service as the Minié bullet fired from the regulation Minié rifle of 39 inches long, yet the increase of weight, seven bullets weighing as much as ten of the Minié, and thus adding so considerably to the weight the rifleman must carry, renders the adoption of this suggestion by the authorities a measure of somewhat questionable wisdom, however admirable for an emergency.

HERMES.

DECIMAL COINAGE.

At two recent meetings of Institute of Actuaries, the decimal coinage question came under discussion. It appears that no less than eight different plans of carrying into effect the decimalisation of the coinage have been proposed, differing in the unit recommended for adoption. The various units proposed are, the pound, the ten shillings or ducat, the dollar (4s. 2d.), the florin, the shilling, the franc, the penny, and the farthing. The farthing, penny, shilling, and ten shilling units, found advocates among the speakers; but the preponderance of opinion was in favour of the retention of the pound sterling as the unit. This is the plan recommended by the Parliamentary committee, which has reported on the subject. Money accounts might be decimalised at once without the immediate necessity of a new coinage, by proclaiming the farthing to be one mil, that is, the one-thousandth part of a pound, the halfpenny, two mils, the small penny four mils, and the large rimmed penny five mils. The shilling would then be equal to fifty mils, the sixpence to twenty-five mils, the fourpenny and threepenny pieces might be sixteen and twelve mils respectively. As the sixpence at present equals twenty-four farthings, and the shilling forty-eight farthings, in every case under the new system, where change was to be given for sixpence, an additional farthing, or mil, would have to be added; in change for a shilling, an additional halfpenny, or two mils. This would be all the practical difference which the proposed alteration would cause in the every-day transactions of the masses, who are most concerned with the copper coinage; and there would be little difficulty in making them understand the fact, more agreeable in appearance than in reality, that their shillings had increased in value by one halfpenny, their sixpences by a farthing, and their broad-rimmed penny pieces by the same sum. This fact once established by law, all who keep accounts might forthwith express them at once in decimals, of which the places or digits, with the exception of one, would correspond with coins of the realm. Thus, £1.345 would express one pound, three florins, and forty-five mils, or farthings. The second decimal place would have no corresponding coin. If we had a coin equal to one-hundredth part of a pound, called a cent, the above figures would then be read one pound, three florins, four cents, and five mils. But there is no necessity for any such coin as a cent, inasmuch as forty-five mils is quite as easy to count as four cents and five mils, people generally being sufficiently familiar with the numbers from 1 to 100. The cent might be coined hereafter, if a want were felt of a coin of that denomination. But probably such a piece of money would be found very inconvenient; its value would be very nearly twopence-halfpenny, and if in copper it would be too large and heavy, or if in silver, too small.

No other plan seems open to so few exceptions as the above. The resolution came to by the Institute, and unanimously carried, was as follows:—"That this meeting is of opinion that the plan recommended by the Decimal Coinage Committee of 1853 is the best that can be proposed; and that the council be requested to prepare a petition to Parliament, urging the adoption of the plan, with a recommendation for

the issue of four-mil pieces, as necessary for the protection of the interests of the poorer classes." The conversion of the penny into a four mil piece, as suggested above, would, we should imagine, obviate the necessity of any fresh issue, and avoid much puzzle and confusion.

The Committee of the Council of Education have lately issued a circular to the inspectors of schools, suggesting the propriety of calling the attention of the principals of training schools to the importance of cultivating among the students a practical knowledge of decimals. This hint will doubtless be attended to, and be productive of beneficial results. It is stated that the strongest objection urged against the change is, that it would create misapprehension and distrust in the minds of the people. Doubtless these dangers are much exaggerated; but there is some fear lest confusion and error should be introduced by careless and unskillful publications, professing to explain the new system, but which may possibly mystify instead of enlightening. A set of decimal money-tables, published by Tallant and Allen, has come under our notice, which is so constructed as to mislead an inexperienced person in the most mischievous way. A table is given, professing "to enable any one to convert, at sight, English money into decimal money, without any immediate change of the present coin of the realm." The compounder of this table has fallen into the absurd blunder of taking an imaginary coin of the value of twenty shillings and tenpence, or 1000 farthings, for his unit. This amounts to nearly the same thing as assuming a farthing of the present value as the unit, an assumption which could be of no service without a recognition of the whole of our gold and silver money. The table is worse than useless—it is calculated to mislead and confuse in the highest degree. For instance, according to this writer's scheme, £9.999 represents 10l. 0s. 94d., where the decimal places .999 are not tenths, hundredths, and thousandths of a pound, but of twenty shillings and tenpence, than which mode of representation nothing can be more awkward, while it is subversive of the very principles upon which our notation is founded. A table giving the proximate value of all sums, from one farthing to nineteen shillings and eleven pence three farthings, in decimals of a pound, is what is really required, and would, no doubt, be found very serviceable.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Clinical Lectures on Paralysis, Disease of the Brain, and other Affections of the Nervous System. By ROBERT BENTLEY TODD, M.D., F.R.S., Physician to King's College Hospital.—Clinical lectures, as such, derive a great deal of their value from the circumstances under which they are delivered; the presence of the patient (either before the class, or in a neighbouring ward of the hospital, where his case can be examined and watched by the student) adds much not only to the interest of the subject, but conveys instruction which could not otherwise be imparted, on the simple principle that the senses of sight and of touch are then called in to aid in the work of learning; and what is seen and felt is better understood, as well as better remembered, than what is merely heard or read of. In this volume we have, however, what in some degree compensates for lack of oral, visible, and tangible illustration, namely, a truly graphic portrait of disease, sketched by the hand of a master, familiar with the subject. The nervous system often proves an enigma in disease, which cannot be solved without much skill and experience. Paralysis depending upon organic mischief in the brain is often mistaken for a local affection; and the same malady has been treated for cerebral disease, when it was the effect of local injury or cold. And the remote, as well as the proximate cause of nervous disorders, is often obscure. As an illustration of the truth of this, and as presenting a valuable and practical comment on its importance, we may refer the reader to Dr. Todd's 4th lecture, "On a Case of Paralysis of the Face, dependent on loss of power of the facial nerve (portio dura of the seventh pair)." Dr. Todd thus admonishes his pupils:—"As every form of palsy has a formidable appearance, and is apt to create much alarm in the minds of the patient and his friends, and as this is particularly the case when the face is affected, and the more so in proportion to the greater distortion of the countenance, I advise you to make yourselves well acquainted with the various kinds of palsy that affect the face. The alarm which a loss of power on one side of the face, and a distortion of the balance of the features, occasion to the patients or their friends, is very great—and naturally so. Paralysis is a formidable symptom; and on its first appearance it is apt to be looked upon as a sign of the break-up of the patient's constitution—an indication that his doom is sealed. It is very important that, under such circumstances, the medical attendant should display a perfect acquaintance with the real state of the case, and be able to allay the patient's or his friends' fears, when it is possible to do so. As in the generality of

palsies, such as the patient now in the hospital suffers from, you may give with confidence, at least as regards the patient's life, a favourable prognosis, you ought to possess a thorough knowledge of the signs and the symptoms of this malady, so as to enable you to recognise it readily and with certainty whenever it comes before you." (p. 57.) The care with which the author has alluded to the real nature of these cases is the more to his credit, because, comparatively few authors have made the distinction with sufficient clearness. Sir Charles Bell was the first who pointed out the local nature and origin of this kind of palsy, proving that the disorder was confined to the parts supplied by the portio dura of the seventh pair of nerves, and that the branches of the fifth pair were not implicated. The muscles paralysed in this affection are superficial, and they all act, more or less, in giving that varied expression to the features which is peculiar to the human race; and as the muscles on one side only are usually affected in this disease, there is a frightful distortion of the features, the two sides of the face often expressing very opposite passions. Mr. Harvey has explained the nature of the affection in a very intelligible way. He attributes the palsy of these muscles to cold or rheumatism in the first instance. He says, "With regard to the seventh nerve, it has to travel through a narrow and tortuous bony canal, ending at the stylo-mastoid opening, in company with a little artery which enters at the point at which the nerve leaves the cranium. Here, again, any increased vascularity, or any cause (as cold) producing rheumatic or other inflammation of the fibrous sheath of the nerve, gives rise to swelling; and, in consequence, to firm pressure upon the trunk of the nerve, and to subsequent paralysis."* We cannot find room for an analysis of Dr. Todd's work; but what we have alluded to above is only a sample of the care and diligence with which the subject is investigated. The lectures embrace many forms and manifestations of cerebral lesion, and may be regarded as an important contribution to this branch of pathology.

Vertigo: a paper read to the North London Medical Society, April 12, 1854.—By J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, M.D., London University Medical Scholar. This is a learned essay of great practical value, on another of those common morbid affections of the nervous system, which are often veiled in obscurity, and on which too much inquiry cannot be bestowed. In the popular mind, vertigo generally creates alarm, oftentimes without any good foundation. Yet there is no truth in the assertion of Boerhaave that "vertigo est omnium morborum capitis levisimus et facillime curabilis." On the contrary, it is, in some instances, a symptom of serious organic mischief. Dr. Reynolds uses the term as the expression of two classes of phenomena. In one of these the vertigo is a reality, in the other it is not. In the first there are vertiginous movements; in the second, vertiginous sensations; and he considers that the latter may be most readily understood by an examination of the former. He then proceeds to give an historical sketch of its development, and expounds the present state of our knowledge of the nature and causation of rotatory movement, the principal phenomena of vertiginous sensations, and the relation which subsists between the two. Then follow allusions to ancient writings, and quotations from Bonetus and Nicholas Reuten in the seventeenth century, and several French and German writers of later date, Peyer, Humboldt, Serres, Flourens, Cuvier, Magendie, Müller, Prochaska, Romberg, and many others, not overlooking the high British authorities, Darwin, Heberden, Hall, Mayo, Sir Charles Bell, Wilson Philip, Sir H. Holland, Carpenter, &c. In the course of the treatise some very curious facts and experiments upon animals are detailed, which serve at least as starting points, from which the author hopes at some future time to arrive at more mature results. At present, he concludes that "the causes and intimate pathology of this symptom are so varied, that its treatment can only be accidentally successful, until guided by an accurate diagnosis." This is, indeed, but a very humbling conclusion, after so much labour and research. But the march of true science, if slow, is steady and certain, and stands in stern contrast with the modern pseudo-discoveries which so much engage the attention of the popular mind. Dr. Reynolds deserves the thanks of the profession.

On the Decline and Restoration of the General Health; in a series of Essays. No. I. Debility of the Skin, Paths, and Bathing. By E. WEST PIGGOTT, M.A., M.D., Cantab. &c. &c.—Although we cannot charge the author of this little book with ignorance, we are by no means disposed to award to this sample of his "Essays" our cordial approbation. It is pretty writing on a popular subject, too evidently intended not to enlighten the profession, but to benefit the author and the publisher. The directions for bathing are for the most part good; but we doubt much whether the public will derive any benefit from them. Common-sense is a good guide for bathing, so long as the bather is in good health, and bathes only for cleanliness or amusement; but the case is very different with the invalid who uses baths for the restoration of his health, as here he must proceed

differently in different cases, according to the state of his health and strength, and should act under the special direction of his medical adviser. The bathing-book is of no use to him. Baths, like medicines, diet, and all other curative means, are only good when used with such knowledge and discrimination as can never be obtained from popular treatises, because it is the result of a deep and practical acquaintance with an intricate and difficult science.

Practical Observations on Mental and Nervous Disorders. By ALFRED BEAUMONT MADDOCK, M.D., formerly resident Physician and Proprietor of the Lunatic Asylum, West Malling, Kent, &c.—A most worthless book, evidently written by a very ignorant man. If this sentence should seem too harsh, the following extract will throw some light upon it:—"The prevalence of this class of affections is greater than will be conceived, and is likely to be perpetuated, while the exclusive system of education in which our youth is nurtured continues to be adopted by those under whose regulation such matters are carried out, and while the laws which regulate physical organisation, and the causes which produce either health or disease, form no part of the curriculum of study. . . . No extent of classical learning, mathematical acumen, or speculative knowledge, can compensate for a practical ignorance of the laws of health—those laws by which the well-being of society is perpetuated, which lay the very foundations of all merit, morally and intellectually (!)—consequently of all that is truly estimable and desirable in life." (p. 185.)

Our Medical Liberties; or, the Personal Rights of the Subject, as infringed by recent and proposed Legislation; comprising Observations on the Compulsory Vaccination Act, the Medical Registration and Reform Bills, and the Maine Law. By JOHN GIBBS, Esq.—Although this pamphlet is any thing but temperate in its tone, deplorably incorrect in some of its statements, and extremely unfair and one-sided in its arguments, yet we are by no means disposed to quarrel with the author for agitating a question upon which, as we have always maintained, Parliament has somewhat too hastily legislated. As the subject deeply concerns the health and safety of the community, we shall take this opportunity of very briefly discussing its merits. And first we must, in all fairness, rebut the reproaches which Mr. Gibbs has ignorantly and most unjustly cast upon the medical profession in regard to the Vaccination Bill. The style in which he attacks this enlightened and respectable body reminds one of the aspersions of the quack. He talks of the Vaccination Bill as subverting the "selfish interests" of the profession, as gratifying "the avarice of grasping and usurping men." He asks: "who could receive with cordiality and respect the doctor of physic who should burglariously (sic) thunder at the door, armed with scab and lancet, feloniously threatening to assault the inmates therewith? and, no matter how loudly he should protest that he was bent upon a mission of mercy, who could avoid suspecting that his real objects were power and gain?" (p. 9.) This language is as weak as it is indecent. For, first, so far from the spread of vaccination subverting the interests of the profession, and gratifying the avarice of its members, it is notorious that the medical body is the only one (except the undertakers) who suffer in their pockets from the diffusion of the blessings of vaccination. If, therefore, this obnoxious Act had been the work of the profession, or if it had received the general sanction and encouragement of medical men, their object must have been other than that of "power and gain." But, secondly, the Vaccination Act did not emanate from the profession, but from Lord Lyttelton; and so far from its being generally sanctioned by the profession, it happened that, during its progress through Parliament, not only was there not one medical periodical, the pages of which did not abound with leading articles and letters from correspondents protesting against the provisions of the Bill, but numerous objections were sent to Lord Lyttelton from various quarters, as well as medical petitions presented to Parliament against it. The profession, therefore, are not responsible for this Bill, nor are they profited by it. A still more serious allegation is brought against the profession when Mr. Gibbs says, not only that "scarcely one, if one [medical man], has ever considered, or even thought of considering, the subject in all its bearings;" but that "they have never investigated it scientifically—that would be too great an intellectual fatigue." Verily, we fear it would be "too great an intellectual fatigue" for Mr. Gibbs to ascertain what the profession has done, particularly as, without effort, he appears to know intuitively what each individual member has thought. It is evident that he has never heard of the Epidemiological Society, nor of its small-pox committee, which for two long years laboured night and day, without fee or reward, to collect authentic information from every civilised country under heaven, on the statistical history, progress, and results of vaccination, and at length produced a document so full and so important that it was ordered by both Houses of Parliament to be printed.

So much for the "common sense and unadorned truth," by which terms, in the dedication of the work to Lord Waldegrave, the author has designated his violation of both. But, to do him justice, there are points in the discussion of the prin-

ciple of compulsion, and especially in his remarks on the details of the Act which are worthy of the attention of the Legislature—such as, for instance, the following:—"Avowedly meant to protect us from the risk of contagion, it (the Vaccination Extension Act) leaves us exposed to the yearly invasion of thousands of unvaccinated persons—our fellow-subjects from the sister kingdoms, children born abroad of British parents, and foreigners from many lands—from none of whom it demands a certificate of vaccination on landing upon our shores. Dare any Government enforce a demand for such a certificate, and, without it, is not the Act a farce?" We can assure Mr. Gibbs that these and many other difficulties and impediments to the working of this jejune and hasty piece of legislation have been well considered by the medical profession, who are quietly observing and reporting on these matters, with a view, after the Act has had two years' trial, to lay their suggestions before Government. Mr. Gibbs is not only ignorant of these things, but he has evidently formed his opinion of the profession and of its views on this matter from the opinions of writers in the *Lancet*. He might as well gather his opinion of the House of Commons from the character and tone of the lucubrations of the *Weekly Dispatch*. He talks of the want of unanimity of opinion on the subject of vaccination and other matters. We venture to say that there is no lack of unanimity in the great body of the profession respecting the great practical points of vaccination. Of course a writer in the *Lancet* must "differ" from his "brethren," or else he will have no case, nothing to say. But if Mr. Gibbs will take the trouble to examine the only authentic document which contains a particle of information on the subject, namely, the Report of the Small-pox and Vaccination Committee, printed by order of the House of Lords, and afterwards by the Commons, he will there find that substantial unanimity does exist in the profession, whatever newspaper writers may say to the contrary. There can be in the mind of an informed person no question about the general protection against small-pox afforded by vaccination, nor yet about the desirableness of the universal vaccination of a country, if it could be accomplished. And it is a fact that in those countries only where vaccination is made compulsory has small-pox become almost an unknown disease.

On the Physiology of the Tympanum; read before the Section of Physiology of the Medical Society of London. By GEORGE PILCHER, F.R.C.S. &c.—*On the Use of an Artificial Membrana Tympani, in Cases of Deafness dependent upon Perforation or Destruction of the Natural Organ.* By JOSEPH TOYNBEE, F.R.S. &c. Second edition.—The human ear is an organ which will find work for the researches of anatomists, physiologists, and surgeons for years to come; and it is even doubtful whether its minute and intricate mechanism, its mysterious physiology, and its morbid phenomena, will ever be so well understood as is the physiology and pathology of the eye. Still it cannot be said that in the present day the organ is neglected. Every few months the attention of the profession is called to something new. And the authors of these two pamphlets have now, not for the first time, published on the subject. In fact, they have both been engaged for several years in exploring the arcana of aural surgery; and yet so little is at present settled concerning the physiology of the tympanum, that these eminent aurists differ from each other as to the rudimentary question whether the tympanum be or ought to be a closed cavity or not. Mr. Pilcher is of opinion that the Eustachian tube is intended to regulate the density of the atmosphere within the tympanum so that it shall correspond with that without. He conceives that, whenever the tube is closed, there will be a deficiency of vibration in the membrane of the tympanum, on account of the difference of atmospheric pressure on either side. Mr. Toynbee thinks this tube is always closed except during the act of swallowing, and that consequently it ought to be, for the most part, and in order to the due vibration of the membrane, a closed cavity. The surgery of these gentlemen corresponds with their respective physiological views. Mr. Pilcher proposes opening the tympanum in certain cases of deafness; and for this purpose he urges the necessity of passing the Eustachian catheter. Mr. Toynbee is so anxious to close the tympanum, when the membrane is perforated or deficient, that he has invented an artificial membrane for that purpose. We do not say that both of these expedients are not necessary in some cases; for, in a normal state of the organ, the tube is pervious and the membrane entire. With regard to the physiological question, we can only commend these pamphlets to the examination of those who are interested in the subject.

ART AND ARTISTS.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

A SERIES of Drawings in Water-colours, from the private collection of pictures of the Queen and Prince Albert at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne, prepared for the purpose of being engraved for the "Royal Gallery of Art," is now open to public view at Messrs. Colnaghi's. They are very beautifully and artistically executed. The subjects, which are

* Harvey on Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgia of the Head and Ear.

chiefly of the modern masters, are most interesting; and even as works of art these drawings will well reward a visit. The work for which they are prepared will be one of the most magnificent of the enterprises of our time; and we recommend those who would see how much her Majesty and her royal Consort have done to patronise art to inspect this gallery of the pictures of which they have possessed themselves.

SHAKSPEARE PORTRAIT.

IN connexion with the subject of Shaksperian discoveries, treated elsewhere in this number of the CRITIC, we may pertinently allude to the extraordinary chromo-lithographic print recently published by Mr. Hogarth, from a picture, which there is satisfactory reason for regarding as a portrait of the great poet, taken by a cotemporary. For the evidence supporting this assumption, we deem it sufficient to refer to the printed particulars issued by Mr. Hogarth; while, independent of these, there is either a self-declaration on the face of the picture, or an intuitive recency on our own part, which is, perhaps, not less to be depended on. As a work of illusive imitation, it is wonderful, and Mr. Vincent Brooks has certainly achieved the most triumphant piece of *forgery* that ever confounded the semblance of a thing with the thing itself. Apart from the value of this print as a portrait of Shakspeare, it is most curious as the *fac simile* of an old painting, with the texture of its brush-handling, its cracked varnish, and time-affected colour. Mount the print on a piece of old canvass or wainscot, put it into a worm-eaten frame of the period, qualify its brightness with a little dingy amber and smoke, and it would "entrap the wisest."

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Institution in Pall Mall has opened its yearly exhibition of works of the Ancient Masters and of deceased painters of the English school; the collection is a very interesting one. Works of the Netherlandish schools are the most numerous; indeed, there is an unusual deficiency of the productions of the Italian school. No. 1 is Salvator Rosa's "Belisarius." There is a rather striking portrait of a "Venetian Lady," attributed to Giorgione; and it is worthy of remark that the face and expression resemble strikingly the Virgin in the large work attributed (not without dissentients) to Giorgione, lately introduced into the National Gallery. Works by Carlo Dolce, Albano, Guido, Sasso Ferrato, Tintoretto, are also to be found, and there is a Paul Veronese from the collection of Mr. Rogers. The most remarkable picture, however, is the Wellington Correggio, the duplicate of the small picture of "Our Saviour in the Garden," which has long hung in the National Gallery. The Duke of Wellington's picture is now however admitted to be the original, or at all events the finer work of the two. It was captured by the late Duke in Spain, being found in the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte; the victor restored it to the King of Spain, who however presented it to him again, and it now forms one of the principal treasures of Apsley House.

The Marquis of Bute is a liberal contributor, and several of the finest works here are from his collection. Among them "A Cockfight," by Jan Steen, is an admirable specimen of this painter's solid and brilliant execution. In the principal figures there is the greatest character and expression, though the laughing man verges on caricature. "Cattle and Figures on the Bank of a River," is a fine yellow-toned landscape by Cuyp, executed with much care. An admirable study of a "Cow's Head," by Berghem, No. 36, is from the collection of the Earl of Warwick. There are two capital sketches by Rubens, in his peculiar bold and free style: one is called "A Jewish Sacrifice," from Earl Spencer's collection; the other "A Triumphant Procession," from that of Mr. Rogers.

In portraiture, there are several fine works by Rubens and Vandyke, and a still choicer specimen of Dutch pre-eminence in this department, No. 50, by Vander Helst. Mignard's portrait of Molière is contributed by the Duke of Sutherland.

Teniers, A. Ostade, G. Douw, P. de Hooge, and Wouvermans, may all be studied here to advantage in several choice specimens. One gets to see with how comparatively small a stock of materials these artists worked. The same figures, the same dresses, objects, animated and still life, are perpetually reproduced in varied combinations. The same effects of colour, the same effects of finish, are also repeated, always with the same absolute vacuity of intrinsic interest in the thing or scene represented. Perhaps the high perfection to which these men brought their art may be attributed to this intense application of their power within a very narrow sphere of action. "Le petit Boudoir," by Greuze, is a charming bit of nature, reminding us somewhat of Landseer's "Naughty Boy." Greuze has here seized and transferred, with evident rapidity, to the canvass the face of a petulant child; his more carefully finished heads are much less effective than this genial little sketch.

Spagnoletto's "Witch" is a curious illustration of the ancient ideas in vogue concerning witches. A wild-looking hag is riding in a triumphal car drawn and attended by a variety of monsters.

The South Room is principally devoted to masters of the English School—Reynolds, of course, holding a foremost place. The portraits by him are not, however, amongst his best or most pleasing. The well-known "Puck," from Mr. Rogers's collection, is a feature in the room—but now, alas! much faded. Opposite to this hangs, in all its fresh brilliancy of colour, Etty's "World before the Flood." Flanking this are Martin's two great works, "Eve of the Deluge" and "The Fall of Babylon," colossal in design, and showing wonderful fertility in detail. They belong to no school, but stand alone as the production of a perfectly unique mind. "The Interior of a Convent," by Granet, is a wonderful bit of effect; perspective and strong contrasts of light being combined to produce illusion. The subject, however, is of little interest. A landscape by Gainsborough, No. 146, is very sweetly composed, full of nature and sweetness, and a charming specimen of the style of this true father of English landscape-painting. No. 154 is a very striking portrait by Sir H. Raeburn. Hogarth's "Southwark Fair" is sadly obscured. It would be interesting to know why this has happened to this particular picture, many of his other works, those in the National Gallery for instance, being in such fine preservation. Turner's "Landscape with Banditti" seems to be a hasty composition, and is also considerably obscured, whether by dirt or varnish we cannot say. Among the curiosities of the room we may mention "A Fair," by Gysels, remarkable for elaborate finish in the details.

We have hardly done more than glance at a few of the leading features of the Exhibition. Artist and amateur will find in it a rich mine of study. The number of works exhibited is 170.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

ON Friday, May 26, the last instalment of the artistic embellishment of the pedestal of Nelson Column was placed on the west side, facing Pall Mall. The subject represents Nelson receiving the sword of the commander of the *San Josef* in the action off St. Vincent. The massive plate representing the scene is of gun-metal, supplied by Government, and weighs five tons.—A collection of pictures has been purchased, on the part of the Government, from Herr Kruger, of Minden.—The Dutch part of the National Gallery will shortly be increased by the addition of some fine pictures bequeathed to the nation by the late Lord Colborne:—Two heads by Rembrandt, a small picture by Teniers, an exquisite Vandermeere, a Berghem, a Wynants, &c.; in short, all the *élite* of the deceased nobleman's collection. There is likewise Wilkie's powerful picture of "The Parish Beadle and the Vagrants."—Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., of Pall Mall, have on view some interesting drawings of Sevastopol, made by Lieut. Montague O'Reilly on the occasion of his visit to that fortress in H.M.S. *Retribution*.—Professor Waagen, the director of the picture gallery at the Royal Museum of Hamburg, has received an invitation from Prince Albert. It is surmised by the *Spectator* that he will make a long stay in England.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Peace: a Sacred Song. By W. R. BRAIN. London: Cramer and Co.

Nearer to Thee: a Hymn. By W. R. BRAIN. London: Cramer and Co.

The Adieu: Ballad. By MRS. T. BARRETT LENNARD. London: Julien and Co.

To Arms! Patriotic Song. Composed by STEPHEN GLOVER. London: Z. T. Purday.

Why do ye Fall so Fast? Duet. By CLARA A. SOANE. London: Shepherd.

MR. BRAIN is a talented and well-read musician; his song of *Peace* is graceful, lying within the compass of the voice, and is unaffectedly simple. A few such songs would go far to redeem the character of our musical taste.

Nearer to Thee, a hymn, by Mr. Brain, is not of the same talent as the above. We are sorry to condemn without some saving clause; but this hymn, although in a third edition, has no redeeming point.

It is very difficult to know how to treat ladies who try their hands at musical composition. Unfortunately, *The Adieu*, appears to be a very elementary work; and we should counsel Mrs. Lennard, when next she writes, to pay a professor to put her production into something like an intelligible shape.

Stephen Glover's song, *To Arms!* would invigorate the most apathetic being. It is a martial song, stirring, bold, and totally devoid of commonplace; but sufficiently easy to become popular. If Mr. Glover were to make a band arrangement of the same and send a few copies of it into the Black Sea, we have little doubt that it would prove so irresistible to the authorities there, that we should hear of no more delays in bringing the war to a successful and speedy close.

Herrick's beautiful lines to the blossoms, *Why do ye Fall so Fast?* have been elegantly set as a charming duet, by Miss Soane. The fair composer has felt the spirit of the words, and, in consequence, produced a duet for two sopranos which may challenge

comparison with the productions of the sterner sex. There is an easy grace in this composition that bespeaks Miss Soane to be no novice as a writer. The sentiment is pure and beautiful, the style of the music such as we could wish more often to see, and the melody catching; we shall be much surprised if this duet does not become a popular family-circle piece.

THE EUROPEAN PSALMIST.

DR. WESLEY has announced a new work, *The European Psalmist*; which is to be a *vade mecum* for parochial use, containing all the best English tunes, many foreign ones, and a selection from the 371 *Vierstimme Choralgesänge* of Bach. He will carefully revise and reharmonise some of the more barbaric tunes in popular use. The whole will be arranged for four voices, and, proceeding from an authority like Dr. Wesley, must command attention from all, and become the standard collection of those who revere the great principles of art in music. Such a work is much needed, and, with the time-honoured name of Wesley prefixed to it, will be sure to fill the void which has been so long felt by the lovers of Psalmody.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE approaching retirement of Miss Glyn from the stage is announced.—The case of *Lumley v. Gye* has at length been brought to a close, the rule for a new trial having been discharged.—The inauguration of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, will be celebrated by a grand musical performance in the presence of her Majesty, on an early day in September; Sir H. R. Bishop having been appointed as conductor on the occasion. On subsequent days cheap concerts will be given, for the purpose of exhibiting the powers of the huge organ in progress of erection there by Messrs. Willis.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY CIRCLES.

MR. ADAM WHITE, F.L.S., assistant at the British Museum, is preparing to publish by subscription an illustrated memorial of the poet of Rydal Mount, to be called "Wordsworth's Wildflowers." The work will be illustrated with four coloured engravings of groups of the flowers mentioned in Wordsworth's poems, an engraving of Rydal Mount, and a *facsimile* of the poet's autograph.—Mr. Woodbridge has announced a reissue of Montgomery's prose works, in a series of shilling volumes. The whole are being carefully revised by Mr. Montgomery, and "Woodbridge's Edition" is designed to remain as the standard edition of these valuable works. *Christianity; or, Christ our All in All*, complete in one volume, is announced for the 1st of July. The whole series will be complete in ten or twelve shilling volumes.—Scottish newspaper literature has received an accession in the shape of *The Northern Standard*, a weekly publication, issuing from the Edinburgh press. Its great aim is to advocate union between the Free and Established Churches. Mr. John Hope, W.S., is understood to be the principal proprietor, and the Rev. William Marshall, Free Church, Leith, the editor.—The Rev. James Smith, M.A., the editor of the *Family Herald*, is the author of "The Divine Drama of History and Civilisation," an elaborate exposition of the philosophy and facts of universal history.—The *Morning Chronicle* has been bought by Mr. Peto, the liberal representative of Norwich, and wealthy contractor, for 3000*l.* It is to be converted into an organ of the liberal evangelical dissenters.—We read that Col. Burton, of New York, is about to publish a work under the title "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," of which report has many piquant things to say.—The Messrs. Appleton are engaged on a new edition of Bryant's poems, to be printed under the supervision of the author, and to be illustrated in the finest style of modern art. They also have in preparation a less costly edition in two volumes.

The memoirs of the life of the late James Montgomery, of Sheffield, have been intrusted to John Holland and James Everett—the former of whom was known as a Sheffield litterateur, and one of the pleasantest of rural writers. The legacies bequeathed under the will of the late Mr. Montgomery to local charities are as follows:—Fulneck Moravian schools, 300*l.*; Moravian missions, 300*l.*; Sheffield Boys' charity school, 50*l.*; Girls' charity school, 50*l.*; the National schools, 50*l.*; the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor, 50*l.*; the Aged Female Society, 50*l.*; the Boys' Lancasterian school, 25*l.*; the Girls' Lancasterian school, 25*l.*; total 900*l.* All these legacies are to be paid in full, exempt from duty, and we understand that they are to be paid twelve months after the demise of the testator. The will was made twenty-seven years ago, namely, in the year 1827.—Captain Adolphus Slade (the Turkish Admiral) for several years resided in one of the sweetest villas at Gourcock, on the banks of the Clyde.—Two wine decanters, once the property of the Ettrick Shepherd, were brought under the hammer the other day by Mr. Thornburn of Galashiels. On account of their bardic pedigree, they fetched the sum of one guinea.

Lord Stanley has sent in his adhesion to the movement for the repeal of the stamp-duty on newspapers, in

a letter
Repeal
Insti-
meet-
Merc-
Place
The b-
need-
dollar
vollar
betwe-
vator
claus-
print-
blis-
litera-
to pu-
Beth-
Sothe-
prices
Frede-
Nelig-
Bolin-
writin-
holog-
dresse-
secure-
The E-
and, I-
by lit-
collect-
which
la Mo-
tower
the ob-
large
Societ-
open-
attend-
last y-
consist-
having
science
panded
of wor-
nume-
and a
human
buildin-
additi-
Severa-
which
The Lo-
have g-
articles
for the
tions a-
advisal-
been ex-
doubt
will be
filled
organis-
the Ex-
rally, a-
be ext-
by diff-
United
which
fional c-
The M-
have a
alarmin-
paper h-
offer of
of a ne-
effect of
reckless-
and oth-
mischie-
each sp-
nearly
be argu-
Taking
courtesy
reprint
set us a-
no prot-
States,
two pub-
DRAM
ROYAL
DRUG
St. J.
SURREY
PRINCE
ADELPH
DR. A.
MR. V.
THE ap-
the one
farewell
are attra-
and enti-
faces wa-

a letter to the Secretary to the Association for the Repeal of Taxes on Knowledge.—The Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland hold their annual meeting this year at Cambridge.—The New York Mercantile Library Association has purchased the Astor Place Opera House and converted it into a library. The building, together with such alterations as are needed to fit it for the new purpose, will cost 246,000 dollars; and when completed will contain 120,000 volumes.—Electric communications now exist between the Observatory at Paris and the Observatory at Greenwich.—A Bill of thirty-nine clauses, in the House of Commons, has been printed, to afford greater facilities for the establishment of institutions for the promotion of literature and science and the fine arts, and to provide for their better regulation.—The Betham Manuscripts have been sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, the lots realising good prices. They were bought up principally by Sir Frederick Madden (for the British Museum), Dr. Nelson, and Messrs. Boone, Hamilton, Upham, and Bohn. As a specimen of the prices put upon old writings by collectors, we instance the characteristic holograph letter of Oliver Cromwell (lot 137), addressed "For my son Harry Cromwell," which was secured by Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., for 17l.—The Earl of Rosse's third *soirée* was held on June 3, and, like those preceding it, was numerously attended by literary and scientific men. There was a large collection of interesting objects exhibited; among which we noticed a series of photographs, by Mr. De la Motte, of the Crystal Palace; and a model of a tower 200 feet high, which it is proposed to erect near the observatory at Kew, for the purpose of using the large Huyghenian telescope belonging to the Royal Society.—The Cheltenham Exhibition was publicly opened last week. Originating in the success which attended the monster floral and horticultural show of last year, it was at first only proposed that it should consist of a collection of machinery, and works of art, having a horticultural purpose, or illustrative of the science. But as the matter went on the ideas expanded, until the show opens with a large collection of works of art, a museum of natural curiosities, numerous specimens of highly-finished manufactures, and a number of machines for various purposes, of human ingenuity. To exhibit these, a large crystal building has been erected, 400 feet in length; and, in addition, the music-hall at the Royal Old Wells has been appropriated to the reception of the museum. Several large marquees have also been put up, one of which is capable of accommodating 1000 persons.—The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury have given directions for the admission, duty free, of articles coming from foreign countries, and intended for the Educational Exhibition, under such regulations as the Commissioners of Customs may think it advisable to make. The applications for space have been extremely numerous; and there is no reason to doubt but that a very large and valuable collection will be got together, and that St. Martin's-hall will be filled to overflowing. The Society of Arts is now organising a series of lectures, to take place during the Exhibition, upon the subject of education generally, as well as upon the various articles which will be exhibited. Commissioners have been appointed by different governments on the Continent, and in the United States of America, to attend the Exhibition, which will thus take the character of a great educational congress.—The *Publishers' Circular* remarks: "The long-talked of scarcity of paper seems now to have assumed the appearance of an admitted and alarming fact. The proprietors of a leading newspaper have within the last few days advertised an offer of a premium of 1000l. towards the development of a new cheap material. It is to be hoped that one effect of this scarcity may be a salutary check to the reckless issues of rival cheap reprints of American and other non-copyright books. Daily proofs of their mischief are being afforded by the failure not only of each speculation itself, but one after the other of nearly every one engaged in them; therefore it may be argued that it is an evil which will cure itself. Taking the lowest ground, however, we wish more courtesy could be observed with publishers than to reprint upon each other. Our Transatlantic brethren set us an example in this respect. Although there is no protection to an English-book in the United States, it may be observed—it is never reprinted by two publishers."

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Norma* and *Le Prophète*.
DRURY LANE.—*Der Freischütz*.
ST. JAMES'S.—*Le Bijou Perdu*.
SURREY.—*Robert the Devil*.
PRINCESS'S.—*From Village to Court*.
ADELPHI.—*A Moving Tale*.
DR. ALTSCHEL'S LECTURES.
MR. WIGHTWICK'S READINGS.
The approaching retirement of Grisi is, of course, the one absorbing topic in the opera world, and the farewell impersonations from her brilliant *répertoire* are attracting by many degrees the most fashionable and enthusiastic houses of the season. Old opera faces wax elongate, and funkism grows positively

lachrymose. All our contemporaries are sufficiently miserable—and truly they have cause; for how often will seasons and *prima donnas* come and go before transcendent musical genius and magnificent *physique* unite to form another Grisi! Madame Grisi, like Macready, retires in the full vigour of her unrivalled powers. Those who heard the *Norma* of last week could trace no falling off in the superb and queenly melody of those familiar accents. The performance was in every respect equal to the palmy days of old.

The *Prophète* was produced last Thursday, for the first time this season; Madame Viardot Garcia as *Fides*. It is needless to say that the beautiful little gems which stud this gorgeous opera were most effectively rendered. The cathedral scene is splendidly elaborated by Madame Garcia, and her touching "Ah mon fils" drew forth the warmest applause. The managers have added a pretty little ballet to the entertainments, entitled *Une Etoile*, with two charming pictures by Beverley; but we do not think it is written that Mr. Gye shall resuscitate the ballet. The cast of the *Freischütz* at DRURY LANE has been altered by the substitution of Madame Rudersdorf for Madame Caradori in *Agatha*. Mr. Smart's *Gnome of Hapsburgh*, is to be brought out very shortly at this establishment.

The members of the LYRIQUE have braved the *mal de mer*, and are domiciled at the ST. JAMES'S. The opening piece was the *Bijou Perdu* of M. Adam, a lively opera, abounding in rich situations and sparkling music, but more fit for the Boulevard du Temple than the latitude of St. James's. Mme. Cabel is a lively and piquant singer, and deserves the success she has met with.

Who shall say that we are not a musical people? In addition to the establishments noted above we have Miss Romer regaling the Transpontines with a series of operas served up à la Anglaise. *Robert the Devil* has created quite a furor on the Surrey side.

A two-act drama by Mr. Morton, entitled *From Village to Court*, is the Whitsuntide novelty at the PRINCESS'S. It is an interesting and well-told story of German Court intrigue, with some charming scenery. The acting of the ladies, Miss Murray as the heroine and Miss Heath as a German peasant girl, is admirable.

The ADELPHI has a new farce called *A Moving Tale*, written in Mr. Mark Lemon's usual smart style. Mr. and Mrs. Grandison are "moving;" and the gentleman, having the fear of a cold dinner before his eyes, goes out to dine with some friends under the plea of special business of the office, leaving his better half to do all the work. Mrs. Grandison finds out the trick, and, determined to spoil his appetite, sends an express with the intelligence that the new house is on fire, which brings the truant home post-haste. Then ensues a rich scene of conjugal discord, which no couple on the stage can do like Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. This, with the comical incidents common to a moving, constitutes the piece.

It is amusing, in looking down the advertisement column, to see how warlike the minors are becoming. Hango and Odessa are bombarded regularly in divers places, and the Czar himself is nightly captured, to the intense delight and edification of her Majesty's unwashed lieges, who get so excited over it that they are apt to expend their superfluous ardour upon one another. Now we are in these unfashionable districts, we may mention as a "sign of the times" that the humours of Bottom and his sprites are attracting immense audiences at the City of London Theatre. Imagine the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in Shoreditch!

Lovers of German literature have recently experienced a treat in Dr. Altschul's *Lectures on Faust*, accompanied with German readings and musical illustrations. We know of nothing more adapted to popularise among us the greatest masterpieces of German genius than the very attractive and lucid expositions of one so thoroughly versed in his subject as Dr. Altschul. We hope his lecture was only the first of a series.

The great opera case has come to an end at last, Lord Campbell having decided that the last verdict was a correct one. Mr. Gye, therefore, pays no damages, though we believe Miss Wagner is still liable to proceedings if she performs in London. Miss Glynn, the able coadjutress of Mr. Phelps in his Shakespearian revivals, is about retiring from the stage. We understand that Mr. Kean's next revival will be the *Tempest*. The American papers say that Catherine Hayes has cleared 40,000l. by her Californian trip. Talk of English salaries after that!

MR. WIGHTWICK'S DRAMATIC READINGS.—Having obtained great celebrity in the West of England, in which he has been resident, for readings of Shakspeare with which he has favoured divers Literary Societies, Mr. G. Wightwick, an Architect, well known as the author of a very clever book entitled "The Palace of Architecture," and still better known to all readers of the *CRITIC* for other artistic compositions specially addressed to them, was advised by his friends to make trial of his capacities before a London audience. He has done so with complete success. A single reading has sufficed to establish his name and fame as one of the finest, if not the very finest, reader of Shakspeare that has been heard in our time. On his first appearance at Willis's Rooms he selected "The Second Part of King Henry IV.," and he charmed a select audi-

ence of critics and amateurs by his masterly expression of that great drama. Mr. Wightwick's manner of reading is remarkable for its quietness—it is *real reading*, as a gentleman would read in a private room; it is not acting a monologue, like the reading of all others we remember. But there is no tameness in this quietness. He changes his voice with every character supposed to be speaking, so that he has no need to name the speakers of the dialogue. His forte is comedy. The comic scenes were delivered with a keen perception of the humour, and a racy expression of it, such as we never heard either off or on the stage. Another excellence to be noted is the perfect propriety of his reading. It is the most correct reading we have ever listened to, expressing by that term the right rendering of the author's meaning. Of the serious scenes it suffices to say that he threw into them passion or pathos as the subject required, and truly and powerfully expressed both—and of these the soliloquy of Henry, and the death-bed scene at the close, were admirable specimens. So delighted were the audience that Mr. Wightwick has received the most urgent entreaties from all quarters to extend his readings to a series, to which he has consented; and we recommend our readers to avail themselves of such an opportunity to hear Shakspeare thoroughly well read (not acted). Sure we are that there is not one who will not thank us afterwards for having advised him to the enjoyment of such an intellectual treat. His next appearance will be on Saturday, at Willis's Rooms, and the play selected is "The Merchant of Venice." VINCENTE.

OBITUARY.

BRESON, M. de Saint, at Paris, hon. Member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and the successor of Cuvier in the Academy.
FORSTER, Robert, Esq., Q.C., M.R.I.A., aged 63, at Springfield Dunganon, on the 2nd inst.
D'HÉRICOURT, M. Rochet, French Consul at Djeddah, noted for his travels in Abyssinia and other parts of Africa.
HERON, Sir Robert, Bart., of Stabton Park, Lincolnshire, aged 88, long conspicuous in political circles as one of the Whigs of the Fox school, and among scientific men favourably known as an amateur naturalist, being a Fellow of the Linnean, Horticultural, and Zoological Societies, in the proceedings of the last of which he took an active interest. The collection of living animals and birds at Stabton was one of the richest in the country. About three years since, Sir Robert Heron published reminiscences of his life.
LINDENKAT, Baron de, of Saxony, at an advanced age, at Altenburg. He was a distinguished astronomer, and author of several important treatises on astronomical matters; was at one time Minister of the Interior in Saxony, and was author of the Constitution which has existed in that country since 1831. By his will he has left 9000l. for the construction of an Astronomical Museum at Dresden, and about 3500l. for distribution amongst poor artists and schoolmasters. He directed that he should be buried in his clothes and without any coffin.
MARNEL, M. a Frenchman, established in Belgium, who wrote a remarkable "Life of Wellington" some few years ago—remarkable for being the first and only work from a French pen which did justice to the great soldier and great citizen. He was in the early prime of manhood; and had for some time been engaged on a "History of Napoleon," and other works of importance.
MARVAT, Captain Baron, a distinguished officer of engineers of Switzerland, and a still more distinguished writer on military matters. He was author of a work entitled "Défense Nationale de l'Angleterre," published in 1851, in which he pointed out the insufficient defences of our coasts against attack.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Addresses and Sermons at Weston-super-Mare, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Ambrose the Sculptor, by Mrs. Cartwright, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
Aunt Eliza's Garrett, by Viney, post 8vo. 1s. bds.
Bartolucci's (W.) Healthy Homes, royal 8vo. 2s. bds.; 2s. 6d. cl.
Barker's (W. B.) Practical Turkish Grammar, 12mo. 4s. cl.
Bell's English Poets: Cowper, Vol. II. 8s. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Bentley's Railway Library: Rubber of Life, by Dalton Ingoldby, 1s.
Black's Guide to Dublin and Wicklow, f. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Black's Guide to Killarney and the South of Ireland, f. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Black's Picturesque Tourist of Ireland, f. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Bland (Mrs. S. K.), The Field and the Garner, sq. 1s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Bohn's Antiquarian Library: Vitell's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. III. 5s.
Bohn's British Classics: De Foe's Works, Vol. I. 3s. 6d. cl.
Bohn's Classical Library: Propertius, &c. trans. by W. K. Kelly, 5s. cl.
Bohn's Illustrated Library: India, Pictorial, Descriptive, &c. 5s. cl.
Bohn's Philosophical Lib.: Devey's Logic, or, Science of Inference, 5s.
Bohn's Standard Library: Cowper's Works, Vol. IV. 3s. 6d. cl.
Bradley's (Rev. A.) Sermons, chiefly on Character, f. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Brief Sketch of the Kingdoms of the Gentiles, 8s. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Buckingham's (J. S.) Coming Era of Practical Reform, 10s. 6d.
Buckingham's History of the Temperance Reformation, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 24mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Burbury's (Mrs.) Grammar School-Boys, post 8vo. 4s. cl.
Calvin's Treatise on Relics, post 8vo. 5s. cl. gilt.
Casar, for Beginners, by Joseph Currie, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Caswall's (Rev. H.) Western World Revisited, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl.
Chapman and Hall's Series: Transmutation; or, the Lord and the Lout, post 8vo. 9s. cl.
Churton's (E.) Book of Psalms in English Verse, fcp. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Collins's Illustrated Atlas of London, by Jarman, post 8vo. 5s. cl.
Convent (The) and the Manor, fcp. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Cox (J.) The Peach and the Pear, 12mo. 1s. 6d. svd.
Cumming's Sabbath Morning Readings: Leviticus, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Darling's Cyclopædia Bibliographica, super-royal 8vo. 2l. 12s. 6d. cl.
Donaldson Bank, edited by J. Hattrecht, 12mo. 2s. cl.
Early Recollections, 18mo. reduced to 2s. 6d. cl.
Few Leaves from the Process of Nature-Printing, imp. folio, 21s.
First Seal: Short Homilies on St. Matthew, fcp. 8vo. 5s. cl.
Forster's Road-Book for Tourists in Norway, 12mo. 2s. cl. limp.
Foster's (H.) Memento of the Trossachs, 8s. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
Gautier's Constantinople of To-day, trans. with illust. 7s. 6d. cl.
Gibbs (Dr.), On Hooping Cough, fcp. 8vo. 7s. cl.
Gleig's (G. R.) Light Dragon, fcp. 8vo. 1s. bds.
God's Image in Ebony, edit. by Adams, f. 8vo. 1s. 6d. svd.
Golden Gospels, Part I, "St. Matthew," 4to. 5s. bds.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, 24mo. 1s. 6d. cl. gilt.
Goodrick (R.) Memoir of, by Pickworth, 12mo. 2s. cl.
Gray (H.) On the Structure and Use of the Spleen, 8vo. 15s. cl.
Grosvenor's (E.) Origines Kalendarie Italiane, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. bds.
Guers's Irvingism and Mormonism tested by Scriptures, 8s. 8vo. 2s.
Hero of Our Own Times; from the Russian of Lermontoff, 4s. 6d. cl.
Hilde and Book, by W. W. Collins, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.

and others are particularly responsive to these needs.

Price of a Single Pair 15s. 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d.: postage 1s.
 " Double TIES, 31s., 36s., 42s., and 52s. 6d.: postage 1s. 6d.
 Post-office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post-office.
 PICCADILLY.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.—
 The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly elastic and compressible, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of Weakness and Swelling of the Legs, Varicose Veins, Sprains, &c. It is a vigorous, light, and comfortable fabric, and is worn on like an ordinary stocking. Price, from 7s. 6d. to 16s. to postage, 6d.

MANUFACTORY, 228, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

P O E M S. Just published, price 4s.
A Swedish Drama; A Mahometan Legend; Poor Englishman
The Fleet at Spithead, &c.
ROBERT HARDWICKE, 38, Carey-street, Lincoln-inn.

Just published, in 8vo. pp. 63, price 1s.
THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE and the WAR in
the EAST. By J. W. JACKSON, Esq.
Edinburgh: MACLACHLAN and STEWART. London: H. BAILLIERE,
219, Regent-street.

TO BOOK BUYERS.
Just published, gratis.
PART XIV. CATALOGUE OF SECOND-
HAND BOOKS, in the various Classes of English Literature (in-
cluding numerous illustrated works) in excellent condition, and at
very low prices.

W. J. CRAWFORD (successor to the late J. Dowling),
82, Newgate-street, London.

This day is published, price 5s. 10s. of
PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S CHEMISTRY
OF COMMON LIFE. With Fifty-seven Illustrations, engraved on
wood by HEARNSTON, &c. To be completed in two volumes.
By WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and Sons, Edinburgh and London. Sold by all
Booksellers.

HISTORY OF MISSIONS.
This day is published, a new Edition, being the Third.
HISTORY OF THE PROPAGATION OF
CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE HEATHEN SINCE THE
REFORMATION. By the Rev. WILLIAM BROWN, M.D., Secretary
of the Scottish Missionary Society. Third Edition, brought down to
the present time. In 3 vols., demy 8vo. Price 36s.
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

DEFINITIONS IN POLITICAL ECONOMY.
By the late Rev. T. R. MALTHUS. A New Edition, with a
Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Remarks. By JOHN CAZENOVE.
Price 3s. 6d.
SIMPSON, MARSHALL, and Co. Stationers'-hall-court.

Just published, 8vo. cloth, 2s.
THE DISEASES, INJURIES, AND
MALFORMATIONS OF THE RECTUM. By T. J. ASHTON,
Surgeon to the Blemish-street Dispensary, formerly House Surgeon at
University College Hospital.
"We find in it more information than is to be obtained from any
single volume yet published on the subject of which it treats."—*Lancet*.
London: JOHN CHURCHILL, Princes-street, Soho.

Sixth Edition, post free, 4s. 6d.; Small Edition, post free, 2s. 6d.
(stamp).
PERFECT and ROBUST HEALTH, and the
MEANS TO OBTAIN IT. By a Physician.
"A work of extraordinary merit and usefulness, and alike invaluable
to the healthy and diseased."—*Reformer*.
"Full of important and original matter . . . Contains the secret
used by pugilists and others to obtain their remarkable increase in
health and strength."—*Rev. T. Holt*.
London: ADAMSON and Co. 153, Piccadilly.

Just published, New Edition, price 1s.
THE CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION:
being a Series of Papers, presenting the most prominent and im-
portant Practical Points in the Treatment of the Disease. By FRANCIS
H. RAMADGE, M.D., Oxon, Fellow of the College of Physicians, and
late Senior Physician to the Royal Infirmary for Diseases of the
Chest, &c.

Also, by the same Author,
A TREATISE ON ASTHMA, and on DISEASES
of the HEART.
London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

FIELD'S WEDDING, BIRTHDAY, and
CHRISTENING PRESENTS, at the Great Bible Warehouse,
66, Regent-street, corner of Air-street.—Splendid illustrated large type
FAMILY BIBLES, one guinea; rich velvet CHURCH SERVICES, in
morocco lock-case, for 14s.; elegant POCKET REFERENCE BIBLES,
with Commentary and Maps, and rims and clasps, 10s. 6d.; the complete
BIBLE and PRAYER, bound in morocco, with rims and clasps,
5s. 6d.; also the BIBLE and PRAYER, 2 vols. with clasps, 2s. 6d., suit-
able for children.
JOHN FIELD has the largest, cheapest, and best stock in the
kingdom.—65, Regent-street.

THE MAINE LAW A GREAT FACT.
Just published, price 1s., 16 pp. 8vo.

"THE FACTS OF THE CASE," being the well-
authenticated RESULTS of the LEGISLATIVE PROHIBITION
OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC in the States of Maine, Massachu-
setts, Vermont, &c. &c. In which Col. Sleigh's and Father Gavazzi's
impressions, and hearsay notions, are corrected by official documents.
Issued by THE UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE, 41, John Dalton-
street, Manchester.

London: W. T. EDIE. Edinburgh: G. HENDERSON. Glasgow:
G. GALLIE. Manchester: W. BREMER.
** A copy of the above sent post free to any address in the kingdom
on application to the secretaries of the Alliance.

In 1 vol. 8vo., price 14s.
HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT
REFUGEES from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the
present time. By F. RILES WELLS. Professor of History at the Lycée
Bonaparte. Translated, with the assistance of the Author, by F.
HARDMAN.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
"This book addresses not only to the historical student, but to
all persons of cultivated mind who take an interest in the progress and
development of the human intellect and of true Christianity—and to
Protestants it is particularly attractive."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.
"We hail the appearance of M. Wells's book with pleasure."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"We have to express satisfaction that so able a work should have
found so competent a translator."—*The Guardian*.
"We must not conclude without expressing our admiration of the
impartiality as well as the ability and industry displayed by Professor
Wells in this work."

"It will do more for the cause of Protestantism in France than many
volumes of argument or controversy."—*Literary Gazette*.
"The most acceptable piece of history, in a comparatively new walk,
that has appeared for many years."—*The Nonconformist*.
"We have risen from its perusal with feelings of intense gratification."—*The Briton*.

"The work has been compiled with much labour; it is the product
of research, and it is well and temperately written."—*Examiner*.
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and Sons, Edinburgh and London.

SCHOOL ATLAS OF HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY.
On the 1st of June was published, imperial 4to. folded, cloth boards,
price 12s. 6d.

GOVER'S ATLAS OF UNIVERSAL
HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY. A Series of Thirty Maps, care-
fully drawn and coloured, developing the three divisions of Sacred and
Classical, Medieval, and Modern Geography. Forming a complete
Geographical Chronology, from the period of the Noachic Deluge to
that of the General Peace.
WITH AN EXPLANATORY LETTER-PRESS ACCOMPANIMENT.

Also, demy 4to. folded, cloth boards,
GOVER'S TWO SHILLING PHYSICAL
ATLAS. Containing Nine Maps, printed in Litho, exhibiting the
Physical Characteristics of the Earth, Limits of the Growth of the
most important Plants, Isothermal Lines, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIVE LETTER-PRESS.

Third Edition, price 2s. 6d., cloth boards.
GOVER'S GENERAL and BIBLE ATLAS.
Fifty-two Maps, full coloured, showing the present Political Divisions
of the Earth, including Six Maps descriptive of Bible History, and
Twenty-seven Ethnological Illustrations.

London: EDWARD GOVER, Princes-street, Bedford-row; and
SIMPSON, MARSHALL, and Co. Edinburgh: MENZIES. Dublin:
McGLASHAN.

T. BOSWORTH'S RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

DOÑA BLANCA OF NAVARRE: an His-
torical Romance. By DON FRANCISCO VILLOSLADA.
3 vols., post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
"A really excellent romance. It is equal to M. Dumas in
his best mood."—*Weekly Dispatch*.
"A tale of profound interest."—*Morning Advertiser*.

CAVALRY: its History and Tactics. By
Capt. L. E. NOLAN, 15th Hussars. Second Edition, post
8vo. half-bound, with illustrations, 10s. 6d.
"A well-written and well-digested book, full of interesting
facts and valuable suggestions."—*Daily News*.
"From the rich fund of interesting anecdote with which it
abounds, it will attract and delight the general reader."—*Indian Mail*.

CLYTIA; a Tale of the Southern States,
and other POEMS. By G. GERARD. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

THE BIBLE in the COUNTING-HOUSE:
a Course of Lectures to Merchants. By the Rev. Dr.
BOARDMAN. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev.
ROBT. BICKERSTETH, M.A. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.
"An exceedingly useful and practical work."—*Rev. Dr.*
Cumming.

"The powerful and eloquent language in which the ex-
hortations are couched will doubtless add much to their in-
trinsic worth, and induce many to persevere whom they would
turn aside from simpler and less attractive discourses."—*Britannia*.

THE PLEASURES, OBJECTS, and
ADVANTAGES OF LITERATURE. By the Rev. ROBERT
ARIS WILLIAMS, M.A., Author of "Lives of the Sacred
Poets," "Jeremy Taylor: a Biography," &c. Third Edition,
fcap. 8vo. cloth, reduced to 2s. 6d.
"An elegantly written and agreeable book, especially
well adapted for reading by snatches, when the mind is dis-
posed to seek for diversion rather than to engage in study."—*Spectator*.

THE SPECTATOR: a New Edition, with a
Biographical and Critical Preface, and Explanatory Notes.
To be completed in 4 vols. Vols. I. and II. are now ready,
price 2s. 6d. each, sewed, or 3s. cloth.

THE SPECTATOR: carefully revised,
with Prefaces, Historical and Biographical, by ALEX-
ANDER CHALMERS, A.M. A New Edition, in six
handsome royal 8vo. volumes, price 36s. cloth, or well
bound, calf gilt, 45s.

THE FATE OF CHRISTENDOM. By
HENRY DRUMMOND. 3rd Edition, enlarged 8vo. 1s.

LETTERS from the NILE. By J. W.
CLAYTON, 13th Light Dragoons. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

MESMERISM PROVED TRUE and the
QUARTERLY REVIEWER in the WRONG: together
with the Rationale of Table Turning and Spirit Rapping.
By the Rev. CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND, A.M., of
Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Post 8vo. cloth, 5s.

CHARACTERISTICS of the DUKE of
WELLINGTON apart from his Military Talents. By the
Right Hon. the EARL DE GREY, K.G. 2nd Edition,
enlarged, 8vo. cloth, price 6s.

"Lord de Grey's exposition is perspicuous, varied, and
copious without exuberance. It is an interesting and sug-
gestive book."—*Spectator*.

KISMET: or, the DOOM of TURKEY.
Embodying the Impressions derived from Visits to that
Country in 1827 and 1847. By CHARLES MAC FAR-
LANE, Esq. 12mo. cloth, price 6s.

CHRONICLES of CARTAPHILUS, the
WANDERING JEW. Embracing a Period of nearly
Nineteen Centuries. By DAVID HOFFMAN, Esq.
Vols. I. and II. royal 8vo. cloth, price 21s. each.
"A narrative derived from, and illustrative of, ancient
history, penned in a free and vigorous style, and abounding in
traits which make the study of the past a positive pleasure.
It is informed by a large and liberal spirit, it is endowed
with good feeling and good taste, and cannot fail to make
a deep impression upon the general mind."—*Observer*.

THE PREDICTED DOWNFALL of the
TURKISH POWER, the Preparation for the Return of
the Ten Tribes. By the late Rev. GEORGE STANLEY
FABER, B.D. Second Edition, with Appendix and other
Additions. 12mo. cloth, price 2s.

A BATCH of WAR BALLADS. By
MARTIN F. TUPPER. 12mo. 6d.

Also, by the same Author,
A DOZEN BALLADS for the TIMES
about CHURCH ABUSES. 12mo. 6d.

And
A DOZEN BALLADS for the TIMES
about WHITE SLAVERY. 12mo. 6d.

IS SYMBOLISM SUITED to the SPIRIT
of the AGE? By WILLIAM WHITE. 8vo. cloth, 2s.

London: THOMAS BOSWORTH, 215, Regent-street.

Now ready, in 2 vols. post 8vo., price 21s.
ISLAMISM, its Rise and its Progress; or, the
Present and the Past Condition of the Turks. By F. A. NEALE,
Author of "Eight Years in Syria," &c.
JAMES MADDEN, 8, Leadenhall-street.

Now ready, the Second Edition, price 7s. 6d.
THE THISTLE AND THE CEDAR OF
LEBANON. By HABEEB RISK ALLAH EFFENDI.
"One of the most delightful books on the East that we have read."—*Standard*.
JAMES MADDEN, 8, Leadenhall-street.

Just published, in 1 vol. fcp. 8vo. bound in cloth, with frontispiece,
price 3s. 6d.; or in cloth, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.
FEMALE HAPPINESS; or, the Lady's
Handbook of Life, with Preface by the Rev. JOHN EDMUND
COX, M.A., F.S.A., Vicar of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.
London: WILLIAM TEGG and Co., 45, Queen-street, Cheap-side.

Just published, price 7s. 6d.
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND and
ERASTIANISM since the REFORMATION. By J. R. PREY-
MAN, M.A., late Vicar of Aylesbury.
London: HOPE and Co. 16, Great Marlborough-street.

THE COURIER and CHURCH REFORM
GAZETTE, price 6d. stamped, is published every alternate
Tuesday, advocating a thorough Conservative Reformation in the
Government of the Anglican Church.
Office, 16, Great Marlborough-street, London.

IMPORTANT to AUTHORS.
NEW PUBLISHING ARRANGEMENTS.
HOPE and Co. Publishers, 16, Great Marlborough-street, London,
CHARGE NO COMMISSION FOR PUBLISHING WORKS PRINTED
BY THEM until the Author has been refunded his original outlay.
They would also state that they print in the first style, greatly UNDELT
THE USUAL CHARGES, while their Publishing arrangements enable
them to promote the interests of all Works entrusted to their charge.
Estimates and every particular furnished gratuitously in course of post.
London: HOPE and Co. 16, Great Marlborough-street.

In a neat pocket volume, bound in cloth limp, price 5s.
BLACK'S PICTURESQUE TOURIST OF
IRELAND.
** The same may also be had in Four Parts at 1s. 6d. each, bound
in cloth limp.

DUBLIN, and the WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.
KILLARNEY, and the SOUTH of IRELAND.
THE SHANNON, and WEST of IRELAND.
BELFAST, GIANTS CAUSEWAY, and NORTH of IRELAND.
Edinburgh: ADAM & CHARLES BLACK. London: LONGMAN & Co.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION, TO THE RIGHT HON.
VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.
Just published, with six pages of explanatory letter-press, and
upwards of sixty pages of explanatory letter-press, price 2s. boards,
or 2s. 6d. bound in cloth.

HEALTHY HOMES, and HOW to MAKE
THEM: being a remedy for London Shadows. By WILLIAM
BARDWELL, Architect.
London: Published for S. A. GILBERT, by DEAN and SON, 3s, Thread-
needle-street; and may be obtained of all Booksellers.

PARLOUR LIBRARY.—RUSSIAN NOVELS.
THE HERO OF OUR DAYS; from the Russian
of LERMONTOFF. By THERESA PULSKY. Price One
Shilling. Is now ready.
These charming stories, illustrating Russian life, will be greedily read
at the present time.

Also, now ready,
THE ENGLISH ENVOY at the COURT of
NICHOLAS I. By Miss CORNER. Price 1s. 6d.
London: THOMAS HODGSON, 13, Paternoster-row.

PARLOUR LIBRARY.
ROSA; or, the BLACK TULIP. By A.
DUMAS, Author of "Monte Christo," &c. Translated by
FRANZ DEMMELE. 1s.
By the side of the old novel, "Piccolina, the Prison Flower,"
is now a pallid weed, exciting a sentimental and marvellous interest."—*Athenaeum*.

This is a delightful story, and as innocent as it is delightful. A child
might read the book—a tale of pathos, tenderness, and tulips.—*Brighton Herald*.
London: THOMAS HODGSON, 13, Paternoster-row.

PARLOUR LIBRARY.
MEMOIRS of a PHYSICIAN. By
A. DUMAS, Author of "Monte Christo," &c. &c. 2 vols. 3s.
This work, so long out of print, is now ready, and may be had of all
booksellers, &c.

Also, by the same author, in this series,
ROSA; or, the Black Tulip. 1s.
GEORGE, the Planter of the Isle of France. 1s.
MONTÉ CHRISTO. 2 vols. 3s.
London: THOMAS HODGSON, 13, Paternoster-row.

BY THE ARCHITECTURAL and ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY
FOR THE COUNTY OF BUCKINGHAM,
RECORDS of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

containing Papers and Notes on the History, Antiquities, and
Architecture of the County. No. 1. with an Engraving of the Whaddon
Colts, may be had from the Secretary, or Aylesbury: J. PICKERS.
Esq. T. BUCKINGHAM: H. CHANDLER. Newport Pagnell:
G. H. CROFTON. High Wycombe: PONTIFF and Co. Tring:
E. C. BIRD. Leighton: F. FLINT. Thame: W. SCADDING. Ux-
bridge: H. G. COSIER. Oxford and London: J. H. PARKER.
Communications on the above-named subjects are solicited by the
Hon. Secretary, Aylesbury.

The Anniversary Meeting will be at Aylesbury, July 18.

NEW WORKS, JUST PUBLISHED.
TOM THORNTON; or, Lost Resources. One
of the most life-like narratives of the progress of crime and
results of prodigality ever written. In 3 vols. 31s. 6d. No library
should be without it.

THE ROMANCE of TRAVEL. From Brest to
Bouzon, Brazil, &c. By Dr. YVAN, physician to the Scientific Mission
sent by France to China. With Six Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d.

THE CRUISE of the Steam-Yacht NORTH STAR,
to England, Russia, Denmark, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Turkey,
Madeira, &c. By the Rev. Dr. CHOULES. With Seven Illustrations.
Price 3s. 6d.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME: a Series of Sketches,
written in a lively and fascinating style. With Two Illustrations.
Price 3s. 6d.
London: JAMES BLACKWOOD, Lovell's-court, Paternoster-row.

New Edition, with Eight Woodcuts, fcap. 3s. 6d., cloth lettered,
THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON, com-
bining the First and Second Series in one volume, without any
abridgment of the narrative.

The First and Second Series, demy 12mo. large type, 5s. each, cloth
lettered, are also on sale.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.; WHITTAKER and Co.;
HOULSTON and STONEMAN; and S. LOW and Son. Of whom may be
had—

STORIES of OLD DANIEL, with Frontispiece,
&c. 4s. 6d. cloth lettered.

KEEPEE'S TRAVELS: the Adventures of a Dog
in Search of his Master. Frontispiece, &c. fcap. 4s. 6d. cloth lettered.

LONDON: Printed by JOHN CROCKFORD, of 16, Oakley-square, Hamp-
stead-road, in the County of Middlesex, at his Printing-office,
13, Princes-street, New Turnstile, in the Parish of St. Giles, Blooms-
bury; and published by the said JOHN CROCKFORD, at 29, Essex-street,
Strand, in the City of Westminster, on Thursday, June 15, 1854.

the

LE,

OF

L."

e,

y's

ND

and

TY-

RM

nato

the

S.

lon,

ED

lay.

PER

able

ge.

out.

OF

and

o.

and

eds,

KE

AM

ad-

an

One

read

of

A.

by

er."

and

all

By

all

TY

tis,

E,

and

lon

un.

ag-

g-

he

ne

and

ary

to

ion

R,

er,

ns.

es,

ns.

11-

any

oth

to.

be

ce,

og

op-

co,

na-

est,